

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1874

February.

## CELESTIAL MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"LET go the anchor!" pantomined the dusky pilot, as the stately clipper reached an open space in the broad Min, abreast of the Pagoda Island.

"Let go the anchor!" shouted the captain from the quarter-deck, to the chief mate below.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replies the first officer, and echoes the command of his superior to his subordinates in the fore; and down fly the mighty flukes to embrace the mud of the river bottom, while the huge links of the chain-cable thunder through the hawse-hole, causing the ship to quiver from stem to stern, till a sufficient length is paid out, when she swings to the tide with a conscious sense of repose that communicates itself contagiously to every thing on board.

It is Saturday night, and too late for passage by row-boat or sail-boat to the city; we must betake ourselves to hard bunks, ship-hast, and close state-rooms for another thirty-six hours. Sick of the sea, sick of ship-life, sick literally, and anxious to be with friends on shore, our fellow-passengers—three English Church missionaries—take a native sanpan for the city on Sunday morning: Rev. Matthew Fernley, a scholarly bachelor, since married and returned to parish life in England, and Rev. Francis M'Caw and wife, a witty and youthful Irish couple, both of whom rest side by side in the Foochow cemetery, leaving a black-eyed boy to be sent to relations in Ireland, lone and parentless. A tedious trip in a hot June sun, with adverse wind and tide, burned and blistered faces, were annoyances which the American missionary family escaped by remaining on shipboard till Monday, when the house-boat of Messrs.

Russell & Co., with its spacious house and saloon, furnished cabin, and full complement of strong-armed and strong-lunged native rowers, speeded them up to the city, with muscle and wind and tide, all in their favor. In 1855, the house of Russell & Co. was represented by three gentlemen—C. W. Spooner, D. O. Clark, and William S. Sloane. We were Mr. Clark's guests on this first trip up the Min, and were subsequently indebted to these gentlemen for many similar favors. Some years later, Mr. Sloane—the cool, firm, decided man of business, a man of great application and few words—was compelled by ill-health to leave Foochow and embark for the United States, and found a grave in the China Sea.

The name Min is that of a species of serpent, and is also the ancient name of the Fokeen Province. The scenery of the Min is justly celebrated. Its hills, terraced for agricultural purposes to their very summits; its rice-clad, alluvial "bottom-lands;" its towering mountains, laving their rocky bases in the restless, ever-flowing, and refluxing tides, and heaving their pine-clad summits to the skies; its long, low, mud-walled villages and farm-houses, embowered in the delicate, light-green foliage of the feathery bamboo; its low, red temples, perched upon out-jutting eminences, and shaded by immense banyans; its endless flocks of domestic ducks, hatched in heated ovens, trained and guarded by a keeper whose call they heed with implicit obedience; its water-buffaloes, huge, ungainly beasts, wallowing in mud, hitched singly to the rude, one-handled plow, or bearing naked boys across the sluggish water-courses, or allowing the white cranes to alight on their backs to pick insects from their bare and rugose hides; the merry music of creaking water-wheels (rude tread-mills) with which the

peasantry irrigate their fields, similar in principle to the chain-pumps that hang in our wells; men and women working in the fields, often up to their knees in mire and water, transplanting rice; gay travelers, singly or in groups, threading the devious stone-flagged paths of the flats, or winding along the hill-side roads; fleets of sail-boats watching the advantages of breeze and tide; the wild, wailing chants of the boatmen, standing up to row, and throwing themselves forward on their oars, and keeping stroke to the rhythm of a plaintive song; market-boats, wood-boats, tea-boats, the boats of foreign ships, or foreign honges, the flags of various nations, the dialects of many lands,—combine to form a picture full of interest and variety, and one which, once impressed upon the memory, can never be forgotten.

The novelty increases as we near the city. Thousands of boats ply the busy waters of the swarming suburbs; scores of huge junks, as Chinese ships are called—cut square off at both ends, with huge eyes in their bows, and gaudy with vermilion, carving, and gilding, and covered with hieroglyphics propitiating the wind and waves, rear their gigantic hulks out of the crowding masses of boats and crafts of all capacities, the floating dwellings of squalid thousands of men and pigs, ducks and women, chickens and children, who lead a semi-aquatic life, and who know no other homes, but spawn and live, and quarrel and die, on the water.

The confusion and noise with which a semi-civilized people carry on the business of life is indescribable. Tourists have endeavored to picture the hubbub of Alexandria and Jerusalem. The uproar of Chinese waters is quite as Oriental, quite as ridiculous, quite as stunning. Half-naked men and brazen women crowd the harbors and quays, and jostle and shriek, and chant and sing, and scold and swear, in all the dialects of Babel. It requires patience, skill, and sometimes rough effort, boisterous language, and blows, to make headway through these darting crowds, where things sometimes come to a positive dead-lock, like a sea of New York omnibuses below the Park, or a general wedge-up of drays and vehicles on the wharves; and then follow volleys of jokes and laughter, or tornadoes of execrations, filthy and profane jibes, and torrents of blasphemy. A newly arrived foreigner's first impressions on shore are what is vulgarly but expressively called "stunning." The streets are narrow, crowded, noisy, and filthy. Not wider than our sidewalks, they are thronged to choking with sedan-bearers, burden-carriers, coolies, beggars, jugglers, marriage and funeral processions; endless official *corteges*, preceded

by yelling heralds and impudent lictors, in ragged petticoats and tall hats, clearing the way with oaths and whips, and followed by huge, official sedan-chairs with eight to sixteen bearers, with squires in silks, on horseback, bringing up the rear; idolatrous processions, flower-dealers, barbers, gamblers, sailors, farmers; gentlemen, high and low, well-dressed and ragged; with an indistinguishable roar and surge and hum of human cries and voices.

Shop-fronts open on the streets, and are about fifteen feet wide, and one-storied, built of pounded earth, innocent of paint, glass, and chimneys; roofed with tiles, and frescoed with grime and cobwebs, and black with the smoke of ages. Here are displayed to view, in gaudy colors and attractive array, miles of wares, useful and curious. Here, in sight of the passing crowds, all sorts of industrial pursuits are carried on. Dainty fabrics of purest white are woven in shops as black as Erebus. Here are curious carvers of stone and wood and ivory, and beaters of gold and silver-leaf—or their counterfeits, copper-leaf and tin-foil. Here are made wooden gods and wooden devils, wooden dragons and stone tigers and horses. Here are endless vistas of shoe-shops, hat-shops, silk-shops, shops for rice, vegetables, meats, cookery, opium, whisky, tea, book-stores, cabinet-ware, pawn-brokers' stalls, gamblers' dens, wooden-ware, dry-goods, cloths (foreign and native), banks, fortune-tellers' stands; entire blocks lined on either side with baskets of stale fish, impregnating the air and greeting the nostrils of passengers with every variety of odor peculiar to land and lake and sea-fish, salt and fresh, in every stage of decay; other blocks, similarly lined with blacksmiths'-shops, and others with brasiers' forges, with the interminable ring of hundreds of anvils, and the incessant clatter of hundreds of hammers, wick'ed, from dawn till dark, by the brawny arms of sooty Vulcans. Here the bewildered foreigner gazes on faces, forms, and styles of dress, that set at naught all his preconceived notions of beauty and propriety. If we look as singular to the Chinese, on first acquaintance, as they look to us, it is no wonder they call us "red-haired devils," "outside barbarians," "monkeys' cubs," and foster the conceit that they are the only civilized people; and that their Empire is the greatest on the globe, the center of the world. It is no wonder they call it "All Below the Heaven," "The Middle Kingdom," "The Central Flowery Land," "The Heavenly Dynasty." They have reason to be proud of their Empire, if they consider its antiquity, with a history extending back, according

to native chroniclers, to an era far beyond Noah's Flood; an extent equal to one-third of Asia, and one-tenth of the habitable world; or its populousness, four hundred millions—one-third the people of the globe.

What a wide field for description! Whither shall we turn? What lay before the reader? Tastes differ. Some would like a dissertation on the geography and history of China, its civil divisions, its laws and government, its wars and changes of dynasty. Some would be entertained with descriptions of its natural history, its flora and fauna, trees and flowers, birds and reptiles, shells, fishes, and animals, its meteorological phenomena, and its geological formations. Others would prefer pictures of its natural scenery, its mountains and valleys, lakes, rivers, and skies. Others would like to know its value as a commercial field; and still others, the characters of its religions and its prospects as a theater for missionary labor.

We can only skim lightly over this extended area, touching a point here and there, making no apology for diffuseness or for passing rapidly from subject to subject in these far-off "memories."

And, first, by way of introduction, a single word upon the situation of China. Every tyro in geography knows where China is situated; yet he may never have reflected upon the relative latitudes of its chief cities compared with those of the United States. If you lay the eastern coast-line of the Celestial Empire over the eastern coast-line of North America, its northern capital, the city of Pekin, situated a few miles south of the great wall that separates China from Mantchooria, or Tartar-land, will coincide in latitude with Philadelphia (Pekin,  $39^{\circ} 56'$ ; Phila.,  $39^{\circ} 51'$ ). Nanking, the old capital of the Empire, is nearly the same latitude with Savannah, Georgia (Nanking,  $32^{\circ}$ ; Savannah,  $32^{\circ} 4'$ ); Ningpo with New Orleans (Ningpo,  $29^{\circ} 55'$ ; New Orleans,  $29^{\circ} 57'$ ); Foochow with the mouth of the Rio Grande, the southern boundary of Texas (Foochow,  $26^{\circ} 5'$ ; Rio Grande,  $26^{\circ} 50'$ ); Canton, the oldest port known to foreigners, with Havana, in Cuba (Canton,  $23^{\circ} 7'$ ; Havana,  $23^{\circ} 10'$ ).

Hence the productions of the soil and peculiarities of the climate of China will not be those of New York and New England; but such as will be found in the late Slave States, from grain-growing Maryland and Virginia to cotton-growing South Carolina and Louisiana, down to orange and banana producing Cuba. My theater of observation was the city of Foochow, situated in the latitude of Southern Florida, Southern Texas, and of the cities of Matamoras and Monterey, of Mexican War celebrity.

The voyager to the Middle Kingdom has choice of several main lines of communication. He may go by the way of the Atlantic, Cape of Good Hope, and the Indian Ocean; or he may go *via* Cape Horn or Panama to San Francisco and across the Pacific; or he may go from Southampton, England, by steam, to Alexandria, cross the Isthmus of Suez by rail, steam down the burning Red Sea, and coast along Southern Asia to Hongkong. This last is called the "overland route," probably because there are not a hundred miles of land travel in the whole passage! This route used to be expeditious, though expensive. By it, letters were sent from the United States to China in sixty days.

Sailing ships make the voyage by way of Good Hope in ninety to one hundred and fifty days, according to the season. But the new route by rail to California, and thence by steamer to Japan, Shanghai, and Hongkong, has immeasurably distanced all others, and is promising to make a trip around the world a mere vacation excursion. In 1855, our mails came fitfully, from Hongkong by sailing vessels, chance steamers, and overland by couriers from Amoy. The arrival of the mail at the British Consulate was a great event in our little foreign colony of merchants, missionaries, and consular agents. Steam insures regularity. Steam communication is not a century old, and it already girdles the globe. Telegraphy, by means of electricity, has been in existence only a generation, and pathways for lightning underlie oceans and override continents, and will soon send their circuits, laden with thought and intelligence, around the sphere.

Having been introduced to "Celestials" at Singapore, spent three weeks in their midst at Hongkong, and run the gauntlet of the babel-boat population of the Min, noisy and naked Chinese, dirty streets, sedan-chairs, and squalid bearers were no novelty to us when we reached Foochow. Rev. R. S. Maclay, Missionary at the port of Foochow from 1847, met us at the boat with a hearty welcome; and on that memorable Monday evening, June 18, 1855, we American and British missionaries, who had come among these terrestrial Celestials half-expecting to be treated to pies of puppies, ragouts of cats, and fricassees of rats, sat down to a sumptuous collation prepared by Mrs. Maclay, furnished with every suitable variety of home cookery and confection. The bungalow of the Maclays was perched upon a hill-side precipitous as the bluffs that skirt the valleys of our own well-known rivers. We hang our villages and cities on the hill-sides; the Chinese build theirs

on the bottom-lands or flats. The site of this mission bungalow commanded a magnificent panorama, that has since been photographed and made familiar to those who have never visited it in person. This bungalow, like all others in a hot climate, was prefaced with a spacious veranda, a broad porch or portico, running the whole length of the one-storied house, and entirely closed in by green blinds. On our way out, we entered Hongkong harbor in the night, and got out of our beds to be entertained with the blaze of lights along the shore and with efforts to make out the town, rising up the side of the dark mountain that towered behind it up among the stars of the midnight sky. When daylight appeared, one of the most striking objects on shore was dwellings rising above dwellings that were masses of green—green houses. Yes—green houses. The house proper is first built of the size needed for family purposes, and then jacketed with porticoes, whose blinds shut out the sun, and are generally, though not invariably, painted green. The veranda is an important part of a house in a tropical climate. It is a good thing to be able to build a house for but one climate. One trouble is, that we have to build for two—Summer and Winter—and the consequence is, that in many respects our dwellings are ill-fitted for either or both; by as much as they fit the Summer airs they are unfit for Winter, and the conveniences adapted to Winter destroy or interfere with their fitness for Summer.

A bungalow is just the thing for a climate of alternate sun and rain; it would be a poor protection against snows and frosts. A Chinese-built bungalow has no cellar, no substantial stone foundation, no sills resting on that foundation into which the upright timbers of the house are thoroughly mortised and braced. The foot of each corner-post, as well as the foot of each post needed along the sides and ends of the bungalow, stands in a good, stout stone, roughly cubed, and well settled into the ground; floor-timbers and sills are supported by these. Roofs are strongly, and yet somewhat primitively constructed; the walls are a latticing made by interlacings of flexible bamboo, and plastered inside and out; floors are roughly planed, nailed with wrought nails or bamboo pegs. Straight lines and right angles are not thought of; huge knots in the boards of floors, wainscoting, panels of doors, and the slats of Venetian blinds, are no special blemish in the eyes of "Celestial" carpenters. Native hinges, bolts, and locks are of the most primitive description, ruder than those of the old-fashioned patterns of wooden hinges and latches improvised

by our forefathers for plank houses, barns, stables, and log-cabins. Locks, door-knobs, hinges, screws, cut nails, glass, and almost every modern invention for comfort and security, are here unknown. The bungalow of the Maclays, where we first found shelter and rest, presented the appearance of a long, low, one-storied front perched upon the hill-side, with a library, dining-room, and kitchen in its west wing, parlor or general sitting-room in the center, opening north and south upon spacious verandas; the east wing had several family and sleeping rooms. A substantial brick house occupies the fine site now: but the early trials and experiences; the sorrows and joys of social and mission life; the births and deaths; the prosperities and adversities of adults; the prattle and gambols of infancy; the social entertainment; the religious services; family, social, or community worship; the marriage and the funeral,—are all memories associated with the rough old Chinese bungalow, which, like the old wooden-framed house of New England and the log-cabin of the West, had a charm peculiar to itself—a charm that seldom or never visits square walls of brick and stone, and richer mansions with more elegant appointments. Rambling rooms and irregular structures are much more friendly somehow to poetry and sentiment than the prim, square-built apartments constructed with rectangular regularity and mathematical exactness. In the rear of the dining-room were the quarters of the Chinese servants, a populous hive, where the coolies, a span of human horses for your sedan-chair, your cook, the purveyor for the whole establishment, the table-boy, at once a chamber-maid and dining-room servant, and a female nurse or two, with small feet or without, hived to chatter, work, joke, sing, gossip, and tell stories, smoke tobacco, scrape a two-stringed fiddle, or thrum a rough stringed instrument with a round body and a long neck, a sort of cross between a guitar and banjo. Two great, yellow Chinese dogs—allies of the watchmen, the police of your private premises—are the day and night guardians of the place; cunning, fierce, and cowardly, with more bark than bite; disliking foreigners most cordially; tormented in the presence of the white intruders with that which infuriates so often their biped, yellow fellow-countrymen, the most bitter of passion compounds—hate and fear.

Light, airy, with numerous openings, glazed doors reaching to the floor, the bungalow is a very insecure place of abode in a community where conscience has but slight respect for the laws of possession—where thieving is chronic, and robbery not uncommon. A wakeful sense



of insecurity naturally possesses the mind of a new-comer when he lies down to rest in one of those shelters, composed of plaster and bamboo, with every glazed door flung wide open to catch the night-breeze; and the uninitiated might inquire how it was possible to sleep at all. Man adapts himself to circumstances. Here, a man buys quarter or half an acre of ground, and puts a secure, solid, jail-like house in the center of it, and surrounds his premises with light palings, which he takes very little pains to secure from night or day intruders. Not so the dweller under torrid skies. His real house-wall is the wall that surrounds his lot or court-yard or garden; this is ten feet high, built of brick or pounded earth, and at scalable angles, and in exposed situations, defended from thieves by glistening rows of sharp nails, oyster-shells, and broken glass. Gates, generally are in front and rear. These are made of two-inch plank, and formidably bolted by day and formidably locked by night; and whoever gains admission to the house must first gain admittance to the lot, yard, or garden in which the house is situated. Even this precaution is not sufficient. By day, the servants are expected to guard the gates, keep them bolted, and see that no stranger enters. By night, a private watchman is hired to patrol the premises, and give alarm in case of covert approach or open attack. The outer wall and its gate are Asiatic institutions, and explain a passage in the Acts. When Peter knocked at the gate, a damsel went out into the yard to hearken, and knew Peter's voice. At an outer gate, a Chinaman not only uses his fist or walking-stick or knocker, but shouts loudly to those inside, "Open the door!" and the question as frequently follows from within, "To whom?" and the visitor announces his own name—a vocal, instead of a written or printed card, certifying his right to admittance. These inclosures, with their shade-trees, gardens, flowers, fountains, and open verandas, are secure and roomy places for children, who are never trusted outside the gates without their nurses or attendants. No property is allowed to stand unguarded in the open street. Every thing valuable is behind the shelter of a high wall and barred gates, watched by a porter. Here, the rights of doors and grounds are respected; but in the Orient a paid porter is an indispensable institution.

Very tribal are the walled-in socialities of Asia. Families are walled in; women are walled in, in apartments separate from the men; temples are walled in. The only things analogous to that style of walled-in life are the Romish institutions springing into existence in all our popu-

lous cities. Romish schools and convents and monasteries, and church and rectory grounds, are all surrounded by high and strong walls, and accessible only through carefully watched gateways—symbols of the exclusiveness of the system, as Asiatic walls are symbolical of the exclusiveness of Asiatic life, manners, and customs. It argues a jealousy of every thing outside, a fear of intrusion, a fear lest the world should know what was being carried on inside. Protestantism and civilization have nothing to conceal; no secrets, no secret associations, no intriguing conclaves, nothing but what the light of day, and the stronger and more searching light of public opinion, may freely peer into. Secrecy is suggestive of something wrong, something parties wish to hide; and when we reflect upon the wickednesses, in every form of violation of the Ten Commandments, that Roman walls have concealed for centuries, we never pass one of these prison-like institutions without cold shudderings.

A day and a night of rest in the Maclay bungalow, and then we must find the home we have come sixteen thousand miles to seek, in our own bungalow. Five minutes' walk from the Maclays'—between high, plastered walls, bounding narrow lanes, with sharp turns—brought us to a solid door of oak-plank at the upper end of a long reach of mud wall, white plastered and capped with tiles, that looked like the broadside of a State-prison. "Quee mu-ong" (Open the gate), shouted our conductor. "All right," is heard from within; and the heavy iron bolts are withdrawn, and we stand in the presence of the two "Celestials" with whom we are to commence our housekeeping.

The cook was tall, his upper man covered with a coarse blue cotton blouse, and his lower extremities hidden by flowing black cotton trousers, looking, as much as possible, like a slim cambric petticoat. The table-boy sported a single long cotton dress, looking like a night-gown. He also wore loose flapping, bagging trousers, and both were shod with cloth-topped shoes, with leather bottoms.

Both were profuse with their salutations, and both received with respectful attention the directions given them in their own language in reference to the comfort of the new-comers. The most striking thing to those new-comers was the way in which a few syllables of strange sounds produced marvelous effects. At Singapore we had heard the soft and liquid Malay; at Hongkong the Cantonese dialect; now we were listening to the more guttural Fokeen; as yet we had learned naught of either. In time these strange sounds became very familiar.

## THE UNCROWNED HAPSBURG.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND HISTORIC GLEANINGS.

BY MRS. E. S. MARTIN.

THE time past is a trifle over twenty years, that, sitting one morning in our small, cozy parlor, shortly after my initiation to pioneer life in the young territory of Wisconsin, the house-maid ushered a stranger within the apartment where a lady friend and myself were ensconced. He was a compactly built man of ordinary height, swarthy of countenance, with heavy features, from out which glittered a pair of the keenest, shrewdest black eyes imaginable. Combining the slight mannerism of a well-bred Parisian with a kind of dignity, said, in common parlance, to distinguish "gentlemen of the old school," there was something about the man, of suavity and refinement, added to a voice of singularly subdued and harmonious tone, that was calculated to please and attract at first sight. With the utmost self-possession he made himself known as the Rev. Eleazer Williams, Missionary in General to the Protestant Episcopal Indians of two territories—Michigan and Wisconsin—making, however, no allusion to the fact, which was quite universally known, that he had already fallen under rebuke, from the Church which had consecrated him to the ministry, for malfeasance in his clerical administration.

With the true spirit of Yankee research and curiosity, he gleaned from my youthful inexperience facts of my birthplace, lineage, and the like, being sensibly affected by the mention of Lake Champlain, which I found called up many reminiscences of his own boyhood, that had clustered about the picturesque haunts of Lake George and its surroundings. The incidents he related, at this time, of the War of 1812—so far, at least, as the land and naval engagements on Cumberland Bay are involved—led to the suspicion on my part that he must have been engaged in the same equivocal secret service for our Government as was poor Major André for the English in the War of the Revolution. This, however, is mere conjecture, founded perhaps on the peculiar manner he betrayed when speaking of dispatches conveyed to my father, who commanded at Fort Moreau on the Lake, during this war.

The ostensible purpose for this morning visit from "Priest Williams," as he was usually designated—for no rumor had as yet palpitated into life of any more royal claim—was to dispose of a valuable and antique library, for which mine host had been in negotiation.

It is indeed a remarkable collection of volumes that are stored away on shelves above my present writing-apparatus; and the mystery is yet unsolved how a man with social antecedents so adverse—reared under associations and circumstances the most unfavorable for that high intellectual status which alone can appreciate the venerably obsolete, either in literature or art—could have gathered together so rare and curious a library of almost extinct volumes—works for which some visionary antiquarian would foolishly exchange "their weight in gold." A few were on vellum leaves, incased in dry parchment covers, with lettering resembling hieroglyphics more than alphabetical characters; others dating back nearly two centuries, when the art of printing belonged to the demoniac influence of such men as Dr. Faust; several in the oldest of English text; together with a mass of pious *reliquaries*, as I must be permitted to call them, extending from many an old father, through St. Chrysostom, Thomas Aquinas, and à Kempis, down to other dates far back in the eighteenth century. One relic alone I then claimed as an inalienable portion of my personal estate, and hope always to do so. It is a Book of Common Prayer and the unabridged English Church service, of most elephantine proportions, and type such as might have been molded in Vulcan's forge. It is printed by Mark Baskett, Publisher to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, George III, and contains an elaborate "Act for the Uniformity of Prayer and Service in the Church, and Administration of the Sacraments, *primo Elizabethæ*;" to which is adjoined a full "Table of the Constitutions and Ecclesiastical Canons of the one Holy and Apostolic Church." This prayer-book was presented by the venerable St. Paul's, of London, to our old King's Chapel, in Boston—built by order of Queen Anne, in 1700, and, until her death, called Queen's Chapel—and by

"THE RECTOR, WARDENS, AND VESTRY  
OF KING'S CHAPEL,

TO REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS,

PASTOR OF THE ONEIDAS,  
November, 1816."

Mr. Williams possessed in a great degree the peculiar family likeness of the Bourbons and the reigning house of Austria—the thick lips introduced into the latter by the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian with Mary of Burgundy, and which are visible in their descendants to the present day, after the lapse of three centuries.

We are not of those who pronounce the Rev. Mr. Williams to be the missing Bourbon.

Indeed, one of the chief incidents, falling as it did under an almost personal cognizance, and upon which is based much of the imperial superstructure raised by his friends, has been palpably misrepresented. I was so fortunate as to be present at the prince's reception in Green Bay, and permitted a side view, at least, of the royal dinner-party at which Mr. Williams was present as an invited guest. No mystery of conversation took place, either before or at that time, between the parties. The simple facts were these alone: The Prince de Joinville, leaving his large party at Albany, selected a few friends to traverse with him, as nearly as possible, the route taken by his father, Louis Philippe of France, in the Far West, when the king was an exile, a pilgrim and stranger.

Williams, ever on the alert for exciting episodes, learned of this intent on the part of De Joinville, and quitting St. Regis in haste, where he had for some months been sojourning, joined the vessel that was to convey the French officers through the Northern lakes to Green Bay. In conversation with the captain of the steamer *Huron*, De Joinville avowed his intent of an equestrian tour through the supposed route of his father more than half a century previous, adding an earnest request that Captain Shook would direct him to some aged person residing in the vicinity of the small village who might possibly have retained a remembrance of the exiled Duke of Orleans, or to one of a younger generation, that had, mayhap, stored away in memory some details of the event, as gathered from his seniors. The captain, after a moment of hesitation, bethought him of the venerable missionary then on board, as the most likely person, throughout the whole area of Wisconsin, to satisfy the demand.

De Joinville hailed the suggestion as a good omen, requested an introduction, and received from Mr. Williams, no doubt, a most embellished narrative—perhaps founded on fact. No proposals, however, as to the abdication of his claim to the French throne were made, nor was the bribe of a princely establishment from Louis Philippe, together with the personal property of Louis XVI, offered to the former rector in Episcopal orders. To such a man as Eleazer Williams, prospects so brilliant would have proved irresistible. That the prince courteously extended an invitation to Mr. Williams to visit the Tuileries, in return for the graphic narrative of events relating to the former Duke of Orleans, is possibly true; that De Joinville remitted to Mr. Williams and his wife, after his return to France, a few valuables, in the way of books and trinkets, is certainly a fact; but

there this part of the romance ends. The royal party made a very brief sojourn in the old French town of "Baie de Vert," not exceeding six hours at furthest; of which time the Parisians exhausted the larger portion in preparation of dinner toilettes, and the remainder in disposing of the said meal; immediately after, mounting their odd-looking steeds, which, gathered together in haste, were of the most motley description. Passing the first night of their strange equestrian tour at the log-cabin of Mr. Williams—situated on the reservation ceded by Government and the Northern Indian tribes to the missionary's wife—the once beautiful Indian quadron, Mrs. Williams, no doubt extended most princely hospitalities of bear's-meat, venison, and canvas-backs to the guests, after the usual manner of her nation.

Still, in reviewing all the sad facts in the history of the unfortunate dauphin, Louis XVII, the theory advanced in Mr. Williams's case was at least plausible, and will bear review far more satisfactory than many other instances on record of a mistaken personal identity, which have been accredited in every foreign nation. Mysterious individuals have been discovered in European dungeons, the circumstances of whose condition never transpired. Historians have not always proved competent or faithful to their duty. Even the particulars of the French Revolution of the last century have been but imperfectly given to the world. Many and weighty State secrets are connected with its details, of which little is known. It is by no means wonderful, therefore, that mystery should involve the fate of the young Bourbon prince, interested as many parties have been in concealing it. We are informed that he was separated from his mother, the hapless Marie Antoinette of Austria, in July, 1793, and placed under the guardianship of Simon, the friend and neighbor of Marat. On the 19th of January, 1794, he was incarcerated in a dungeon, where he remained till the twenty-seventh of July, without breathing pure air, or seeing a human countenance. In utter loneliness, darkness, and filth, infested by vermin, and sharing his food with rats, languished for more than six months the young King of France.

After the execution of Robespierre, in July, a new keeper was placed in the Temple. He found the youthful prisoner worn to a skeleton, diseased, and about to die. Confinement had made him an idiot. After some months, Laurent, the humane keeper of the Temple, asked the Committee of Public Safety to give him a colleague, and Gomin received the appointment upon the 8th of November. The Count de



Provence, afterward Louis XVIII, was contemplating his own elevation to the throne of France upon the ruins of the Revolution, and to the disregard of the legal rights of the heirs of Louis XVI. He assumed the title of Regent, and was holding a court at Verona. Intrigues were set on foot to effect the removal of his royal nephew. To this influence in the National Assembly we are to attribute the designation of Gomin, his partisan, as a keeper of the Temple.

At the commencement of the next year, negotiations were held at Nantes between the commissioners of the Government and Cherette, the leader of the army of La Vendée. A secret article of this treaty stipulated that the Government should deliver the young prince and his sister—afterward married to her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême, son of the Count d'Artois—into the hands of the Vendean leader. The 14th of June, 1795, was fixed as the time of surrender.

On the 26th of February the two keepers reported to the National Assembly that the life of the young king was in danger; "that he had tumors on all the joints, and particularly at the knees; that it was impossible to obtain from him a single word; and that he refused all kinds of exercise." A committee was appointed to visit him, and found him at a table amusing himself with a pack of cards. He evinced few symptoms of rationality, and they reported his intellect as utterly prostrated, but the tumors neither dangerous nor unmanageable. The prospects of the royal family were sensibly brightening, as the time was approaching when the young king must be surrendered to the loyalists of Bretagne and La Vendée. The Count of Provence found that he must act promptly, or his ambitious aspirations would fall to the ground.

On the 29th of March, Etienne Lasue succeeded Laurent as keeper of the Temple. He was a professed republican; but seems to have afterward become a stanch loyalist. The rigid discipline which had been maintained was now relaxed; jovialty and merriment reigned through the old walls; vigilance was at an end. At length, in the month of May the following entry was made on the register: "The little Capet is dangerously sick, and there is fear of his death." Immediately M. Desault, then the first surgeon in France, was intrusted with his case. He examined his patient long and carefully; questioned him without obtaining an answer; and finally pronounced it a case of decline, occasioned by confinement. He counseled his removal into the country, expressing his confidence that pure air, careful treatment, and

constant attention would effect a cure. This the Government would not permit.

The surgeon continued his visits till the 30th of May. That day, as he was going down the stairs, Brieuillard, the commissary, inquired whether the child would die. He replied: "I fear; but perhaps there are persons in the world who hope that he will." The next morning, to the great surprise of the keepers, Desault did not come. Bellanger, the commissary for that day, did not wait for the surgeon, as the rules required; but entered the king's apartment, showed him pictures, and took his portrait.

M. Desault died on the 1st of June. His pupil, M. Abeillé, afterward declared he was poisoned. During the next five days, no statement was made of the health of the young king. On the fifth, M. Pelletan was appointed his physician. The instant he was introduced into the apartment, he demanded and obtained a colleague, M. Dumaugin. We observe that these physicians describe their patient in terms essentially at variance with the statements of M. Desault. He was attentive to every thing around him, and began to talk with them at once, becoming, at times, very loquacious.

One night, a sentinel was stationed at the apartment, and thus obtained a sight of this child. He found him of a figure greatly unlike Louis XVII, in every respect. This guard afterward declared, "I am fully convinced that it was not the prince." He had often seen the dauphin when his parents were living. When he was relieved from duty, the jailor spoke to him concerning the speedy death of *citoyen* Capet. He replied, "that the lad was too tall for the dauphin; it was impossible for such a change in stature in so short a period." The jailor did not rebut this declaration, but advised the sentinel "to keep a still tongue in his mouth, lest he should grow shorter by a head."

On the 8th of June, 1796, the child in the Temple died. The event was immediately reported by Lasue to the Committee of Public Safety, who were particularly busy, and deferred the "*proces verbal*" till the next day, when it was hurried through so rapidly, that no date was placed on the instrument. The body was then buried. In 1816, Louis XVIII issued an order for its disinterment,\* but revoked it before this could be done, without any reason. When the *post-mortem* examination of the body took place, the Government directed that the surgeons should not scrutinize the countenance. M. Auvral, who resided many years in the city of New York, declared to Mr. H. B. Miller, the artist, that he had frequently seen the prince at



the Tuileries, and at the Temple; that he was present when the body of this child was exhibited to the officers of the National Guard; and that he knew, positively, that it was not the body of Louis XVII. The Bishop of Viviers held a conversation with the surgeons who made the autopsy, and not one of them was able to state that the corpse was that of the young prince.

The following paragraph appeared in the *New Jersey State Gazette*, February 11, 1800:

"It is stated in political circles, as a fact, that about two years ago, a Frenchman who had left his country on account of his principles, and resided in Philadelphia, affirmed that he was with the committee of surgeons who examined the child said to be the dauphin, and to have died of scrofula in the Temple; but, having known the prince when alive, in examining the face of the corpse contrary to positive instructions, he perceived no resemblance, and was convinced that some artifice had been used to preserve the life of the young prince. This circumstance is related by a gentleman of credit, who received it two years ago from the surgeon who was present at the dissection; and is, therefore, highly confirmatory of the recent rumor, that Louis XVII was really saved from the prisons of the National Convention by an artifice of Sieyes."

This surgeon was probably M. Abeillè, the pupil of Desault, and not one of those making the investigation. He resided at Philadelphia in 1800, and, on the occasion of the autopsy, had reasons of his own for inspecting the face of the corpse.

In the *Farmers' Magazine* (Walpole, New Hampshire), July 28, 1800, the following article appeared:

"A most extraordinary rumor, which has been stated in a morning print, has occupied the public conversation. We give the article, without pretending to any knowledge, or offering any opinion on the subject.

"Private letters, which have been received by various persons of the first consideration among the French emigrant nobility, and others, agree in the general statement of an unaccountable rumor, which has its origin in the Triumvirate at the Luxembourg, that the unfortunate Louis XVII, supposed to have expired in the Temple upon the 9th of June, 1795, is still alive. The Triumvir Sieyes is said to have subtracted the devoted prince from the prison of the National Convention. He procured a child of corresponding age, from the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, incurably affected with scrofula, the pretended disease of the young king, and admitted the unfortunate child into the Temple,

and exposed the body, disfigured with ulcers and operations, instead of the royal victim. According to this relation, Louis XVII exists. This unhappy child, the prisoner of his assassins in the Temple—the bulletin or daily account of whose declining health was regularly published to the world—perished in June, 1795, in his dungeon, of a scrofulous disease, according to the statement of facts submitted to the then usurpers of France, and published by their authority. It is to be remembered that all Europe, with one common cry, burst forth in the denial that this interesting child had a scrofulous disease. Neither the house of Bourbon, nor that of Austria, was afflicted with that malady; the babe could not have contracted it. When this bulletin arrived in England, with the concomitant report that the young sufferer had been poisoned by the Committee of Safety, some very extraordinary circumstances occurred or transpired.

"All the world believed the young king to have been murdered. The British Cabinet, with no other opinion, ordered the bulletin to be examined by a physician of the very first reputation. This gentleman reported to the king's council that the young king could not have died of the cause assigned in the bulletin. The consequence would not have followed from the premises, even if they had been true. A few days previous to the death, or at least the exposition of the body in the Temple, the famous surgeon Desault, expired suddenly."

"Whoever looks back to the public discussions of that period in France, will observe the stress laid upon this coincidence.

"Desault was an honest man, incapable of any criminal action. It was rumored, on no mean authority, that he denied his patient to be the royal infant. The Marquis de Bouillé wrote publicly to his son, that there was reason to believe the young king was alive. Simon, the shoemaker, had expired upon the scaffold. The princess royal, his sister, whom he had not been permitted to see since the murder of their parents, or during the course of his own illness, was suddenly released and sent to Vienna, to the astonishment of all Europe, in exchange for three deputies. Every one was removed who could then detect the imposture of his death, or know of his existence."

On the 8th of June, 1795, the same day that the supposititious dauphin died, the Committee of Public Safety sent an order, which is still preserved in the archives of the police, to all the departments, "to arrest, on every high-road in France, any travelers bearing with them a child of eight years old, or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple."

This order had been prepared and issued an hour at least before Gomin had announced the death of the child. M. Guèrvière, of Paris, then a child of ten years old, was traveling in the carriage of the Prince of Condé, and was arrested, under the suspicion that he was the fugitive dauphin.

The European monarchs were all incredulous of the young Bourbon's death. The first article in the secret treaty of Paris, of 1814, declares that "the allied sovereigns have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI, and only give the title of king to Louis XVIII, ostensibly, till they can obtain every possible certainty concerning a fact which must ultimately determine who shall be the sovereign of France!" It is also declared that a courtier of this king obtained the fabrication of a "false certificate of the death of the dauphin in foreign lands, after his escape." M. Petzold, notary of Crossen, asserted that he had found fifty documents, fully substantiating the existence of his majesty, the manner and by whom he was taken from the Temple.

Cherette, the leader of the army of La Vendée, had a child in the army, in 1795, that was declared to be Louis XVII; and one gives the opinion (Guèrvière) that, to mislead the police, several lads answering to the prince's age were sent out in different directions. His decease at the Temple was, in general, certainly believed. The American tradition, or history of the supposed dauphin, is a brief one, and plausible in the extreme. In 1795, a French family arrived at Albany, direct from France. The following letter, dated October 7, 1853, written by Mrs. Blandina Dudley—formerly Miss Bleecker, and the munificent patroness of the Dudley Observatory—which is fully indorsed to the writer of this sketch by a familiar acquaintance of her own, who was the niece of Mrs. Dudley—Mrs. Horatio Seymour, of New York—thus speaks of these emigrants:

"Among the reminiscences of early days, I have always recollected, with much interest, being taken by my mother to visit a family who arrived here in 1795, direct from France, consisting of four individuals.

"There was a gentleman and lady, called Monsieur and Madame de Jardin. They had with them two children, a boy and a girl; the latter was the eldest, the boy about nine or ten. He apparently did not notice us.

"Madame told my mother that she was maid of honor to the Queen Marie Antoinette, and was separated from her on the terrace of the palace. She appeared very much agitated, and mentioned many things which I was too young

to understand, but all in allusion to the difficulties then agitating France and her friends. She played with great skill on the piano-forte, and was much excited singing the Marseillaise Hymn, floods of tears chasing each other down her cheeks. My mother thought the children were those belonging to the crown, but I do not now recollect that she said Madame told her so. After some time, Madame called, and said they were obliged to leave us, and had many useful and handsome articles to dispose of, and wished my mother to have the first choice out of them.

"There were several large plates of mirror-glass, a time-piece, a pair of gilt andirons representing lions, and a bowl made of gold, on which were engraven the arms of France. This was purchased by a gentleman near Albany, and was often recognized at dinner-parties afterward. The andirons were purchased by General Peter Gansevoort's lady, and are still belonging to a member of that family.

"We never heard of Monsieur and Madame de Jardin after they left Albany. In looking at the portrait of Eleazer Williams, I can discover a veritable likeness to those of young Monsieur Louis, in charge of Madame de Jardin."

Until the year 1802, a man called de Jourdin, resided in the vicinity of Whitehall, and answering perfectly to the description given by Mrs. Dudley, for whom the Bleekers acted as bankers; and the statistics of moneys received and loaned to him constitute an interesting ledger in the family.

During the Revolution, John Skenandoah, an Indian youth who had been educated in France, and whose descendants still act as chiefs for the Oneida Nation—whose reservation is contiguous to Green Bay—came to America on board the same vessel with Lafayette. In 1795, he was at Ticonderoga, when two Frenchmen, one a Catholic priest, came to the place, with whom he conversed. They had with them a French boy, weak and sickly, whose mind was wandering so much that he seemed to be almost imbecile. He was left there, and was seen at different times by Skenandoah, in the family of Thomas Williams, an Indian. He afterward saw the boy from time to time, and declared him, on oath, to be the Rev. Eleazer Williams.

Doctor Peter Wilson, who, in 1850, was agent for paying off the annuities of the Saint Regis Indians, stated that the old men at the reservation near Hogansburg objected to paying Mr. Williams his share, on the ground that he was no Indian—that he was "a stranger." The doctor passed a few days at Fort Covington, in the same county, where he was informed by an old squaw, that many years before, a

while Mr. Williams was a boy, she was at the cabin of his reputed father, who was away from home. He returned from town in the afternoon, with two or three slates and some writing-material. The boy, Eleazer, took a slate and pencil, and immediately wrote "Louis Charles," to the surprise of those present. About this time, while supposed to be idiotic, he took up a pen and scribbled in a manuscript Indian mass-book a number of letters and figures. It was given to him in 1836, and contained the numerals, from one to thirty, in French characters; also, the letter C, in the same handwriting as that of Louis XVII, the word "duc," and the letters "Loui." They are in the peculiar handwriting of a child.

By the Indians he appears always to have been regarded as of French birth.

The informant of Dr. Wilson stated to him that, one day while out West, his little Indian companion, Eleazer, who had been previously idiotic, jumped or fell from a high rock into the water, and on recovering from the shock, had the full use of his faculties. Subsequently, two French gentlemen visited the family. Eleazer was soon afterward sent, with a son of Thomas Williams, to the school for Indian youth at Long Meadow, in Massachusetts. It was there remarked that he was a French and not an Indian youth—totally unlike his foster-brother. It is well known that for many years certain gentlemen in this country received, regularly, a sum of money from France, to be applied to the clothing and education of this same Williams; and instancing John R. Bleeker, Mrs. Dudley's brother, as the receiver. In 1803, the persons sending the money are said to have died, and the receipts stopped. His education was completed through the aid of contributions by charitable individuals. In 1806, young Williams visited Bishop Chevreux, at Boston, who made many inquiries of him about a boy that had been brought from France and left among the Indians. As we have before mentioned in this article, Mr. Williams rendered efficient service to the American cause in the late war with Great Britain; and some years after peace was concluded, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart, and became a missionary to the Oneidas.

It is related by old New Yorkers, that in 1818, on the occasion of a social party at the house of Dr. Hosack, in that city, at which were present M. Genet, formerly an ambassador from France—and grandson of Madame Campan, one of the Queen Antoinette's household and governess to the royal children—Count Jean D'Angley, Counselor Sampson, Dr. John W. Francis, and others, this subject was introduced.

At length M. Genet distinctly said: "Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is not dead, but was brought to America." He also expressed his belief that he was in Western New York, and that Leroy de Chaumont was knowing to the fact. The family of Genet declare that he long entertained hopes of discovering the dauphin, and had himself been on the point, when coming to this country as ambassador, of bringing the royal children with him. It is also stated that M. Genet believed Mr. Williams to be identical with the lost monarch.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, of New Orleans—wife of Joseph Deboit of the household of the Count D'Artois, afterward Charles X—testified that, in 1806, she was told by the Duchess of Angoulême, that she knew her brother to be alive and safe in America. She was also told by her husband, or the duchess, that he was carried off by a man named Bellanger. In 1817, Mrs. Brown resided at Philadelphia, and in a conversation with Mrs. Chamberlan, wife of the secretary of the Count de Coigni, who had lived with the other brother of Louis XVI—Count de Provence—at Edinburgh, that woman assured her she had heard at the Tuileries, that the dauphin was alive; that Bellanger had carried him to Philadelphia; and that he bore the name of Williams. A person had come from America to France on this business, and received money, after which he returned. Before Mrs. Brown severed her connection with the royal family, the Duke of Angoulême examined her papers, and removed all that related to the private affairs of the Bourbons. She was employed also to place a young woman in a convent, who had been connected with the royal family, but could not be induced to state particulars, saying that it was better for history to be silent.

An attempt was made to obtain affidavits to discredit the whole story. Mrs. Williams, the reputed mother of Eleazer, was induced, by the Catholic priest at St. Regis, to sign and depose to a paper in English, stating that he was her son. She, however, it is said, made, at her own instance, a counter-affidavit that he was her adopted son. His name does not appear in the baptismal register at Cagnewaga, where the rest of the family are recorded.

That his portrait taken when a child, and which embellishes Dr. Hanson's biography of "The Lost Prince," greatly resembles the one taken by Boullanger of Louis XVII, there can be no doubt; and that part of his face was decidedly of a Bourbon cast, and the lower portion resembling the House of Hapsburg, my own personal knowledge of Mr. Williams can affirm. The lady companion whom I mentioned

as sitting in the apartment with me at the time of his first visit, to the white cottage at Hazelwood, remarked jocosely after Mr. Williams's departure, that my "visitor must be one of the savage ancestors of Rudolph of Hapsburg, or else have borrowed some of the blue blood of Louis XVI, as he was the living image of the dead king's portraits." And this incident occurred, it must be borne in mind, several years anterior to the romance, which afterward, for a brief space of time, constituted a world's wonder.

The testimony, when carefully sifted, might decide that Louis XVII was actually removed from France by Bellanger and a lady of the court. Soon afterward, a similar lady of the household of Marie Antoinette appeared at Albany, with an almost idiotic French boy named Louis, who was removed to the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, and supported for many years by money sent from France. The family of Charles X acknowledged that the young Bourbon was in America.

To fill out the romance, it is asserted that, after the Prince de Joinville's return to France, an inquiry was vigorously started in that kingdom about two servants of Marie Antoinette, who emigrated to America during the French Revolution; also, that before the prince's visit, other Frenchmen had repeatedly sought out Mr. Williams, treating him with great deference, and evincing singular emotion when in his presence. A blow inflicted by Simon on the young king is said to be indicated by a similar scar on Mr. Williams's fine head; that the crescent-formed marks of inoculation existed alike on his arm and that of the prince; that he even recognized a picture of Simon, being seized with a kind of nervous spasm at the sight of a face which, he said, "had haunted him all his life."

But whether a defrauded prince royal of Imperial France, or only a birth-right scion of a despised race, his life was full of sad vicissitudes, which he bore, certainly, with the stoicism of an Indian; and mayhap, better still, with the stern endurance of a Christian man as well.

A thrill of sympathetic pity seized our hearts, as we read the simple announcement, about fourteen years ago, that "Rev. Eleazer Williams died, at Hogansburg, St. Lawrence County, New York, on the morning of the 28th of August, in the seventy-fourth year of his age." One impressive fact awaits kings and crowns, plebeians and democracy alike—implacable death brings down all at its feet in the end. We hear of the subject of this notice in our early childhood, as at the very acme of earthly prosperity; as courted, fêted, admired, by the most patrician circles of nearly every city on the Northern

Atlantic coast; where his young and beautiful wife, then but sixteen years old, and possessed of an almost infantile loveliness of person, received the caresses and rich gifts from high-born dames of the old aristocracy; and she, an untutored girl from the bark wigwams and hunting-grounds of a western wildwood!

We meet him a few years subsequent, and he comes as a wanderer on the face of the earth—a disowned clergyman of the Church of England, yet conducting religious services, occasionally, in some obscure Dissenting chapel or church; a deserted husband; a father deserted by his only son. Staggering under a weight of disappointment and disease, with the shadows of a premature old age gathering about him, he seeks to die among the people whom, in his once high estate of the world's favor, he had given but small heed, and who receive "the stranger," as he was styled, back to their lowly homes.

Mr. Williams was not, perhaps, the most devoted of Christian ambassadors, nor the highest exemplar of a perfect manhood; but his last hours were illuminated by the great peace vouchsafed to true believers—his last words, those which we must sooner or later, in our utter prostration of body and soul, breathe forth: "Into thy hand I commit my spirit." No *cortege* of illustrious mourners, no long array of courtiers graced the occasion. Obscurely the humble Indian missionary passed from the earth, and his corpse sleeps with the untitled.

There still stands on the bank that overhangs the picturesque river of Northern Wisconsin, a few miles above its entrance into the great Baie de Vert, a desolate-looking cabin, that contains one sole inmate. She is a solitary, aged, unattractive woman, who was once called "Ma'am-selle de Jourdin;" and reputed the reigning beauty of the Fox-river Valley; a woman whose confirmation by Bishop Hobart, in Trinity Church, New York, more than three decades gone by, excited as vivid a sensation in the then fashionable world as did the baptism of Pocahontas, in courtly circles of the Old World, centuries before. She is known all the country round, at present, as the "Widow Williams," not "*Capet*," as were styled the reputed ancestors of her dead husband.

The only embellishments within this weather-beaten, lonely cabin, are a few simple articles of bead or porcupine embroidery, wrought by the dusky sisters of her tribe; and a well-executed life-size portrait, in oil, of Mr. Williams, on each side of which, like sentinels guarding a treasure, are suspended exquisitely finished engravings, in cabinet-size, of Louis XVI, and his ill-starred Austrian consort, Marie Antoinette.



## RAMBLES IN EGYPT.

BY REV. H. H. FAIRALL, A. M.

## I.

## ALEXANDRIA.

THE traveler who desires a speedy and pleasant voyage from Trieste, Austria, to Alexandria, Egypt, should take an Austrian Lloyd steamer. It was my good fortune to be a passenger in the *Hungaria*, a magnificent vessel belonging to that line; and this circumstance contributed to the enjoyment of the trip. But proper credit should be given to the weather, which was unusually delightful for the latter part of February. The Adriatic and Mediterranean were calm beneath us, while clear, bright skies smiled upon us from above. At the close of each day, we were favored with those gorgeous sunsets for which the Mediterranean is celebrated.

The first spot of historic interest on our route was the Island of Lissa, where a desperate naval battle was fought, in 1866, between the Austrians and Italians. On the same day we came to the Island of Corfu, one of the most picturesque of the Ionian group, and early the following morning passed Ithaca, the birthplace of Ulysses. During the day we had a fine view of Cephalonia, Zante, and other Grecian isles.

It was with peculiar emotions that I beheld, for the first time, a Biblical locality—the Island of Crete—and realized that I was at the scene of one of Paul's thrilling adventures. Over these same blue waters, more than eighteen centuries ago, sailed the Alexandrian corn-ship, in which was the apostle to the Gentiles, a prisoner for Christ's sake, going to Rome. Opening my Bible at the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts, I read the interesting description of the storm, and endeavored to locate "The Fair Havens" and "Phenice." Like the Alexandrian vessel, we "sailed under Crete;" but fortunately did not encounter that "tempestuous wind called Euroclydon." It is common to this latitude at certain seasons, and modern travelers may experience it toward the close of September or first of October—the time that Paul is supposed to have been at Crete.

On the fourth day after our departure from Trieste we came in sight of the African coast, a long, low extent of sand, scarcely rising above the level of the sea. Of course my heart beat high with expectation as I obtained the first view of the land of Ham—the Mizraim of the Hebrews—the field of wonders, in which so many of the mighty miracles of God had been wrought. At one o'clock, on the 2d of March, the light-house at Alexandria was visible in the

distance; but, though a prominent object, it is not so grand and lofty as the ancient Pharos, which once occupied its site. That immense tower was a square building of white marble, erected by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, three hundred years before Christ, and called one of the "*Seven Wonders of the World*." It could be seen one hundred miles at sea, and was, no doubt, appreciated by ancient mariners.

As we approached nearer, the city, with its domes, minarets, and spires, became more distinct, and, in a short time, we reached the main entrance to the harbor; but could not proceed further until an experienced pilot came on board, and directed us through the tortuous and difficult channel. We discovered that the numerous Turkish vessels around us were profusely decorated with flags, which, with the incessant and deafening roar of cannon, indicated some important event. The scene was grand and exciting, and made my introduction to Oriental lands interesting and memorable. We soon ascertained that the Moslem feast of Bairam had commenced that day, during which the Mohammedans have a holiday of rejoicing, and indulge in various kinds of amusements. But the most novel and exciting scene was the crowd of Arab boatmen, who, in their strange costumes, invaded our steamer in search of passengers. Their language was as unintelligible to me as the hieroglyphics of their ancient monuments; and the jargon of sounds, together with the earnest gesticulations, were sufficient to embarrass even an American. After a lively contest, I was captured by a son of Ishmael, and conveyed in a small boat to the custom-house, where the examination of my passport and baggage occurred. This was soon completed, and, entering a carriage, I was driven through the narrow, filthy streets of the Turkish quarter to the European part of the city, and found a pleasant home at the English Hotel.

Modern Alexandria does not present many attractions to the lover of antiquity, and yet its site is rich in historical associations. Upon the same spot stood the ancient city, with its costly palaces of kings and gigantic temples of deities; but they have crumbled into dust. It is said that an Egyptian village was there long before Alexander the Great founded the great metropolis, three hundred and thirty-two years before Christ. The selection of such an eligible location indicated the wisdom of that renowned conqueror, who perceived that a city occupying this site, could not fail to become the common emporium for the traffic of the Eastern and the Western world, by means of the river Nile, and the two adjacent seas—the

Red Sea and the Mediterranean. It was situated upon a strip of land, between the sea and the Lake Mareotis, and its ground-plan resembled the form of a Greek *chlamys*, or soldier's cloak. Opposite was the little Island of Pharos, which, even before the time of Homer, had given shelter to the Greek traders on the coast. Hence, Alexander proposed to establish a Greek colony there, the deep water between Rhacotis, the original village on the shore, and the Isle of Pharos, affording a harbor that might become the port of all Egypt. Dinocrates, the architect, who rebuilt the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, was selected to improve the harbor and arrange the plan of the new city. The removal of a great market from Canopus to Alexandria contributed to its commercial prosperity. After the death of Alexander, the building of the city was carried on briskly by his successor, Ptolemy Lagus, or Soter; but many of the public works were not completed till the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

The description of the ancient city, contrasted with the appearance of the modern one, is interesting. While walking through the narrow, crooked streets, I could appreciate the statement, that in the old metropolis all the streets were wide enough for carriages. It is said that the two main streets were each two hundred and forty feet wide, and crossed each other at right angles in the middle of the city, which was three miles long and seven broad. We can form some idea of its magnificence from the fact that nearly a third of its whole extent was occupied with public grounds and palaces, while, fronting the harbor, were the Royal Docks, the Exchange, the Poseidonion, or Temple of Neptune, and many other public buildings. In the same locality stood the "Soma," the burial-place for the Greek Kings of Egypt—so called because it held "the body," as that of Alexander was termed. The remains of the great hero were removed by Philadelphus from Memphis to this city, and hither pilgrims came and bowed before the golden sarcophagus containing the body; but it is said that the magnificent coffin was stolen by Seleucus Cybiastactes, B. C. 54.

The long, narrow Island of Pharos was formed into a sort of breakwater to the port, by joining the middle of the island to the mainland by means of a mole seven stadia in length, and hence called the Heptastadium. To let the water pass, there were two breaks in the mole, over which bridges were thrown. On the western side of the Heptastadium, and on the outside of the city, were other docks and a ship-canal into Lake Mareotis, as likewise the

Necropolis, or public burial-place of the city. There were also a theater, an amphitheater, a gymnasium, with a large portico more than six hundred feet long, and supported by several rows of marble columns; a stadium, in which games were celebrated every fifth year; a hall of justice, public groves or gardens, a hippodrome for chariot-races; and, towering above all, was the Temple of Serapis, the Serapeum. The most famous of all the public buildings planned by Ptolemy Soter were the library and museum, or College of Philosophy. They were built near the royal palace, in that part of the city called Bruchion, and contained a great hall, used as a lecture-room and common dining-room, and had a covered walk all round the outside, and a seat on which the philosophers sometimes sat in the open air. Within the verge of the Serapeum was a supplementary library, called the daughter of the former. The Emperor Claudius, A. D. 41-55, founded the Claudian Museum; and Antoninus, A. D. 162-218, built the Gates of the Sun and of the Moon, and likewise made a hippodrome.

While wandering through the city, with its crooked, filthy streets and small, unattractive buildings, my imagination was picturing the Alexandria which, though only the metropolis of a province, was second only to Rome in wealth, extent, and importance, when the latter became the mistress of the world. But, like all things earthly, the mighty "Queen of the East" passed away; and the ruins of its gorgeous and massive structures are now unsightly mounds, over which the traveler often climbs unconscious of the noble monuments that are entombed beneath his feet. There are still a few memorials of its former grandeur—the links that connect us with the past, and afford us faint glimpses of the ancient glory of the place.

Passing out of the gate on the southern side of the city, I rode eighteen hundred feet, and then ascended an irregular eminence upon the summit of which stands Pompey's Pillar. This old and renowned monument consists of pedestal, base, shaft, and capital, and was erected to commemorate an important event. At the great rebellion of Egypt, A. D. 297, Alexandria was besieged by Diocletian, when, in commemoration of his humanity in staying the pillage of the city, the inhabitants erected an equestrian statue, now lost, but which, there is little doubt, surmounted the lofty column which was called Pompey's Pillar, the base of which still bears the inscription: "To the Most Honored Emperor, the Savior of Alexandria, the Unconquerable Diocletian." The pedestal is a huge block of granite, about ten feet square, on which is laid

a thinner and broader stone, constituting the base of the column. From this, shoots up an elegant shaft of red granite of Syene, round and smoothly polished, on which rests the capital of a different kind of stone, and of inferior workmanship. The diameter at the top of the capital is sixteen feet six inches, and the whole height of the column, from base to capital, is ninety-eight feet nine inches. The shaft is all one piece, seventy-three feet high and twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumferences. This interesting relic has long been left unprotected. The lower end of the shaft and portions of the base have been much defaced by travelers, who have chipped off portions of the granite as mementos of their visit.

At the north-east angle of the city, just within the walls, and near the sea-shore, we found the celebrated Cleopatra's Needles. There are two of these remarkable obelisks, one standing, the other prostrate, and now nearly buried in the ground. They are of the same material as Pompey's Pillar—red granite from the quarries of Syene, a town of Upper Egypt. It is said they stood originally at Heliopolis, before the Temple of the Sun, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars. The name of Cleopatra has become connected with them, but it is not known she ever had any thing do in their erection. The fallen one lies close to its pedestal, which stood on two steps of white limestone. The length of this one, in its mutilated state, is sixty-six feet, and it was given many years since by Mehemet Ali to the English Government as a token of gratitude for the assistance received from them. He even went so far as to offer to put it on board any transport they might send to convey it to England. For some reason the offer was not accepted, and almost every visitor is surprised at the delay of the British authorities; London would be none the worse for such an embellishment. If they shrink from the task of removing it, why not restore the great ruler's gift to his successor? We are sure that Ismail Pasha would make no delay in raising it on its ancient pedestal in Alexandria, or even restoring it to its earlier place at Heliopolis. Egyptian obelisks thirty-three hundred years old are certainly too valuable specimens in modern times to be buried in sand.

An amusing incident is told concerning this obelisk: An ambitious Alexandrian bought the land on which it lies, to build upon. He can not build without removing the obelisk. He has three difficulties about removing it: first, it belongs to the British Government; second, it would cost more than the land is worth to

remove it; third, he has no right to place it anywhere else. They say he walks up to look at it every Sunday and study the problem, which still remains unsolved. But now it is so much mutilated, and the inscriptions so defaced, the project of its removal must soon be entirely abandoned. It will shortly be buried from sight—another entombed memorial of the massive monuments of an extinct race. These two obelisks stood about seventy paces apart, gracing the entrance to some magnificent structure, probably the grand Temple of Cæsar, the ruins of which have entirely disappeared. The standing obelisk is about seventy feet high, seven feet seven inches in diameter at the base, and tapering toward the top to less than five feet. Three long lines of hieroglyphics extend from base to apex along each side of this huge shaft. It was the first Egyptian monument I had met inscribed with these strange characters, and long and earnestly I gazed upon them. Upon two sides of the monument these characters have been much injured by the action of the winds and drifting sands; but the cuttings of the other two sides still retain a remarkable freshness, and one wonders how they could so long and so successfully have resisted the corroding power of time. The central line of hieroglyphics is found to be much the oldest, and fixes the date of the king in whose reign it was first erected. Wilkinson finds here the name of Thothmes III, who reigned 1495 B. C. In the side lines are the ovals of Rameses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, 1353 B. C.

With what feelings of wonder and reverence one beholds these monumental records of men and cities that have long since passed away! Nearly thirty-five hundred years ago, these immense blocks of stone were chiseled and carved with exquisite skill, transported hundreds of miles, and, by herculean power, set upon their strong foundations.

Among the comparatively modern structures in Alexandria, is the viceroy's palace, erected by Mehemet Ali. It is a fine residence, combining the European and Oriental styles of architecture, and stands upon an eminence, facing the harbor, commanding a most enchanting view of the port and the shipping. The entrance is through a small garden into a large inclosure, with high walls on all sides. Some of the rooms in the palace are magnificently furnished, enriched, and ornamented with costly presents from the different sovereigns of Europe. One of the most remarkable of these, is a splendid round table, of Roman mosaic, representing the most interesting monuments of the Eternal City—a present from the Pope. Near the



palace is the harem; but, of course, we were not permitted to enter it.

Our hotel faced the great public square, called the Frank Square, which is supposed to occupy the very site of the ancient docks. Around us, on either side, were numerous palatial residences in the European style. A throng of fashionably dressed Europeans promenaded in our hotel, and French and English equipages were frequent in the streets. The population of Alexandria is a mixed multitude of many kindreds, tribes, and tongues, and not famous for their morality or integrity.

Around the square, the English church, the principal hotels, and the offices of most of the foreign consuls are found; and in the square stands a small obelisk of Oriental alabaster, presented to the city by Mehemet Ali. The streets of the Turkish quarter are narrow, irregular, and dirty, there being no appearance of plan or order in the arrangement of them or the houses. Occasionally, a fine latticed window or an old Saracenic arch will arrest attention; while the bazaars present a novel and most curious scene to one who has never before visited a city of the Orient.

No one can take a stroll through this great mercantile emporium without finding things of a much more European caste than he anticipated—the Greek and Italian element taking a large predominance; and of the two, the former. Should one judge from the number of small Greek stores, he would almost think that a Greek Propaganda was at secret work for the renting of the same, throughout Alexandria. The commercial bustle of the city strikes the stranger; but trade at present by no means bears comparison with what it was during the last American Revolution. At that time, wealth rolled in on Egypt like a flood; and on the resumption of American commerce, after the close of that sad war, Egypt felt much the reaction. Still it is satisfactory to know that she is gradually regaining, and that this year merchants speak hopefully of a still better state of things. Mr. Seward, in his interesting book, "Travels Around the World," says: "Alexandria, founded by the great conqueror whose name it bears; after his death supplanting Memphis, under the sway of the Ptolemies; after its conquest by Julius Cæsar, emulating Rome itself; and, later, becoming the school of Christianity in the East; then eclipsed by Constantinople; and, still later, subjugated by the Mussulman caliphs, broken down by their successors, and restored by Mehemet Ali,—still remains a great commercial city. It is the *entrepôt* of European commerce for Egypt and India. We are now to see it undergo

a still further trial. Will it be superseded by Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal?"

From a moral point of view, Alexandria does not present a very encouraging aspect. Much open sin prevails. Singing-saloons, gambling-houses, and brothels, under the guise of cafés and beer-shops, every-where abound. Notwithstanding the continuous tide of iniquity, many Christian influences are at work. Among these is the Greek school, which has an average attendance of about two hundred. Besides the ordinary educational branches, Greek, Arabic, and French are taught. The general order and method of the school I consider most admirable. The same may be alike said of the girls' department, under the management of a warm-hearted Christian lady.

Among the Jews, who are estimated at three thousand, several Christian brethren are laboring. On their behalf, the London and German Missionary Societies and the Church of Scotland have regular school and missionary operations established. The Rev. Mr. Hoxheinz is the missionary of the Church of Scotland for the Jews. The United Presbyterian Church of America is also at work among the Copts. They have two services every Sabbath, in Arabic. The average attendance is eighty. This little evangelical Coptic Church has also forty communicants, one of whom is a teacher of the truth, having a school of his own of sixty scholars. The missionaries reside and teach in a commodious building, belonging to the mission. There I had a pleasant interview with Rev. D. Strange, and other laborers from America, who are doing a good work for the Master.

In one of the most beautiful situations of the suburbs, on the way leading to the canal, may be observed the Prussian Hospital. It is free alike for all nationalities, and maintained by voluntary contributions. It is under the management of the German Protestant Sisters, who, only out of Christian love, devote themselves to attending and soothing the sick and afflicted. In the English ward, a service is conducted by a lay brother every Sabbath evening. This earnest worker is a merchant, who, after a week of toil, takes his Bible, and goes and teaches the suffering around him those precious truths which alone can make even this world, with all its sorrows, its trials, and its cares, the beginning of a paradise whose joys are yet unknown and without end. The British and Foreign Bible Society has opened a depot for the sale of the Scriptures in several languages, chiefly Greek and Arabic. The depot is under the care of Mr. Kerby, who sold one thousand copies in eleven months.



Alexandria was once the home of the Ptolemies, the seat of learning; and to it came scholars from all parts of the world. The renowned library established by Ptolemy Soter contained seven hundred thousand volumes—four hundred thousand in the library of the Museum, and three hundred thousand attached to the Temple of Serapis. A copy of every known work was reputed to be deposited there. According to the best authorities, the library was burned by a mob of fanatic Christians, led on by the Archbishop Theophilus, in A. D. 391. Since then, ignorance and superstition have prevailed in the city. We must look to the Christian missionaries for the restoration of learning and piety.

Christianity was early introduced into Alexandria, probably by some of the Jews converted by the preaching of Peter on the day of Pentecost. Of this city, Apollon, the eloquent convert, was a native. (Acts xviii, 24.) May multitudes of the sons and daughters of Egypt be speedily brought to Christ!

### THE SMALL-WAIST NUISANCE.

BY MRS. OLIVE STEWART.

**N**ES: nuisance. I use the word advisedly; for, surely, any thing that works public, wholesale detriment may be ranked as a nuisance, no matter whether the victims and adherents count it so or not. There is a wearying outcry abroad, about sickly, feeble women; and novelists of the Charles Reade school are making misguided efforts in the right direction; namely, a reformation in the prevailing standard of female beauty. These would-be reformers make one grave mistake; they assume, as their fundamental principle, that large size is strength, and, consequently, go into heroics and raptures over imaginary Amazons and giantesses. Alas! fact, in this matter, sadly contradicts fiction. Certainly, neither height nor bulk goes to make up this desirable quality of strength; for tall, large women are now the rule rather than the exception; and their ailments seem to be in proportion to their size. Every body knows that the tall, slight woman is the regular build for debility and want of physical force; and if any body supposes that the bulk which comes of fat is synonymous with strength, I beg to say that supposition is altogether a delusion. On the contrary, this bulk is a burden and a snare to most women. You question this. Well, let us reason together. You say that leanness is quite gone out of favor; that plumpness, even stoutness, is beauty, nowadays. Granted, at

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once. The large, round, tapering arm; the white, plump neck and shoulders; the full, swelling bust,—yes. But the regular and rightful concomitant, an unconstrained, springy waist of rather large dimensions,—no. "Ay, there's the rub!" A good figure means, even more decidedly with men than women (let him deny it who dare), a small, firm waist. There is no mistake about it, the shapely figure that is sure to attract admiring eyes among men, is always a made one; made either by addition or subtraction—more correctly, contraction. A woman with large bosom and hips, and a waist less than twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches (it should be more rather than less), is either padded or squeezed; yet the good figure is the tight, inelastic waist, modeled on the dress-maker's lay-figure. The good figure has the bosom propped up and the stomach crushed down, and there must not be a wrinkle in the body of her dress; the dress does not so much fit her body as her body fits the dress, just as a candle fits the mold; for it is true, our ladies are shapen to fit their molds, and kept in form by them. The women most implicated in this charge will deny it emphatically. Their corsets are not molds; no, indeed. Are they not? Well, how often do you have to get new steels (I don't know the proper name; I know the article) for the front of your corsets? And what about this lovely, new, glove-fitting corset, with thirty-six steel springs in it? Let me tell two or three tales out of school. Not long since, a young lady-friend of mine was sorely distressed by bad news concerning her married sister. This sister was reported as very ill; at death's door. What ailed her? "Hem! an accident!" Then the truth came thus: She was in a condition in which nature and common sense, not to speak of conscience, demand freedom from compression; and having occasion to stoop, one day, she suddenly put her hand to her side, and cried out sharply: "O, what was that? Something has broken inside!" and she fainted away. Her clothes were loosed as fast as possible, and examination disclosed that one of those propping, repressing steel springs had broken short off, and run into her body. The wound and the shock cost one life, and nearly cost two. But what name shall be given to that occurrence? Murder? Not at all, of course. I am a horrid creature to name the word. Infanticide? No, no; it was an accident!

One morning, when I visited my dress-maker, I had to wait a little, while another customer, with whom she was engaged, finished giving minute and multitudinous directions, charges, etc. As this lady took her departure, the dress-

maker heaved a sigh, and said: "O dear! It is the hardest work in the world to fit that woman's dresses. She has them graded, I call it; and no two of them are made of exactly the same measure. Did you notice her?"

"I observed," replied I, "that she has good features, and is stout."

"Very well," answered the other; "her bust measures forty inches, and she is going to have this," indicating a handsome silk, "made twenty-four inches in the belt-measure. Her maid tells me," she continued, "that she has seen her fall prostrate, on letting loose her clothes suddenly, after being tightened so; and she is such a sufferer from some internal complaint that sometimes a dress is ready for her a week or two before she is able to come and be fitted."

This true story needs no comment save this: What becomes of the bulk thus displaced by the infernal machine, ycleped stays in England, corsets here? for, not only the waist, but the stomach and abdomen just below the waist, are crowded and crushed away from their natural position. A number of the internal organs are driven out of home, so they must go a-visiting—intruding, in fact; for they go where they are not wanted, and where they do mischief. Then, as if this were not enough, a handsome dress of the present day is a very heavy one; and this must be carried by those same weary, aching muscles of the waist. Suppose that public taste should require men to gird and tighten themselves into good figures, what then? Why, from aught I know of them, I believe they would do just as women do—comply. Indeed, it is said that Russian officers do—are obliged by army regulations to keep their belts within a certain number of inches—and that this regulation goes hard on some of the corpulent ones.

There has been a great deal said on this subject. Women have been lectured and scolded to no end, and with little effect; the evil will never be remedied unless public taste can be remodeled. There is no use in spending breath or wasting ink; for women will bring themselves to the standard of beauty, if possible, even if it must be through pangs like those of martyrdom; and they will protest all the time, that "it don't hurt; they do it for comfort." I would like to see the railing tongues and pens turned awhile upon the male portion of community. When men learn to admire a natural figure, and show disgust, instead of admiration, for the stuffed-corset style, we shall have done with whalebone and steel and pinching—not before.

## LOVE AND AGE.

[We clip the following from an exchange, where it appeared without credit. We do not know the writer's name, but the verses would do credit to any of our poets.]

I PLAYED with you 'mid cowslips blowing,  
When I was six and you were four;  
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,  
Were pleasures soon to please no more.  
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,  
With little playmates, to and fro,  
We wandered hand in hand together;  
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,  
And still our early love was strong;  
Still with no care our days were laden,  
They glided joyously along;  
And I did love you, very dearly—  
How dearly, words want power to show;  
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;  
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,  
Your beauty grew from year to year,  
And many a splendid circle found you  
The center of its glittering sphere.  
I saw you then first vows forsaking,  
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;  
O, then I thought my heart was breaking—  
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another,  
No cause she gave me to repine;  
And when I heard you were a mother,  
I did not wish the children mine.  
My own young flock, in fair progression,  
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;  
My joy in them was past expression—  
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,  
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;  
My earthy lot was far more homely,  
But I, too, had my festal days.  
No merrier eyes have ever glistened  
Around the hearth-stone's wint'ry glow,  
Than when my youngest child was christened—  
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,  
And I am now a grandsire gray;  
One pet of four years old I've carried  
Among the wild-flower meads to play;  
To our old fields of childish pleasure,  
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,  
She fills her basket's ample measure—  
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness,  
Has passed away in colder light,  
I still have thought of you with kindness,  
And shall do, till our last good-night.  
The ever-rolling silent hours  
Will bring a time we shall not know,  
When our young days of gathering flowers  
Will be a hundred years ago.

## NEW DEPARTURES AND OLD WAYS.

BY MRS. E. S. MARTIN.

"We eat and drink and sleep; what then?  
We eat and drink and sleep again!"

IS an oft-repeated, time-worn couplet, that might seem to constitute a poetic irony on our own juvenile Republic, in view of the fact that we eat faster, drink more, sleep less, and labor with more frantic zeal, than any other nation under heaven. Indeed, the quotation must owe its origin to some dim remembrance of the staid, solemn old Romans, who, it is said, had a way of stitching up the eyes of their poultry, and then stuffing them with dough in the dark—a slow torture, belonging to a slow age and very misty civilization, utterly repugnant to the rapid pulse of our own vitality, and the inflammatory state in which we live.

There is no dullness in our organization; but the country and age is one of strange excitements and startling change, which has introduced a revolutionary element, even among the bigoted conservatives of the Old World.

Our own national experience has set at naught the philosophic axiom, that *human nature always adapts itself to the circumstances of its position*; that society is the complex resultant of a *variety of influences, constantly excited from without*, rather than the busy forces at work *within* itself.

That tiny ship, the *Mayflower*, brought to this unknown continent a full cargo of pious intent, of strong endurance, of muscular power, and established this grand race of free, hopeful, buoyant, toiling men, upon the sterile heights of adamant New England. But not alone were they strong, determined men; they were also of fine scholarship, of polished manners, graduates of English universities. They were civilians and courtiers; the compatriots of Milton, Hampden, and Cromwell. As one forcibly declares, they came literally into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. No restraints of civilized life followed them. Danger, disease, and death waited on their footsteps, until every humanizing influence seemed buried under the sod with Rose Standish and her lovely compeers. Refinement, education, sentiment, might well have languished in the shadow of densely overhung forests, where keen-edged tomahawks gleamed through the foliage. Yet with what admirable tenacity the pilgrims resisted each barbarian influence! Save the hard sterility of their religious dogmas, and the insane superstitions of their religious experience and teaching, which made whole communities, ministers and people, rulers and subjects, alike to tremble in

terror at the diabolical enchantments of witchcraft, there was not the slightest approximation toward the lawlessness of savage life.

As were our forefathers, so are we—self-reliant, conscious of power, determined in execution; scarcely casting a deferential thought toward the twilight of this world's history, as influencing our own, nor dreaming that it "takes nations, like cypress-trees, a thousand years to attain their full growth."

To the vivid conception of Young America, Rome, that peninsula of fabulous beauty, where shimmers an atmosphere of lustrous gold, is only a superstitious sloth, reposing, with its dull lazzaroni, under the shadow of orange and pomegranate trees.

The road is too hard a one to travel, that carries us down the ages to that land of sweetest verdure and of classic song, Greece; and we think of its wondrous islets, that lie under so fortunate a sky, only as poor, weary, worn-out Hellas, whose lazy sleep is eternal, and whose sunlight will never again beam over the delicate tracery of Corinthian column, or lighten the glory of its sacred temples.

And yet, if the proposition be true and susceptible of demonstration, that every footfall of every child jars the earth, and not the earth only, but the whole universe, it needs but small argument to prove, that every member of a free government affects for good or ill every other member; and that the whole machinery must revert back to a more simple and primitive age—perhaps to that more peaceful era when the gleaming tent of patriarch and prophet was pitched on Oriental soil, where the sunbeams fell resplendent over fields heavy with luxuriant culture, and where the rich flocks and herds gathered at even-tide under the shade of the date and palm.

Obedience and unity constituted the secret of success even in the twilight of this world's history, as they must always underlie all prosperous domestic and civil economics. We do indeed owe much to the past; but inherent to ourselves is a wondrous vitality, and however great may be the connection of the present age with all the ages, we, as a people, are heirs to the riches of them all. Their great thoughts and great deeds, their treasures of art and learning, are ours by inheritance, and may be ours by individual possession. The present is indeed an outgrowth of the past; but we congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are *more* than legitimate heirs, and have outstripped, in the race of practical knowledge, every progenitor of the Old World. There is in our very organization a continued longing after something

higher and better than that which ministers only to our physical wants, and we strive occasionally to turn aside from the dusty paths of life to some experience, where we may find fresh verdure, a way-side flower, and an unpolluted atmosphere. It is a mere croaking cynicism that is always prating about the old days being better than the new. That beautiful creation of Hans Andersen, the grandmother of Lucky Peer, exclaims, "One hour here, is a hundred years in the past!"

We have no right to reprobate present times and seasons, when the world is moving so surely and so swiftly on to its final redemption; when it is being drawn within a limited area of the vast enginery of its mill-wheel, and hurrying forward with a strange impetus that laughs at old conservative policy every-where.

Young America has no curse of lukewarmness resting upon his head; and one might fancy the doctrine of compensation, in his active brain, had been indeed reduced to a science. "What," cries juvenile Columbia, "if the annually wholesale depletion of human life by steam-power, and the picturesquely gorgeous conflagration in densely crowded thoroughfares form no 'green oasis' in our every-day history, is not the vast system of life and fire insurance policies, more stupendous than that of any two European countries combined, thus creating a direct equipoise in the domestic machinery?"

It is true, that we spend as much money as we can, and get as little for it, in the famous club-palaces of our busy cities, "where," according to Charles Dickens, "there is always a gay fiction among the members, that they are constantly enjoying themselves, and a skeleton truth, that they never do; where the members dine expensively once a week, quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and cause at least ten waiters to get drunk on the stairs!"

The provincialisms, also, which are often heard in elaborately upholstered drawing-rooms, are purely original devices of infantile America, and might perhaps shock the exquisite taste and chastened elegance of Buckingham Palace or the Tuileries. "A gorgeous sponge-cake," "a splendid mince-pie," "a lovely horse," and "magnificent chignon," could only have found birth in the grotesque anomalies of a new civilization. In spite, however, of these slight episodes belonging to our free Yankee-land, we are really brought nearer the germ of truth in all things than any other people. It may well be asked, What have we not accomplished, by the power of brain-force and practical energy in experiment, within a circumscribed space of time?

We have caught and imprisoned the sunlight in the wondrous art of photography, more perfectly than any other scientists. We have circled the round world with electric whispers, that telegraph, with the speed of thought, each throb of sorrow and clarion note of joy from friends a thousand miles away. We have sought successfully for lost treasure in the depth of the sea, and have had revealed to our enlarged vision, in the midnight sky, new worlds of light. Every field of knowledge and research has been growing rapidly deeper and broader; and these ought to be considered supernal achievements for a nation where the camp-fires of the Indians have hardly gone out.

Our steam-power may have been murderous; but what has it not done besides? Have we not braved every antagonistic force, in its application to each department of mechanics, agriculture, and domestic drudgery, until all these systems have become more a recreation than laborious burden. It works the lilliputian boilers, where steam is so economically used in preparing all description of food for farm-yard cattle—their roots, hay, grain; it reaps our harvest-fields; it prepares our corn for market; it whirls, with terrific speed, strange carriages from city to city; it drives up our vessels on rivers and across oceans. There is not, in truth, an implement of husbandry, nor a tool of the artisan, nor a piece of machinery, nor a human habitation, which has not, by the transforming hand of a practical, working genius, in this country, been brought to a state bordering on completeness during the past forty years. It may well be the boast of this nineteenth century, that every department of human labor and industry is luminous with thought.

We have adopted the philosophic motto of Bacon, and wisely, that the "true mission of sound learning is to work effectively, for the purpose of lightening the inconveniences of human life." But one thing we still lack and require to cultivate—the union of art and utility. It is said the old Roman built the Pantheon and Coliseum when he was busiest in constructing legal systems, and in carrying his conquering eagles to the remotest boundaries of universal empire. Perhaps, in our onward career, we have been in too much haste to pause in admiration of the beautiful in nature, or to create the beautiful in art. Like the dogs in Egypt, who never stop to lap the waters of the Nile, but always run while they drink, afraid lest the crocodiles should seize them, "So with us," remarks a learned professor to his students, "the eagerness to achieve some present good, or the fear of some impending evil, has kept us



in a perpetual 'dog-trot.' From the tanning of a calf's-skin to the development of a child's brain, all has been haste." Gold gleaming through the crevices of distant mountains, inflammable oil bubbling up from the depths of the earth, the rich strata of black diamonds underlying our fruitful states, have caught the eye and quickened unnaturally the pulse. And now we need to have our sensibilities quickened to the immaterial and beautiful—the blending of the grace and refinement of Greek cultivation with our own Roman energy and religious faith, giving no heed to a degenerate Lord Orford's philosophy, as to the race, that "we are mere creatures of sense, whose stomachs would survive the rest of our persons."

As a people, we are not so full of blemishes as cynics declare; but we are, in truth, called upon to outlive the stigma of a too practical materiality, and not be so much engrossed with the present as to fail in building successfully for the future. We have the germ of a refined and elevated taste, of a ready flow and copiousness of language, and much graceful acquisition of literature. We have facts and data of science, with ability to arrange and classify as a means to some determinate result; but we are still devoted to the saw and hammer and pick-axe department; in other words, the arena of practical utility.

There is some reason in the assertion that to the majority of our people the "Greek Slave" of Powers is of none effect, because it can neither pick cotton nor tend a sugar-mill; that the drooping figure, with its face of wondrous loveliness in marble, the "Ænone" of Miss Hosmer, has but small value in our estimation, in that it does not answer the question, What shall we eat, drink, and wherewithal be clothed?

There are, indeed, those who seek all things in money, and look for money in all things. We gaze pityingly on the deluded ones to whom a beautiful landscape is only a city town-let; the most graceful tree, that which makes the most cord-wood; the most accomplished woman, she who is heir apparent to the largest fortune, to whom the sun shines only to save the expense of gas, to whom the books worth reading are only the ledger and bank-book, and the eloquence which stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet that which offers two per cent a month, with good security.

All the divine effluence from blossoming tree, from emerald lawn and blushing fruit; the matin song of birds, the fragrant breath of Summer flowers,—are of no account, because they can not be sold as samples on short credit.

Is it a libel on our reputation, and is "Young

America" cruelly maligned, when it is confidently declared, in a recent publication—a weekly journal—that "our halls of legislation are filled simply with butchers, saving the white-frocked aprons, who are courteously polite, and have an undeniable air of business? The legislators, who offer commodities very much as if they were marketable produce, so that we look around as if we should see a fine quarter of beef or rabbit or a dozen squabs—innocent greenlings? 'You can be suited at any price, gentlemen. If it is a mere private bill, I could give you half a dozen tender representatives, and a spare-rib of a senator or so, at a reasonable figure. But if you were thinking of a city railroad, gentlemen, of course you would pay accordingly.' " This nation, then, is it a huge market, where the great departments of industry and activity—the professions, the trades—are but stalls, in which men and their talents and their exertions are exposed for sale? Character, honor, manhood, conscience, are they all for sale, and are we all labeled at so much a head—this legislator for a hundred shares of stock; this governor for a nomination; this statesman for control of patronage; this lawyer for a huge fee; this man for flattery, for fame, for fortune; this woman for jealousy, for revenge, for despair, for an establishment?

If these things are indeed so, then let our formula of prayer only consist of the solemn *Miserere, Deus.*

We may, in truth, fear that our religious creeds, as they exist, both on Puritanic soil, or scattered broadcast in overflowing cities, over the western wilderness and its immense prairies, partake very largely of the mixed elements that compose our heterogeneous population, bound to no unity by historic association. It will be a special gift from Fortunatus himself, if we do not verify in our theological experience the dogma of that stern old radical, a Scotchman—as narrated in a recent issue of *Harper's Magazine*—who, being introduced, for the first time, to the mummery of certain ritualistic ceremonies in England, exclaimed to a stranger near him, who was also a witness of them: "I believe that Christ is dead! Yes, sir, dead; and this is part of his funeral procession. All Churches have become funeral processions for a dead and buried Christianity, though they themselves have helped to kill it. Do n't misunderstand me, sir: I am a disciple of Christ. To me, he is God; and when I say he is dead in this country, I know that he will rise again! What that earnest but foolish ritualist is saying about Christ in ancient Judea, is true of him in this country. 'He is crucified, dead, and buried,'

by his own friends in the Churches; but they won't find it out until darkness covers the land. Then he will rise again, and Satan be chained!" Whether the positive old Scot, in the expression of this belief, be himself a madman, or deserve the name of Christian philosopher, my readers must decide for themselves; we personally do not dare venture an opinion.

There still remains untouched by the writer's pen one contested subject, around which our most tender sympathies ought ever to linger—the harshly judged, bitterly repudiated, yet may we not say, celestially ordained women of this National Republic! Leaving that nondescript portion of the fair sex who would electioneer at the ballot-box, and bind themselves into distorted combinations of Sorosis bands, Woman's Rights Conventions, Strong-minded Suffragists, and the like, to wrangle out their political career on their own line of conflict, we venture confidently to assert that there is one popular aspersion cast upon our feminine element which is not true, or that it contains too small a nucleus of truth to radiate so brilliant a corona of falsities as dazzle the eyes and contract the mental vision of our united brethren throughout this free country. It is *not* true, then, that the education of "our girls," when finished, "consists in working a fire-screen, to dance a polka, drum a sentimental tune on an unhappy piano, paint a pastoral scene on some imagined Arcadia, write love-ditties on gilt-edged, perfumed paper to some perfumed dandy; to sit up for a show, like mantel-ornaments, or rare birds; the chief end of their being, and the fulfillment of their mission, like the heroines in sensational novels, simply to get married." Many daughters are taught at home, as well as in seminaries of instruction and academies, that a genuine woman is not made up entirely of cotton and crinoline, and that her heart was intended for something more than to flutter with hope and fear under the smiling glance of some maudlin exquisite. Many a young brain is radiant with thought, and many a sensible woman realizes the fact that marriage is the worst possible use she could be put to.

Does not the man deserve some new and cunningly devised form of torture who propounded the query in one of our most popular journals, not many years ago, "Shall girls be taught the alphabet?" Such brusqueness is only excelled in its impertinence by Mohammed rule, and the early Christian Councils where the question was proposed, "Whether woman was a human creature or not?" After a grave and long discussion by the erudite fathers, it was decided in the affirmative. Our neighbors, the "heathen

Chinee," are more liberal, who, when exhorting husbands to instruct their wives, tender them this encouragement, that "monkeys may be taught to play antics, cats to run round a cylinder, dogs to tread a mill, and parrots to write verses!"

Let us not give heed to such doctrines of—well, we will improve on the chosen apostle's phraseology, and call it, masculine fables: but take comfort in the old, old story, that Apollo and Diana were of heavenly and twin birth; that there once lived on this weary earth a sweet Virgin Mother and her Divine Son; that we have our American Sapphos and Aspasia's, our Hypatias, who unseal the springs of Helicon and Parnassus; that we have our Deborahs and Jaels, who might judge the people, and slay the iniquitous therein, only we devoutly supplicate that they never may arise in such ability and strength as to do so. There are Harriet Hosmers and Emma Stebbinses who vitalize the coldly chiseled marble to some lofty Pythoness or shrinking womanhood—who bring out into an almost breathing life of power and delicacy the snow-white stone of Carrara. We have our Mary Somervilles and Maria Mitchells, who wander among celestial worlds with an almost superhuman will and vision, making us who are of the earth, earthy, more akin to heaven.

And now we may well pause to ask the question, Who is to take the fearful responsibility of impressing the intellectual and moral character of the American people, of so modifying and perfecting the national proclivities as to bring order out of chaos? The Mississippi Valley alone, it is computed, at the present ratio of multiplication, will, in 1900, contain a population of sixteen millions. Beyond lie the undeveloped resources of a territory outstripping the speed of the pioneer in the rapidity of its expansion, and blotting out, by scientific energy and application of mechanism, time and distance. With the restless action of the masses, heaving and tossing like the storm-driven sea, it is easy to prophesy that no nation since the world began has required a tithe of the disciplined talent that is now indispensable to us—a keener intelligence, a loftier virtue, a profounder and more comprehensive culture than any of the Old World civilizations ever knew.

Such is the present state of Young America. We ought not, perhaps, even if we could, to lift the veil that screens its future, and inquire who is to occupy the immense territory intersected by the Rocky Mountains, and whose shore is laved by the Pacific Ocean. Whether France is to send us legions from a fresh, young republic, to

till the soil, and teach us the elements of artistic beauty; or a united Germany pour forth its treasures of hardy strength and philosophic theory from crowded marts of trade and pretty rural districts; whether there are to be renewed editions of Louisiana and Florida in liberty-loving Spaniard; or Italia is to give us Roman senators,—no human ken may divine. It will, of a surety, swarm with human intelligence or bigotry, and will be a long, steady march of free-soilers, mayhap a reunion of all peoples and nations under the sun, where may be fulfilled the mystery of a unified language, so long prophesied, so long delayed by a terribly confused Babel of tongues.

Nature has dealt kindly and with tenderness, as in Oriental lands, with the Far West and Southwest of our continental area, thus preparing a tempting path for a leviathan cohort of resolute pilgrims and pioneers. A soft, balmy atmosphere, undulating prairies, a most prolific soil, a background of grand old mountains, one might indeed fancy the Utopian dream of Sir Thomas More, was here about to become an actual experience, where men might literally rest from their labors, and their works to follow them; when the promised land of Kansas, of Colorado, and Oregon, shall be the fulfillment of their destiny.

Young America, we opine, is ordained to become the true and great educator of the race; yet it is Carlyle who says: "The house that is a-building looketh not like the house that is built. The terrible activity of our physical life must be guided and elevated, or it will waste itself in aimless exertion, if not in suicidal violence. The nation, not less than the individual, must be educated in youth. It is then, if ever, that we must curb the fierce elements of democratic rule, and open channels through green pastures and beside still waters. It is then, when gross materialism is the preordained law of our being, that we should stir our groveling nature with thoughts of a higher life, and quicken its sight with visions of spiritual beauty."

#### THE COUNTESS URSULA; OR, FIRM IN THE FAITH.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY HELENE LOBEDAN, BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

##### CHAPTER IV.

**A**MONG the occasional guests who were not agreeable to the Count Ludwig, was the reformed minister, Niesener. At one time, in company with Counselor Sprenger and the two Jesuits, he dined at the princely table, which happened, that day, not to be so well filled as

usual. The count longed for a disputation between his Jesuits and Niesener, who was said to be the most erudite and Scripture-proof minister of the neighborhood. Immediately after grace, Pater Prack stated the proposition:

"The master of the country is also master over the faith of the country. : *Cujus regio ejus et religio.*"

This was the doctrine from which Johann Ludwig derived his right to make his country Catholic, himself being Catholic. The doctrine which had formerly been accepted by all who believed in the Divine origin of royal right, was now beginning to be doubted and violently debated by all parties. Prack started this political dogma, and asked Niesener directly how he could reconcile it with his duty as a subject to remain Protestant while his count and master had become Catholic? This was at the same time a covert hit at Counselor Sprenger nobody knowing exactly to which confession he belonged.

Niesener answered, drily, "'*Cujus regio ejus et religio,*' is not to be found in any part of the Gospel. If a government orders us to disobey God and ruin our soul; if we are to hear no longer the pure Gospel, or to preach it; if we are forbidden to take the sacraments according to Christ's Word,—we can only answer, God must be obeyed rather than man. Have the martyrs suffered in any other cause? The government that beheaded Sts. Paul and Peter was acting, perhaps, on a similar doctrine to '*cujus regio ejus et religio.*' Were Sts. Paul and Peter bound to obey their government, and turn heathen?"

"Then you dispute the validity of this doctrine?" cried the heated Jesuit, for he hoped to have at last entangled the parson in a dispute.

"I only gave vent a little," said Niesener, "in order to eat my soup with better appetite. Now I shall say no more."

The count gave him an angry look, and said: "In giving vent, you have spilled the salt with your sleeve. That is a bad omen. It forebodes a quarrel of the guest with the host."

"God forbid that I should ever quarrel with my most gracious count," Niesener modestly replied; and the conversation dropped. The count turned to Pater Ringel, and murmured, with angrily contracted brows:

"There is a natural antipathy between me and this man, as between the toad and the spider; yet he has not annoyed me more than the others. How I should like to see him defeated!"

When the mighty roast-beef was set on the table, the count drank the health of his guests, and again the desire overcame him to attack Niesener.



"I see, reverend sir, that it is not against your conviction to drink a health. Since you only do and believe what is written in the Bible, please tell me the place where you find permission to give a health, or to drink it?"

The count thought nothing was said about it in the Scripture; but he was very much mistaken if he meant to entrap Niesener thus. The parson rose and replied, inwardly smiling:

"We read, in the prophet Jeremiah, that the Jews, at their funeral-meals, drank cups of wine to one another, and comforted themselves. According to the opinion of the eldest interpreters, they wished one another health and long life. Nehemiah was cup-bearer to King Artaxerxes, and, as often as he tendered the cup, he said, 'Let the king live forever.' Our Lord God, also, gives the health of a pious life to all his children in the Psalm lxxv: 'For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture; and he poureth out of the same.' And if we may compare unholy things with the most holy, the cup of our Lord's-supper is likewise a health given to the whole sinning mankind."

"Our parson knows how to turn the texts till they say what pleases him," the count answered, with a glance at his Jesuits. "But we must own that he is well at home in the Bible." Then turning to Counselor Sprenger, a clever bachelor—who had grown gray in the service of Hadamar—a sarcastic man and sharp diplomatist, and a favorite of his master—he said: "You are very silent, dear counselor. Do you think that laymen ought to keep their peace when clergymen are talking?"

Sprenger answered, with irony: "Indeed, laymen are silent when clergymen speak. Allow me to cite an epigram:

"Presbyteri labilis orant, laici laborant;  
Flebs, dum pro populo presbyter orat, arat."

"Well done, Counselor Sprenger. You have long been famous for your improvisations of Latin verses," the count answered; "yet I did not believe you could make such witty and elegant ones at a moment's notice."

"Nor are these verses improvised while eating this splendid roast. On the contrary, it was hunger that made them so sharp and biting. I did not compose them, but a poor English schoolmaster, John Owen, who died in misery some years ago; a man full of epigrams, which have been printed in every country, since his death. If he had only had the profit the booksellers get from his books, he would have been well off. But it is a question whether his epigrams would have been so sharp if he had got more to eat."

The count did not attend to his observations, for a letter had been delivered to him which occupied his whole attention; and not agreeably as it seemed, for his brow was growing very dark. When he had finished, he threw the letter on the table, and stamped with his foot. His eyes met Parson Niesener's, and it was with a look of deadly hate. His voice shook with passion—a very strange occurrence with the easy and polished gentleman—and he cried:

"An example shall be made of this traitor. I am surrounded by perjured scoundrels. The perpetrator of this treason shall lose his head! My clemency has made him secure! I have asked him to my house, have kept no secret from him; and the Judas has misused my confidence. Parson Niesener, you are no longer my guest. You are arrested. Silence! Answer only when you are questioned. Do n't move till you are brought to the tower."

A painful pause ensued; the guests sat as if petrified, even the Jesuits looking at one another with surprise. The countess was the first to regain her composure, and she said to her husband:

"What dreadful things have happened to agitate you so much? Compose yourself, and tell us, if it is no secret."

He looked up as if his thoughts had been far away, and he only now remembered where he was. Perfectly composed, and with his usual ease and polish, but very gravely, he answered:

"You know, Ursula, our lowlands have for some time been frequently attacked by soldiers of the Baron of Ghent. Wherever they scent a Catholic clergyman—ay, only a schoolmaster or a beadle—they give the hunt to him as an inveterate sportsman pursues a deer. Their great wish is to catch my two *paters*, but in vain; for I always give the pious men an escort of twelve horsemen, on their rides through the country. What times are these! To be no longer master in one's own territories! Over the frontier at the Count's of Braunfels, priests too are persecuted in this manner. Sprenger, do you know any particulars about it?"

"By your leave, most gracious Count, at Braunfels it was not the Dutch who first began to hunt priests; it was the imperial governor himself. In order to annoy your cousin, the Count of Nassau-Diez, the governor ordered that the Reformed minister of Danborn, on Easter Monday, should be taken from his bed. They carried him to Braunfels, and asked a ransom of nine hundred reichsthalers for him. Now, the Dutch were not slow to revenge the injury done to their field-marshal. The soldiers of Count of Nassau-Diez broke into the

monastery of Altenburg, took the abbot away (out of the vestry or the wine-cellar, I do n't exactly know which), and likewise asked a ransom of nine hundred reichsthalers. What was to be done? The parties made their peace and exchanged their prisoner; each party paying to the other nine hundred reichsthalers. So every body got back his own, having had much ado about it. But the Dutch had learned from the imperial governor what an easy and profitable trade it was to catch parsons and ask large ransoms for them, and now they stick to it."

"Enough," cried the count, who was annoyed by the scoffing tone. "It is shame enough that circumstances have forced us, of late, to hide the secular priests, who were to finish the sacred work begun by my fathers. We were obliged to send them to dwell in peasants' cottages, because they were no longer safe in the parsonages. In peasants' dresses, they have had to walk stealthily from village to village to fulfill the duties of their sacred calling. When service was held, a strong guard was placed at the door. And now this letter tells me that, notwithstanding all our precautions, the hiding-places of the priests have been betrayed to the Dutch—all those in the upper district of Hadamar, near Bermerod. Mark this well, Parson Niesener. Last night the Dutch robbers came over the frontier, caught all the priests that recently had come from Vienna, carried them by force to Soest, and now they ask an enormous ransom for this great number of captives. Did you know nothing of this devilish trick, Sprenger?"

The counselor seemed somewhat absent. "The trick? Indeed I heard the rumor you mentioned about the Jesuit Holthausen."

"What of him?" cried the count. "I have had no news of Holthausen."

The counselor was taken aback, but collected himself at once. "Well, they caught the Jesuit also, and attired him in a soldier's jerkin and ample Dutch breeches, with a gun on his back. The stout man is said to have looked pitifully in this masquerading; for all the seams of his jerkin had burst; and, indeed, in the whole Dutch army there is no jacket large enough for him."

"And you tell me this but now?" the count interrupted, furiously.

"I beg my gracious count's pardon; but I heard it just before dinner, and as a rumor only. Therefore I was of opinion not to spoil the meal with idle talk, and waited to tell it afterward."

"As you think bad news is better for digestion than for the rousing of appetite. But this

is no time for jests. The traitor shall be punished. Only a man who was in my confidence can have betrayed the priests, and it must have been a man well acquainted with the neighborhood of Bermerod. Take care, Parson Niesener; you'll lose your head if you are convicted of this felony. The traitor shall speedily be found out and punished. There is not time now to go to law; we must hold up an example. Niesener, you shall be brought before a court-martial this very afternoon, and if, before evening, you have not forfeited your head, if you should be proved not guilty (though I believe you to be the traitor), you are still exiled from Hadamar. I will suffer no longer any heretic parson; I will no longer be gracious to people who deny, to my own face, my right to make my country Catholic, people whose conscience may tell them any day to act treacherously, and who compare their disobedience to the resistance of Sts. Paul and Peter against the heathen Government of Rome."

Niesener did not reply. His eyes were fixed on the countess, as if she alone could help him. Indeed, when all were silent, she began:

"Dear husband, you speak as the mighty ones of the world do. Do not forget the Lord's Word about our being judged as we have judged. Strange news has been told to-day. Now permit me also to relate a remarkable occurrence which a peasant from Weil told me this morning. Methinks it is a wonderful dispensation of the Lord, that I heard it just at this time. Ten years ago there lived a nobleman, Herr von Wehrdorf, at Essershausen, near Weil, quite by himself, without kith or kin. One day he was missing, and nobody ever heard what had become of him. About two months ago an anonymous accusation was brought to the court of justice against one Johannes Schütze, at Fröstelbach, a man of ill-fame. Schütze was charged with having murdered Herr von Wehrdorf in a wood near his home. They bring Schütze into prison. He denies every thing; but torture at last extorts a confession from him. When brought to the wood to show the place where he had buried the body, he can not find it; but afraid of a repetition of the torture, he declares that he has forgotten it. They pronounce the death-warrant, and undersign the decree. The case seemed so evident that not a day of respite was granted. Every thing was hurried. They, too, wanted to hold up an example. When, about a week ago, Johannes Schütze stood on the scaffold, the executioner behind him, he said, with a firm voice, to the people around him: 'I am to die because they say I have murdered Herr

von Wehrdorf, but, by all that is holy, I never in my life knew him; and I willingly go to hell if I ever have seen him.' While already kneeling, he cried that he trusted his innocence would be proved before long, and that the nobleman would turn up alive before the ravens had eaten his body. He was beheaded. The day before yesterday Herr von Wehrdorf came home. He had gone to the war ten years ago to try his fortune, like thousands of others. Well, he came back a rich and honored colonel. You see, my husband, the court of justice judged rashly, like the powers and principalities of this world. Think how they will feel now. Yet all the formalities of law had been observed in the conduct of this case, and Schütze was an ill-famed man besides."

The count bit his lips and said, after a pause, "Parson Niesener is to be brought to the tower;" when all rose from the table. Such a dinner had never before been in Hadamar.

#### CHAPTER V.

EARLY next morning, when the dawn was just breaking, the count quietly opened the door of his wife's chamber; for he knew she rose long before the sun. He found her dressed and kneeling on her hassock, and he remained silent in the background till she had finished her devotions. When she arose to greet him, she expressed her astonishment at seeing him there, knowing that he was not an early riser. He answered playfully:

"In future I shall follow the example of that king—whose name you will remember—who got to work early, saying, 'Woe to the country whose prince sleeps long of a morning!' But I did not interrupt you for the sake of jesting. I have not slept the whole night; for I could not get out of my head your story about Johannes Schütze."

"And what has the court-martial pronounced on Niesener?" she asked.

"No court-martial has been held. Niesener is in the tower; and I shall decide by and by what is best to be done. Yesterday your words scarcely moved me; but last night the remembrance of the overhasty judges made me sleepless, and my thoughts wandered constantly from the parson to the beheaded man, and back to Niesener again. How very different a man feels at night from what he does at noon! Indeed the constellation of the stars makes the same man as different as the clearest sunlight is from the profoundest darkness."

"It is not the constellation of the stars that makes you hesitate," she cried with earnestness; "it is God who has changed into light

the darkness of your heart. O, heed this light, my husband!"

He was moved, as he was wont easily to be.

"Ursula, I have nobody but you who tells me the truth without reserve. Speak out your mind. What should you do in my place? How shall I find and punish the traitor, and speedily too? For if, in a case like this, avenging justice does not strike like lightning, all late punishment, however severe, is of no avail."

"Are there other suspicions against Niesener than those you mentioned yesterday?"

"None."

"Then set him at liberty on his word of honor, to return to Bermerod and to remain there, and not go from the place beyond a mile till he is summoned before the court of law."

"Impossible," he cried angrily. "Niesener will caution his accomplices, and they will hatch some conspiracy."

"Niesener has no accomplices, nor will he conspire," she interrupted him. "If he gives his word of honor, he will speak with nobody about this matter. I will warrant it."

"You seem to be very sure of this parson, that you offer bail for him so unhesitatingly, and in so important a matter too. I wish you never had told the fatal tale of Johannes Schütze; for then I should know how to act. To set Niesener free on his word of honor! Preposterous!" And he was about to leave the room.

"No wonder that the rich and mighty so rarely enter heaven," she exclaimed; "when they are so slow to hear the voice of honest, plain-spoken warning."

He looked at her with surprise, and left without a word; but his mind was already quite made up to do as she advised. He wished to have his rest undisturbed, at least for the next night. But he always desired to impress people as if he followed his own impulses, and never the advice of others. The tale of his wife had moved him at once, though he denied it expressly; and his remark as to men's being different at different times of day was only a mask to conceal his change of purpose.

Niesener gave his word of honor. The shameful way in which he had been treated by the count made him so bitter and reserved that he did not say one word in his own defense. Only with great difficulty, and in broken sentences, could he tell his wife what had occurred. She was a simple, energetic woman, country-bred and without accomplishments, but with practical good sense and of unremitting activity. With trembling indeed, yet with courage, she heard the bad news, put the scanty housekeeping on a still scantier basis, in order to make

the little hoard of money last the longer. Their resources had for a long time been failing, and the minister's wife would have fared ill with housekeeping if old friends and kind neighbors had not secretly put into the kitchen sometimes a basket of eggs, greens, or cabbage, or a small bag of flour, a ham, and other serviceable things.

The parson strictly kept his word of honor, and remained in his Patmos, as he called it. Indeed, in his over-conscientiousness, he made a prison of his house. He did not walk half a mile from the parsonage, and not a word passed his lips in relation to the impending inquest. He gave up all his out-of-door pastoral work with those who still secretly adhered to their faith. His days were taken up with studying theological and dogmatical works, which formed his small library. And in this way several weeks elapsed.

One day Counselor Sprenger came on horseback, in full gallop, before the wretched peasant's cottage where Niesener now dwelt. He entered the room so hurriedly, that the parson and his wife were taken by surprise.

"I called in, while passing, to give you a well-meant warning. Niesener, take to your heels! Leave this place to-day. Do n't let an hour slip away, or you'll rue it!"

"I have given my word of honor to stay till I appear before the court."

"You misunderstand me, parson. It concerns neither the count nor the inquest. I dare not tell all I know. But let me advise you, as your true friend, leave Bermerod at once. Go to some safe place—to Hadamar if you like—put yourself under the protection of the count, if you insist on keeping your word of honor according to its literal sense."

"Even then I should break it," cried the uncompromising parson; "for I have sworn to stay at Bermerod."

The wife implored the counselor, with tears in her eyes, to be more explicit about the impending danger.

"You remember the fatal day, Niesener, when I told about the priest-catching in the Braunfels territories—that the imperial governor stole a Reformed parson, and the Dutch in their turn took the abbot? Reflect now. The Catholic princes, who are angry at the Dutch for having caught the Jesuits, may easily hit on the idea to imprison a dozen Protestant parsons for the sake of reprisals, and you would be one of the first to be seized. Especially to the soldiers of the Elector of Cologne, this easy prey will be most tempting; they need only stretch out their hands to take you. And as I have divulged so much of my

secret, I'll tell you the whole of it; for, indeed, the equanimity with which you hear all this, would make a saint swear. Niesener, you are on the list of the elector's troopers; you are number one, and if you do not make haste, you will soon be in some tower at Cologne, and they'll ask for you twice as much as for the parson of Danborn. Madame Niesener, implore your husband to escape. You are still pretty well off," he continued, looking hesitatingly round the bare walls, "and if you go with your wife and children into the wide world, you will be perhaps worse off at first; but it's better to eat cabbages in peace than a fattened ox in sorrow."

"My dear sir," the minister's wife replied, "we have not had a fattened ox for a long time, and we already eat even our cabbages in sorrow. Yet, if my husband has decided on his course, neither you nor I can alter his mind. But he is about to speak."

"I stay, for I have promised to do so," he said, firmly. "If I am true to my word, the count is bound by his honor to protect me; for the danger comes upon me because I am faithful to him. Tell the count what I say, and his conscience will either constrain him to call me to Hadamar, or to give me a guard, as he does his Jesuits. If I should be made a prisoner in the meanwhile, the count will demand me, being his prisoner already—a claim his allies can not refuse, nor will they ask ransom from him."

"O parson, how well you are up in morals, and how little you know about politics! Have you forgotten how often you have offended the count? Small wounds and big lords are not to be lightly treated. If you go to the devil, in one way or the other, the count will not mind it. But even if he were, in the point of honor, so scrupulous as you—do you think he has the power to help you? The statesmen at Cologne, Treves, and Vienna, are constantly doubting his zeal for the Catholic cause. If he were to put a guard over a heretic parson, how would this mistrust increase! If you think he has influence with the Elector of Cologne, because he is the friend of the emperor, you are very much mistaken. He can not get you out of the hands of those Cologne dragoons except by paying every farthing out of his own purse, and what a scandal would that give to the whole papistic clergy! That is my opinion, and now make up your mind; I must be off."

Things came to pass as might have been expected. Niesener remained at Bermerod, regulated his affairs during the day, and toward evening, twelve dragoons arrived from Cologne. He protested solemnly against his being carried



away, as he was a prisoner, under oath, to the Count of Hadamar. The coarsest among the soldiers were about to make a jest of it; but they desisted, so much did the quiet dignity of the minister impress them. As he did not follow them of his own free will, they made short work of it; bound his hands, lifted him on a horse, a dragoon sprang into the saddle behind him, and away they rode over the Westerwald toward Cologne.

Early the next morning, his wife went to Hadamar, sad but hopeful, for her husband had imparted to her some of his confidence in the count. He had told her what she should say, if things came to the worst, and that she had better seek an interview with the countess before going to her husband.

The faithful wife remembered every word, and appeared before the high-born lady with a heavy heart, but with composure; for she felt that her cause was good. The countess heard her account with deep sympathy, and graciously promised to repeat it, word for word, to her husband, and to do all in her power for the afflicted parson. Till his return, she asked his wife and children to come over to Hadamar, where she could better help and protect them. Comforted and encouraged, Madame Niesener went back the tedious way to Bermerod with livelier steps than she had come, glad to accept the offer of the countess, and bring her poor children to Hadamar.

Meanwhile, when the countess told her husband of Niesener's captivity, he looked not at all surprised.

"The parson is an ass," he cried; and his wife was astonished in her turn; for she thought to have moved him deeply. "Such a narrow conception of his oath can only be found in the brain of a Reformed parson. Did I not yesterday send Counselor Sprenger in full gallop over to Bermerod to intimate to Niesener to come to Hadamar, because I knew the dragoons would be after him last night?"

"Did the counselor give the advice in your name?"

"By no means. Only as if he came on his own account was he to warn the parson. Pater Prack had expressly insisted upon this;" but scarcely had the name escaped him, when he bit his lips, angrily. "I thought it best, myself, to give only an anonymous warning, otherwise I should be exposed to the worst suspicions from my allies."

"Well: and if the parson had come to Hadamar on this anonymous warning, perhaps Pater Prack would have next advised to accuse him for breaking his word of honor."

The count was greatly displeased. "Ursula, I had not expected this from you. I do not cavil at your minister; leave my Jesuits in peace."

The countess was afraid of her own rashness, and became silent. This day no petition for Parson Niesener could be made. But the next morning the untiring lady dexterously introduced the disagreeable theme. She possessed, in a high degree, the admirable natural gift of clever women to direct conversation to a desired point without any body's being aware of the leading hand.

The count had now a very decided opinion of Niesener's case, having in the morning had the advice of his fathers. The whole country, he said, believed Niesener to be guilty of the treason. In Cologne they also believed it, and it was on account of these reasons that the elector had ordered the arrest. If, however, he should be innocent, he would be able to prove it at Cologne, and all would be well with him. This imprisoning was, therefore, only a neighborly service done to the count by the Elector of Cologne, to spare him a disagreeable inquest. The whole business could be well left alone, and they had to thank God that now the lawsuit would be prosecuted in Cologne instead of Hadamar.

The countess was much surprised at this view of the case. "Are you a subject of the Elector of Cologne, my husband?" she exclaimed, with indignation. "Is he chief-justice over you, that he dares to draw before his court that which belongs before yours? As an independent German prince, I would not suffer that any sovereign should hang the worst miscreant who belonged to me, and whom it was my right to hang. Why renounce your most precious right of jurisdiction? If the case stands as you have stated it, your honor as a prince demands that you instantly reclaim the parson. He was your prisoner. Trusting to the protection that every prisoner has a right to claim of his jailor, he stayed at Bermerod. In order not to break his word to you, he remained, though he knew the danger; for he trusted in the integrity and honor of his count and master. Your princely honor is doubly imperiled if you leave him to the elector. The prince should not be below the citizen in integrity toward his subjects."

The count walked up and down in great agitation. "This Niesener annoys me whenever I hear his name. Yesterday, in the morning, the man's unhappy position touched me. I was doing my utmost to act kindly by him. I sent him a warning. Sprenger has nearly ruined my best horse, and the stupid fellow, being foolish

enough to stick to his stiff puritanic morals, comes to grief, and gives me trouble again."

She answered, very seriously: "It is not your honor alone that will be stained; it is mine too. I counseled his being made a prisoner on his oath; for I knew his loyalty. His integrity imposes duties on us which we must fulfill, as he has fulfilled his. I participate in this obligation. If you do not act in his behalf, I shall try to save at least my honor. I shall sell my last jewels to get the ransom for Niesener. I will set him free, as true as I am Countess of Hadamar, and as true as I am not below in truth and honor to any man, so help me God."

"Don't go too far, Ursula, or you'll spoil all," he cried. "Let us come to a compromise. You shall not pay the ransom for the parson; that would be an intervention in State affairs I never shall suffer from my wife. Now hear my conditions. If Niesener is innocent; if you can prove him so, and especially find out the real traitor,—I shall reclaim him from the elector without ransom, even should I go to war for him! Thus much I agree to, but not more. Take my hand on it. And now enough of him; the fellow gives me more trouble than all my other subjects together."

#### THE USE OF LOOKING AT PICTURES.

**M**ATTER-OF-FACT people sometimes ask what good is to be got by looking at pictures. The good is of different kinds, differing of course according to the nature of the picture. It is a good thing to look at the picture of a beautiful man or woman or child. It is a better thing, no doubt, to look at the realities themselves; but then a truly beautiful face is not to be seen every day, and when we do see it, it is often unequally yoked to an unshapely body; and when face and figure are alike beautiful, the effect of both is often half spoiled by a hideous dress, be it tall hat, tail-coat, crinoline, ear-ring, or some such monstrosity. If once or twice in our lives we see a perfect combination of face, figure, and drapery, even then we can not stop our prize and look at it for half an hour, as we can with a picture. And yet again, supposing we could do this, the majority of us would be unable to appreciate what we saw, unless we had first been educated by pictures. Between a Madonna of Raffaele's and a pretty dairy-maid, there is much the same difference as between a sonata of Beethoven's and "Rule Britannia." An uncultivated man can no more appreciate the Madonna than the sonata, and would probably regard the Madonna

vivified as inferior to the heroine of a provincial ball-room. The first thing, then, that a picture does for us is, that it makes us see a certain good thing, which without it we should see either not at all, or less wisely and less well. This good thing is beauty.

So much for pictures which reproduce man's face and form. An analogous good is to be got by looking at a landscape painting. A landscape does one of two things for us. It either reproduces the rarities, or interprets for us the commonplaces, of nature. It either represents for us a singularly beautiful scene, such as few of us ever see, and that seldom—a grand mountain-pass, a peculiar sunrise or sunset; or else it paints for us "things perhaps we have passed a hundred times nor cared to see"—the play of light and shadow on hill and river and tree. Here again the good thing which the picture makes us see is beauty—the beauty of things, such as rocks and clouds; or of half-things, such as trees and flowers: while the other picture made us see the beauty of persons. Pictures of animals occupy the border-line between these two classes of painting. Animals are both too near us, and not near enough. They are so near that in judging them we can not help applying to them a human standard. They are so far from us that their best beauty appears a mere caricature of human beauty. Thus it comes that pictures of animals commonly affect us less than pictures of men or landscapes. We stand awed before Titian's "Christ," in the Dresden picture; overwhelmed before the glory of the setting sun, in Turner's "Ulysses and Polyphemus;" but Landseer's dogs and horses at most please and interest us. But, be this as it may, it is the beauty which a seeing eye can trace in beast, bird, flower, and thing, that a picture shows us, and shows us better than any thing else can show us. To interpret, therefore, this beauty, is the main end of the art of painting, and the right enjoyment of this beauty is the main end of the act of picture-seeing. Such enjoyment is not the main good of life; but it is the good which we go to a picture to get. We call it the *aesthetic* good, as contrasted with the moral or scientific or utilitarian good to be got from it or other things.

Now, what do we mean when we talk of beauty? The term stands for a highly composite quality, nor does it carry any one uniform meaning. It stands, first, for a visible quality, which the eyes can appreciate unaided; namely, brightness and harmony of color. This quality may be seen alike in a landscape, in a bird's plumage, or in flesh and drapery. It stands, secondly, for a quality of form; namely, gracefulness,

by which we mean the attainment of a certain end with the greatest possible economy in the means used to produce it. Thus, a high tree stably supported on a slender stem, a difficult movement performed with little exertion, are alike, and for the same reason, considered graceful. It stands, next, for symmetry of parts, a quality little found in trees and flowers, but eminently characteristic of a perfect animal. It stands, last, for a certain quality of feature, for marks of health, of goodness, and of high intellect, for the type of human countenance with which Greek statues have familiarized us.\* It will be clear from this that the conception of beauty is a conception of singular complexity, and that in the use of the term there is great danger of equivocation. The term, however, differs in complexity according to the things to which it is applied. When applied to a landscape or drapery, it signifies little more than brightness and harmony of color, although here there is danger of confusion with the really distinct terms, grandeur and sublimity. When applied to the body of an animal, it signifies also gracefulness and symmetry of parts. When applied to the human face, all the constituents of the conception are introduced.

The ideal human face, therefore, will be the face in which a certain brightness and harmony of color, joined to a certain symmetry of parts, is found in combination with the marks of health, goodness, and intelligence. The first test will exclude the combination of red hair and blue eyes; the second test will exclude the crooked nose or the squint; the third test will exclude sallowness or a prominent jaw or a retreating forehead. To be perfectly beautiful, a face must satisfy all the three tests; to be beautiful, it must satisfy most of them. Deviations from the ideal can not be tolerated by the impartial critic beyond a certain limit. Let us assume that there is such a limit—an ideal line marking off beautiful from not beautiful faces. And let us define beautiful faces as faces in which the beautiful elements so preponderate over the not beautiful, that the perfect critic can contemplate them with pleasure. Now, any face which is included within this line and the point of ideal beauty, will not only please this man or that man according to personal feeling or casual association, but will please every one. It follows that a picture which reproduces such a face will (if the skill in representing be as excellent as the thing represented) please, not this man or that man, nor this age or that age;

but all men and all times. It will satisfy the æsthetic sense of mankind. On the other hand, a face which falls outside the mean line of beauty must derive its charm from some association interesting to this man or that man; but not interesting—or, if interesting, interesting for other than æsthetic reasons—to the world at large. It follows that a picture which reproduces such a face will fail to satisfy the æsthetic sense of mankind. But a large number of modern painters, especially painters of the Dutch school, habitually reproduce faces and figures of this class. Either, therefore, such painters are deficient in the power of discriminating what is from what is not beautiful, or the public to which they appeal is deficient in this power, or they set before themselves in painting some other aim than that of gratifying and educating the instinct for beauty.

But not only is there an ideal line and a mean line of beauty, considered absolutely; but also an ideal line and a mean line of picturesque beauty. Not beautiful faces and figures with any expression, or in any attitude, are fit subjects for painting or sculpture—that is, look beautiful on stone or canvas—but only such faces and figures in comparative repose. The reason for this is obvious. There is something unnatural in the prolongation of a peculiar expression or an extraordinary attitude. The artistic perpetuation of such an expression or attitude is therefore disagreeable. A beautiful face is not rendered less beautiful by a smile; a beautiful body is not less beautiful when preparing for a spring. Nevertheless, the smiling face and the strained body are unpleasing when represented in art. The immobility of the stone or canvas stands in too striking contrast with the mobility of the expression or attitude represented. This is the reason why the so-called "Venus" of Milo satisfies us more than the dying son of Niobe; why the struggling, desperate figures, in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" hit the mark less than the "Jeremiah and Ezekiel" of his earlier picture. This is the reason, again, why we find the representation of groups so seldom satisfactory. Between a number of men engaged in some common act, there is a ceaseless action and reaction of thought and feeling, and, consequently, of expression. If the most important moment of the action be happily caught, yet the perpetuation of it, being in fact impossible, becomes in art disagreeable. Hence the groups which satisfy us most, are all characterized by certain statuesque immobility. They are groups indeed; but essentially undramatic groups. The pictures of "Mary," and "Mary Magdalene at

\* Consult, on this subject, Mr. H. Spencer's admirable essay on "Personal Beauty."

the Foot of the Cross," or of "Mary with her Child;" the figures of Demeter, Persephone, and Iris (?), in the pediment of the Parthenon, alike partake of this character. It may be questioned whether an action as dramatic as that of the "Last Supper" has ever but once been quite successfully treated in the history of art; and in that one instance it is the repose of the central figure which is treated with the most perfect success. There is, therefore, an ideal line marking off picturesque from unpicturesque actions and situations. But mediæval and modern artists habitually represent figures and faces which transgress this ideal line. It follows either that they are unacquainted with the law of picturesque repose, or that the public for which they paint are unacquainted with it, or that the end aimed at is something different from beautiful artistic effect.

We thus arrive at the large class of pictures which violate one or both of the æsthetic canons proposed, and we ask, What good can be got by looking at them? It is clear that they fail to attain the characteristic end of the art of painting; they fail to do for us that which pictures can do better than any thing else—gratify and educate our love of beauty. But they may appeal to us in other ways. They may be universally interesting, because the subjects, though not beautiful, have good or intelligent faces. Every one likes goodness and likes intelligence; and the marks of them, not only when they are stamped in feature through hereditary transmission, but when they occur in passing expression, are interesting. Thus the figures of Dutch boors and housewives, though they are mean in themselves, and the surroundings squalid and unlovely, often interest us from the expression of good-humor and content borne on the faces. So, again, pictures representing situations which our æsthetic sense condemns as unpicturesque, may interest us as illustrating a conflict of motives with which all men can sympathize. All such paintings, though they violate the æsthetic canons, may be said to have a universal *poetical* value, inasmuch as they reveal to us the soul of beauty that may exist in things ugly, the element of human interest in actions unpicturesque.

Next we come to pictures which possess poetical interest, not for every age and class, but only for a certain age or a certain class of men. We may take as examples the numberless pictures of monks, saints, and nuns in devotional attitudes, which mediæval art delighted to multiply. These appealed to the religious emotions of those times, but awaken little direct sympathy now. So again, actions not

interesting to every one—such as battles and meetings of Parliament—may possess interest for a certain age or class, from the influence of personal or national bias. But it would be untrue to say that such pictures have no value except to those whose emotions they directly stimulate. They may have no poetical value except to the few; but to all others they have a psychological value, and to after ages they have a historical value. They may help to show how people, living in a different moral and intellectual sphere, think and act, or thought and acted in past times. And thus, to the man of large mind and deep sympathy, they may come to have an indirect poetical value; for such a man is ready to sympathize with every human feeling that he understands.

The poetical value of all works of art tends to become more and more indirect till at last it ceases to exist altogether. There are several reasons for this: First, the figures in a picture look, just as the characters in a poem speak and act, in a way wholly intelligible only to the age in which the picture or poem was composed. No doubt the greater the artist is, the less does he appeal to the mere prejudices and fashions of his own day, and the more to the larger sympathies and wider intelligence of posterity. Still, except in very few instances, there is something in his work which only his own age can understand; and each succeeding age the gulf grows wider and wider which separates him from his admirers, till at last no one who is not an antiquarian himself, or has received special help from an antiquarian, can place himself in the proper point of view for appreciating the artist's work. Three centuries have sufficed to make the intelligent appreciation of a play of Shakespeare impossible without special study. But that which fails to appeal to the poetical sense may yet appeal strongly to the historical sense. It is one thing to have a critic's eye for differences, another thing to have a poet's eye for the sameness underlying differences. The one is the gift of the many, the other of the few. Secondly, the time may come when men who are able will no longer care to seek their amusement in the laborious study of ancient art. There are those who see in the idolatry professed by some persons for the works of past ages, little more than a finely disguised distaste for the present and distrust for the future. But what has ceased to amuse will not therefore cease to instruct. Artistic tastes come and go; but knowledge and the appetite for knowledge remain the same. All facts and works which throw light on the process of human evolution will continue to be



interesting. Hence, the historical value of a work of art is in some sort a value for all time and almost all minds, while its poetical value varies directly with its absolute or relative distance from the age which contemplates it.

That which pictures illustrating social life and manners are to the philosophical side of history, that portraits are to its biographical or personal side. A string of words and actions is all that a book can reproduce for us of a man. A portrait gives a visible frame-work to which we can attach these words and actions, and thus brings the book nearer to us, helping us to talk with the characters, as if they were present in the flesh. Of course a portrait may be more than this. The face or figure it represents may be beautiful or otherwise interesting in itself, and so the picture may have a direct æsthetic or poetical interest, apart from fidelity to its original. But *qua* portrait it is primarily imitative, only secondarily beautiful.

Here we may remark, that, wherever the primary object of a picture is faithfulness rather than beauty or poetry, the photographic lens is probably destined to supersede the pencil. The intrusion of the imagination is an impertinence when it is made at the expense of truth. The advantage which the pencil once possessed of being able to catch momentary expression, has been neutralized by the invention of the heliotype; the advantage which it still possesses of being able to reproduce color, is perhaps counterbalanced by its comparative unfaithfulness. It may be questioned, therefore, whether the art of painting any longer has a *raison d'être* except when it is directed, and ought to be directed, by the imagination.

On the border-line which marks the poetical from the unpoetical, come comic pictures, which appeal to almost all men, but only by a side-wind, as it were, and for a certain season. Where such pictures exhibit humor of a very high order, they are classed as works of genius and imagination, and may be said to have a *quasi*-poetical value. Where the humor is coarse or commonplace, or approximates to the coarse or commonplace, this title is denied them. Between extremes such as M. Doré and an illustrator of *Fun*, there is an ideal line somewhere; but only the humorist can draw it.

Lower down in the scale, come pictures which neither move nor amuse, but teach. Not being beautiful or picturesque, they have no æsthetic value; not exciting any human sympathy, they have no poetical value; not appealing to the anarchic love of incongruity common at times to most men, they have no comic value. But they may have a didactic and utilitarian value,

and may range, according to the admixture of secondary æsthetic, or poetical, or comic elements, from the satire on canvas to the illustration of a scientific text-book.

Next come pictures which do not even teach, because they are not true, which illustrate emotions by unsuitable expressions. This arises from a defect on the part of the artist—carelessness in observing, want of technical skill, or lack of psychological insight. The large class of so-called historical paintings often fall under this category; that which is imperfectly understood being generally incorrectly represented.

Next must be classed pictures which are not only not true, but not honest; pictures in which the painter not only misunderstands, but misunderstands intentionally. It is almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that painters of the later Italian school, where they attempted to represent miraculous events, were not honest. Between their pictures and those of the earlier Flemish and Italian schools there is much difference. In the latter, the supernatural event is neither disguised nor explained. The figures stand or kneel on a rest of clouds, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted. In the later pictures there is an attempt to get over the difficulty, and the figures are represented in the attitude of swimming or flying, attitudes which the absence of wings or water reduces to a transparent absurdity. Thus the genuine grotesque of the early painters is exchanged for the elaborate mendacity of the later. Such artistic dishonesty carries its own Nemesis with it, as the artist mostly fails to produce in others an illusion to which he is a stranger himself.

Lastly come pictures which are purely purposeless—mere exhibitions of technical skill, innocent of any further object or meaning. These may be called the "compositions," the works which are, in the history of painting, what many poems of the eighteenth century, and almost all prize poems, are in the history of literature. In painting these compositions, the artist is dominated by no desire to move or to instruct mankind, but simply groups together a number of striking or pleasing figures in striking or pleasing attitudes, and then calls his picture the "Triumph of Love," or "Hell," or "Heaven," or anything else, so long as the title be striking or pleasing. The display of great technical skill makes such compositions, to the eye of the true artist or poet, only more offensive. The meanness of a really mean thing is only heightened by elaboration. Perhaps it may here be objected that no human

action is really purposeless, and that the artist must have some object in painting, as the scribbler in scribbling or the bad musician in playing. This is in a sense true, and it would be more correct to define "compositions" as works in which it is the object of the artist to show off his skill, as it is the apparent object of the figures in his pictures to show off their round limbs and graceful attitudes, and as it is the object of the amateur public to which he appeals to show off their power of discriminating his skill and his figures' grace. The futility of these objects is obvious. An attitude is not graceful which is purposeless. An attitude is an arrangement of limbs giving expression to a particular feeling; for example, the desire of movement or the desire of rest. An attitude of rest assumed by a person who does not desire rest is the reverse of graceful. Hence, the artist who represents an affected attitude or expression violates not only the laws of good sense, but the laws of beauty, as properly understood. His work is, therefore, æsthetically valueless. Still more valueless is it from a psychological or historical point of view, except in so far as it illustrates the love of affectation peculiar at certain times to certain strata of society.

A few words may be said to show the bearing of the aforesaid remarks upon landscape painting. First, a tract of country may be so dull, as a man may be so ugly, as to defy successful reproduction in serious art. Again, there are phenomena in nature so sudden and momentary that they look absurd when transferred to canvas. The propriety of introducing a flash of lightning into a picture may be questioned. Again, a landscape, though it be not strictly beautiful, may appeal to our feelings of wonder and awe, and so have a poetical as distinguished from a purely æsthetic interest. The picture of a storm-beaten cliff may move us fully as much as that of a sunny Italian bay. Of course no psychological or historical interest can attach to a landscape as such. Where an attempt is made to excite interest of this sort, we resent it as an impertinence, or condone it as a venial affectation, according as the picture is in other respects worthy or unworthy of praise. We resent the continual introduction of nymphs and Greek temples in the pictures of Poussin and Claude, we condone the unmeaning figures and fanciful titles attached to some of Turner's landscapes. The "pathetic fallacy" suggested in the famous picture of the "Téméraire" trembles on the line which divides the poetical from the sentimental.

The sum of this essay may be expressed in a few words. When we see a picture, we may

ask ourselves questions such as these: Is it beautiful? then let us sit down and enjoy its beauty. Is it interesting as revealing elements of beauty, such as good or intelligent expressions, in faces not beautiful? then let us sit down and learn to sympathize with that which at first sight does not please. Is it instructive, as illustrating one of the stages of man's development? then let us contrast it with analogous scenes in our own every-day life, and note the progress which has taken place between the two periods. Is it comic or satiric? then let us enjoy the joke or take to heart the lesson that the artist meant to convey. Every picture ought to offer us one of these things, and every man with a clear eye and a mind untrammelled by pedantry, can see whether it has one of them to offer. But, to be any one of these things, the picture must, first of all, be truthful in fact and intention. Let us first ask, then, whether it be free of lies and affectation, and for the rest judge no work of art, so it be not marked by these plague-spots, to be common or unclean.

"GIRLS ARE ALL FUSSY THINGS."

BY EUPHEMIA.

THIS remark greeted my ear one day under rather peculiar circumstances. Being a girl, I did not believe it, and I did not like it. It was Charley said it. Charley and Fred were two of my grown-up brothers, home from school for their Summer vacation. Usually, we had a very nice time; but Fred was a great tease, and occasionally he made me lose my temper. On one of these occasions, when I had given him a piece of my mind rather plainly, he retreated to Charley, exclaiming: "Anna's awfully mad. You ought to have heard her scold." To which Charley replied: "O, well, girls are all fussy things, any way." It was too bad of him, I thought, after Fred had made me cross; and I could not forget it. To deny the statement simply, would do no good, I knew; but how to prove it was not clear. So I tried again to forget it, but failed completely. After a while I thought of a plan to settle the difficulty, and I determined to try it. Commencing with myself, and taking three intimate friends as tests, without their knowledge, I would see if we were fussier than our brothers or husbands. If three of us were, then I would excuse Charley's remark; otherwise I would produce proof against him, and require the offending words withdrawn.

It required no great amount of consideration

to convince me that, to be candid, I must acknowledge myself fussier than Fred or Charley. But, thought I, they accomplish many things by means of their stern looks and strong arms, which I do not possess; so it is not because they have any better temper, any way.

Friend Nellie, lately married, was my first victim. "Not many jars disturbed their peace," for they loved each other, and I began to think they must be put down even.

But one day, walking about the yard, we came to a large, ungainly pile of stones, between the piazza and the gate, and Nellie said: "See there: I asked Henry more than a week ago, to put these stones where I could make a mound of them, and he has not done it yet, though they are right in the way."

No more was said then, but at the dinner-table she remarked, a little crossly: "Henry, why do you not move those stones? They are very much in the way, and I want my mound." He replied that he had been very busy, and had completely forgotten it, but would do it the next day, if nothing happened.

Something must have happened, however, for the stones remained two days longer, when Nellie, who had stumbled over them, completely lost her temper, and scolded, just as most of us would have done under the circumstances. As people usually do when angry, she went too far, and spoiled it all; for, when two weeks had passed away, the stones were still there, and, far worse, a sore place was in each heart. Not once during my stay had he lost his self-possession, though several times provoked.

Well, Nellie must go on my list, thought I, and departed.

Next in order was Cousin Bell. I need not repeat the events that transpired during my stay with her, but will tell you at once that she made our list one longer.

In despair, I did not care whether I saw Etta or not, but fell to wondering why these things were so.

In this frame of mind, I chanced to be near two gentlemen who were telling anecdotes. Said one:

"I'll tell you how my wife served me once. We had just moved out to our prairie home, and there was a great deal to do in-doors and out. Mary did her part bravely, though unused to hard work. Once or twice, though, I left her without any wood. I own I deserved a scolding for it, but she picked up chips, and asked me, when I came home, not to leave her so again. I thought it was good of her not to scold, and promised to keep her in wood, meaning to do it; but, not long after, the threshers

came, and, in the hurry of fixing things, I forgot the wood again. Mary spoke of it two or three times, but always when I was busy; so it came about that no dinner-horn had sounded when it seemed to us threshers long past noon. We concluded to stop and rest until dinner was ready, and just then the truth flashed upon me. Hurrying home, I found the table set, the kettles on the stove, no fire, and my wife sitting in her rocking-chair, sewing, as cool as could be. Without waiting for remark, I rushed to the wood-pile and cut some wood in no time, nearly, and in less than half an hour dinner was ready. The joke was all on me, for the men shouted with laughter when they found how matters stood. I'll tell you what, I never left her without wood any more."

We all joined in the laugh, and I was not in the least sorry, when, a few days after, a rising storm obliged me to seek shelter in his house, which was near my sister's, where I was visiting. Still more gratifying was it, that they had all gone but Mary—Mrs. Odell—the heroine of her husband's story.

She was a quiet, rather dignified-looking lady, and so good and kind that, almost before I knew it, I was relating to her my troubles about the "fussy girls." She listened with apparent interest until I finished, then said:

"Well, you were not so reprehensible as some I have known, who scold without cause; but neither of you gained your point by it, did you?"

I replied, "No, ma'am."

Said she, "Don't you think there is a more excellent way?"

I said, I hoped so, but could not tell what it was, and begged her to instruct me. After musing a moment, she replied:

"If my experience will help you in the least, you are more than welcome to it. I am one of a large family. Naturally, I am very quick-tempered, and easily provoked. We girls were not long in finding out, however, that, to be as obliging as possible to our brothers, was the best way to get them to do us a favor; not simply to be kind just when a favor was wanted, but all the while."

"My greatest trouble was in my liability to say too much, or fuss, as you call it, if any thing was not done just when I wanted it. But I have overcome it in a great measure, because I found it never accomplished the desired result, and hurt the feelings of all concerned. Sometimes a plain, unvarnished statement is very beneficial, but great care is needed to enable one to stop in the right place."

"As with brothers, my dear," she continued,

"so very much is it with one's husband. It is a woman's duty, I think, to insist on what she knows to be her due, but always in love. The spirit of good will enable us to overcome our faults, if we seek aid aright."

Many more were her words, but I can not repeat them now; and when I left her, I felt as if a new light had dawned upon me. Many little incidents formerly a worry, after my interview with good Mrs. Odell, were a pleasure and a profit to me, and I cheerfully recommend to every lady reader of the REPOSITORY, who is disposed to be "fussy," to pay a visit to good Mrs. Odell.

### PLEASANT PATHWAY AROUND THE WORLD.

BY MRS. J. P. NEWMAN.

**N**OT exactly bewildered, but nearly blinded by our first month's sojourn in this Eastern Asia, we hardly know how to use our pencil in delineating all the rich pictures that are already daguerreotyped on our memories, which might fill a volume if fully described.

Every thing we see or hear or eat, is thoroughly Japanese. Tiffin takes the place of our midday meal, and all the food is called "chow-chow," and eaten with chopsticks in place of knives and forks. Every sound that falls upon the ear is foreign,—to the little sparrow that chirps on our window-sill, the caw of the crow as he flaunts his black pinions over our heads, and the mewling of the cat, are all in the native vernacular. In vain we try to understand the sweet prattle of childhood, and, failing, we exclaim, "O, who will teach us the language and the speech of this strange country!" which, when spoken fluently, falls upon our ear as soft and musically as the Italian,—if it were not for the ugliness of every thing that meets the eye; those huge Chinese and Japanese junks that fill the harbor; the naked fishermen who scull their rude boats, with a rough plank, as skillfully and rapidly as ours do with the polished oar; the queer dress, if dress it can be called, of those on land, who wear bamboo baskets as hats, and a cloak of the same materials to protect from rain; others with no clothing except a band around the hips and a kind of pipe-stem queue of hair on the top of the head; while a few of this same class wear a loose flowing garment and a kerchief tied around the forehead. The most forlorn of all are the poor coolies, or rather miserable men-horses, who drag huge carts with immense plank wheels, and heavily laden with granite, lum-

ber, and all kinds and sizes of boxes filled with merchandise; who keep time at every step by an unearthly grunt, or yell, which it is impossible to speak or write in the English language, but which in wearisome volume rolls along the tired earth and up to heaven. Who in all the empire will become the benefactor of the race to petition the all-powerful mikado to interdict this fearful wail as a disturber of the public peace, to say nothing of private slumbers?

At every turn we meet women and children, with wooden pattens several inches high fastened between the great toe and around the ankle, with a straw rope. Clatter, clatter, through the streets they go, with helpless children strapped on their backs, like an Indian papoose, and if the little innocent chance to fall asleep, its head dangles every which way, like a rubber ball.

The fronts of the houses and shops are open, and, on entering, all squat on the mats; and when fatigued in the street, they squat on their toes, and in this singular attitude, which no other word than the above will describe, they seem to rest with ease if not with grace. Amid the din and clatter of wooden shoes comes the commingling of musical sounds; and just behind us, carried on a man's shoulders, is a curiosity-shop, made attractive by the glitter of cheap glass, tin, and paper toys. Next comes a traveling restaurant, with all the fixings of a diminutive kitchen, with food ready to be cooked or tea made on demand.

What we enjoyed most on our arrival, was a ride in a "gin-rick-a-sha," which, in general appearance, is a second edition of our baby-carriage, and drawn by a coolie. Five of us had taken our seats in these for the first time, when the word of command, which was "jiggi jiggi," was given, and away we dashed down the narrow street at a rapid rate. We were indeed children, and could not suppress the hearty laugh until we reached Curio Street, where every shop was filled with such beautiful lacquer, bronze, tortoise-shell, and porcelain, in such varied and unique forms, which made us forget our childish mode of conveyance as our eyes dilated at this new and curious display of Japanese art. The "gin-rick-a-sha" is of modern date, but already numbered by tens of thousands. But few horses and carriages are seen in the streets, which are always accompanied by a betto, who cries "hi! hi! hi!" when every one in the street scatters to the right and left in haste. These bettoes formerly appeared in an elaborate tattooed livery, but now they wear a tight-fitting suit of blue; they keep up with a horse and carriage for a race of thirty miles, and afterward serve as general attendant to master and horse.



The coinage of the Empire consists of a small iron piece, called "cash," and a "tempo," a large heavy copper coin; also small silver pieces, or what is equal in paper currency, called "itz-i-boo," which are divided and subdivided from twelve cents to a "rio," which is one dollar.

The entire flora of the country is marked by great beauty; the profusion of wild roses; the delicacy of the lily of the valley; the gorgeousness of the hydrangea; the rich perfume and exquisite color, stripes and spots of the prolific Japanese lily; the utility and beauty of the sacred lotus, and a host of others, all natives of the soil.

As for earthquakes, they are almost a daily occurrence. We have felt several slight pulsations and earth-throbbings, and twice have been shaken from sound slumber by vibrations which lasted for a few seconds, and seemed to move the foundations of the earth. There is something like foreboding at every extra gale of wind that sweeps over sea or land, and ominous looks are exchanged as the subject of typhoons is discussed.

To all that we have seen, and still expect to gaze upon, one says, Why not go to the Exposition at Vienna, and take a stand at one of the main entrances, where you can see the peoples of the whole world pass by in costume; then go within and examine their workmanship, fruits, and flowers, with an earthquake thrown in occasionally? This would be the world abroad, and not at home in the attire of everyday life. It would be only a review of those who dwell on the face of the earth, without the infinite variety that nature and man have hedged in the pleasant pathways that girdle the globe. It has come to pass in this interesting era of the world's history, that individuals can shake hands with the peoples who dwell upon the face of the whole earth. Oceans are no longer great gulfs, impassable, but are bridged by the powerful agency of steam, making continents and islands one. Nations and individuals alike realize they are near the heart, or center, of this great sphere, as at every revolution they feel the lively pulsations from a world-wide circulation.

These beautiful islands of Japan have within the present century unbound their gates of brass and iron to allow other nations to enjoy what they have for thousands of years believed to be the center, if not the circumference, of this earth. Yokohama, only a few years ago, was not known, but is now a city with a population of some thirty thousand, including Banagawa, which is the Japanese port proper, and in Perry's time, was only a small fishing-town. Along the wharf, or what is designated here as bund,

looking out on the charming bay, are the residences of the foreign merchants, inclosed by walls to protect from typhoons, and ornamented within the inclosure by Oriental trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, and richly embowered with vines. The bluffs form a most picturesque background to the city, and command an extensive view of the surrounding country. These elevations have been chosen as the homes of foreign ministers, where, from as many flag-staffs, float the proud emblems of almost every nation. Our own minister plenipotentiary's residence occupies a charming location, surrounded by gardens filled with trees and flowers. Here also reside many of the missionaries, representing the different Churches at home—including our own, recently established. As these societies all send home an annual report which can not fail to be read with interest, we will not dwell in detail upon their work. The native Christians, and those laboring as missionaries, have long prayed for religious toleration, and were joyfully surprised a few months ago when a proclamation from the Government ordered that all the written edicts found on all the boards in every city and town against Christianity, some of them dating back nearly three hundred years, should be taken down, and that Christianity should no longer be publicly prohibited. This encourages Christian workers to say, "What may not our holy religion yet accomplish in Japan?" as the response comes back, "The residue of the Spirit is with God."

Sintoism is the present State religion of the Empire, which is heathen and idolatrous in form, the import of which the masses of the people seem to know or care but little. But we will not attempt to review the different religions, neither give a chronological record of the history of the Empire, which is believed by native historians to date far back into the past; they also profess to believe that the inhabitants of these islands sprung from a race of gods through demi-gods, who have occupied Japan for a million of years. No authentic dates extend farther back than a few hundred years before Christ, and the incidents in this chronology make up a meagre thread of historical events.

The Japanese are nearly, if not quite, as affable and polite as the polished French. In addressing any one, they bow to the earth, and at every period in conversation, they assume an attitude approaching adoration. They appear gay and happy, even amid toil and labor, and are kind and gentle to each other, and particularly tender and loving to children. All classes have their own occupation, and often follow it for a life-time. When one becomes skilled in

cookery and in dressing dinners, he is considered an artist; and when his dinner is laid out, the doors are opened and the public are invited to gaze on it as a work of art. Another superintends the arranging of dress, or teaches the rules of etiquette in all the varied Japanese forms; while others display a wonderful power over the world of nature in the science of gardening and arranging flowers artistically, particularly in dwarfing shrubs and trees. A fir-tree eight years old can be seen in perfect vigor, bearing cones, and only one inch in height.

To touch on the morals of the Japanese, the first thing that attracts attention are the public baths, which are much more exclusive than formerly. Now one door is marked "For men," and another "For women," while the interior is really but one apartment, which does not appear to interfere with the Japanese idea of modesty at all; that which is so shocking to the propriety of foreigners is performed by them without the slightest embarrassment; or, as Madame de Staël once said, when, in company with gentlemen, she visited a famous gallery of statuary in Italy, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" This custom of promiscuous bathing is only prevalent, however, among the lower orders of society, as the better classes can afford a bath in their own houses.

To answer the general charge of immorality that is brought against the women of Japan, is not an easy task, as we are compelled to admit that perhaps there is no country in the world where women so openly lead an unholy life, and where it is legalized, and even encouraged, by Government. Often the most accomplished are found in these establishments, many of them orphans or foundlings, taken and, from childhood, reared to a life of sin. Others are made a sacrifice by parents who have large families, and who sell their girls to this fearful traffic. It is a most revolting sight to see these beautiful creatures—dressed gorgeously in silk embroidered with gold and silver; their glossy black hair ornamented with gaudy trinkets, and entwined with bright-colored crape; the face and neck whitened with a paste of rice flour; the cheeks dyed red, and the lips gilded—when at night-fall they take their seats, side by side, in a narrow apartment, with only a railing to protect them from the thoroughfare, and thus attract the passer-by. At times they sit for hours as motionless as wax figures or *tableaux vivants*. Again, with little or no boldness, and with almost child-like modesty, they laugh and talk to each other until, one by one, they disappear with those more unholy than themselves. Fearful as such impressions are of the social

life of Japan, here, as in other countries, there are brighter and more beautiful home-pictures, which we have seen and enjoyed; but, before we attempt to describe, we will acquit a class of girls who have been considered, by many, as identical with those already mentioned. They are the singing and dancing girls, who, while it is true they are bought and sold by contractors for a number of years, are educated, refined, and their morals carefully guarded. They sing and dance at the first-class tea-houses, and for the best families, from the mikado down, at their social home entertainments. Not unfrequently they are chosen, by the higher officers of State and of the army as their wives, and would rank with the prima donnas of any country.

True homes in Japan are models of rigid simplicity and neatness. They are seldom more than one and a half or two stories high, with a veranda running all around. The roofs are covered with tiles, and the sides with wood or stucco. The rooms are regulated by the use made of them, and divided by sliding doors made of paper stretched on frames, and moved in grooves; so that, if a large room is required, these partitions can be removed, and the entire house form one large room. The floors are covered with mats, three by six feet in size, and bound with a dark cloth. They are interlined by several layers of coarse matting, sometimes two or three inches thick, making them very flexible. No plaster is used on the walls. The wood-work is of its natural color, polished or ornamented with lacquer. Some of the first-class houses are frescoed, others are decorated with scroll pictures; and the moving doors are often perfect galleries of art—landscapes, trees, birds, flowers, and figures of every description, designed in ink and colors. In the absence of chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., the furniture does not amount to much. In Winter, the rooms are heated by charcoal placed in a box of sand forming a depression in the center of the room. With those who can afford it, a fine bronze brasier, or what they call *habashe*, takes the place of the ordinary box.

The shoes are always removed before entering, and left at the doorway, to prevent soiling the mats, which serve the double purpose of seats and table. There is a charm of neatness connected with every thing about a Japanese house, surpassing any thing I have ever seen. The furniture of the sleeping apartments consists of heavy quilts, wooden pillows, a gentleman's writing-desk about one foot high, and a lady's cabinet, filled with little drawers.

Many of the higher orders of Japanese men

particularly those who take an active part in the progressive movements of the day, are adopting the European and American style of dress, which is considered an improvement by many; but it will take years before they can, in this new costume, regain their native grace and affability of manners. There might be some slight improvement in the ladies' present style of dress; but for simplicity, comfort, and even beauty, it surpasses ours, and a change would be unfortunate. The wife of the Governor of Hakodadi not long since was in a company of foreign ladies, who said to her, "Your husband dresses in the foreign style, and why do you not?" Her quick and sensible reply was, "Because I do not like it." The visiting and dinner dress of a Japanese lady is really elegant. They arrange their luxuriant black hair with great skill, looped gracefully with coral and amber spears and darts, and entwined with rich, soft colors of crimped crape. They sleep on wooden pillows fitting the back of the neck, which obviates the necessity of dressing the hair oftener than once a week. Their pearl-white teeth contrast admirably with their rich olive complexions; but alas for married ladies, who show their devotion to their "liege lords" by using a preparation to blacken their teeth! They also shave their eyebrows, and put rouge on their lips; and thus, for what they consider devotion, they change beauty into excessive ugliness. It is related in one of the Japanese legends that this custom originated over two hundred years ago. A very beautiful lady, the wife of a mikado, to evince her love for her imperial husband, blackened her superb teeth, shaved her eyebrows, and painted her lips, and thus sacrificed beauty to the devotion of love. From that time, all good and devoted wives caught the mania and followed her contemptible example, until in time it became compulsory and a symbol of marital fidelity.

### TOGETHER.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

We are growing old together,  
Life has spent its roughest storm;  
We are floating down the current,  
In the sunlight bright and warm.  
We have seen the bloom of morning  
Light the sky from east to west;  
We have felt the noon-tide glory;  
Now the evening comes with rest.  
We were glad and gay and hopeful,  
All the future smiled with light;  
In our path the daisies blossomed,  
O'er our heads the sky was bright.

Ah, I see you then a maiden,  
Innocent and passing fair,  
With your blue eyes wide and wond'ring,  
And your wavy, golden hair.

You were beautiful, my darling,  
With a face almost divine,  
And my heart was full of gladness  
When you placed your hand in mine.

O, the rosy, laughing weather!  
O, the happy, happy days!  
When we wandered on together  
In the flow'ry woodland ways.

But our fortunes, too, were checkered;  
Sorrow came, as well as joy,  
When the pinch of want assailed us,  
When we lost our darling boy.

We who laughed and sung together,  
Wept and moaned together, too,  
When the darkness closed about us,  
And the tempest nearer drew.

Ah, my darling, tender-hearted,  
I have clasped that gentle form  
When it trembled with emotion  
Like an aspen in the storm.

Maiden, wife, and Christian mother,  
You have nobly done your part,  
And as years roll on above us,  
You are dearer to my heart.

Hair of shining silver ripples  
O'er that softly wrinkled brow;  
But that face was never fairer  
To these doting eyes than now.

We are near the gates of Beauty;  
All earth's vexing troubles cease;  
We are waiting for the summons,  
In our hearts a perfect peace.

### THE WIND AND THE BREEZE.

A MIGHTY wind went raging by,  
It was a wondrous sight;  
Stout trees bent down their branches high,  
Dark clouds of dust whirled through the sky;  
And naught around me could I spy  
But trophies of its might.

A little breeze passed gently o'er,  
I scarcely heard its tread;  
Yet freshness to the flowers it bore,  
And through the open cottage door,  
Their fragrance floated in once more,  
Around the sick man's head.

Then thought I, It were grand, I know,  
The strong, proud wind to be;  
But better far, subdued, to go  
Along the path of human woe,  
Like the mild breeze, so soft and low,  
In its sweet ministry.

## THE LEGEND OF QUEEN MAUD.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

WITHIN her south pavilion lay  
 Queen Maud. The mild autumnal day  
 Had breathed a spell upon the air,  
 Beguiling all the heart from care,  
 And leading valley, hill, and glade  
 Out for their annual masquerade.  
 Beneath the eaves the light came down  
 In languid gleams of olive brown,  
 And toned with mellow warmth the place,  
 And fondly touched her perfect face.  
 Around the couch where she reclined,  
 Swayed slowly by the perfumed wind,  
 The damask hangings, fringed with gold,  
 Swept unconfined in heavy fold.  
 In reach a rustic table stood,  
 Carven from fantastic wood;  
 Against it leaned a silent lute;  
 Above, the odorous breath of fruit  
 Was wafted from an open vase,  
 Where, softly veiled in violet haze,  
 The purple clusters of the grape  
 Hung low in many a graceful shape.  
 Fruits from all climates there you find—  
 Nectarines with sultry rind,  
 Apricots like golden ore,  
 Bananas creamy at the core,  
 The apple with the emerald crown,  
 And quinces in their coats of down.  
 A melon—a silver knife had left  
 Within its globe a rosy cleft—  
 Forms the center-piece, where twine  
 With tendrils of the slender vine  
 The immortal amaranths, whose flowers  
 Gladden even heavenly bowers.  
 Proudly I heard the queen declare  
 No costly fruit was wanting there.

Haughtily she wore her crown,  
 And thanklessly she sat her down.  
 She thought not of God's poor who wept  
 In want throughout her realm; but swept  
 All humble, grateful vows aside,  
 In her first flush of regal pride.

An angel form stood by the board:  
 "One fruit is wanting," said the Lord;  
 "One far beyond all others here."  
 She turned, and laughed out shrill and clear,  
 And saw not 't was the Son of man,  
 Although he stood within a span  
 Of her rich feast. "That can not be,"  
 She said; "thou speakest flippantly!  
 These fruits from distant lands were brought,  
 Regardless of all cost were sought;  
 I doubt that thou canst match me one  
 Of the fair gifts thou lookest on.  
 Whence comest thou? I know thee not."  
 "And hast thou, then, so soon forgot  
 The vows thou madest in Aeline,  
 To be fulfilled when crowned a queen?"

And as he spake, he stretched his hands  
 Toward her. Then she saw the brands  
 Of shame the cruel nails had made,  
 And wept and trembled, sore afraid.

That queenly head is bending low,  
 Her cheeks suffused with crimson glow.  
 "O Lord, forgive thy worm!" she said;  
 "Who thought not of the Living Bread,  
 Who through thy gifts insulted thee;  
 I knew not the voice that spake to me  
 In gentle words of mild reproof.  
 That thou shouldst come beneath my roof  
 I am unworthy. Grant me now  
 Forgiveness for my broken vow;  
 And then, I pray thee, let me die."  
 She added, weeping bitterly:  
 "I long to eat of the tree of life;  
 I am weary of this constant strife—  
 The evil warring with the good.  
 I fear for my strength, that has not stood  
 With firmness in temptation; so,  
 If 't is thy will, Lord, let me go."  
 But answer came not to her prayer—  
 The vision was no longer there.  
 Then she rose up, and called her lords  
 In council to receive her words,  
 And told them all things that had been,  
 And how she was no more their queen;  
 How she must lay her rank aside,  
 And mortify her wicked pride  
 Within some cloister's safe retreat,  
 Casting her soul at Jesus' feet.

They told her it was all a dream—  
 A vision from life's troubled stream.  
 In vain they attempted to dissuade  
 From the stern purpose she had made.  
 She gave her jewels and her lands  
 Into the good confessor's hands.  
 "Within these palace gates," she said,  
 "For God's poor let a feast be spread  
 With thankfulness each blessed day."  
 All being done, she went her way.

In the nunnery at Rheims,  
 Beneath whose walls the river streams,  
 Days came and went, and months and years,  
 While one in sackcloth and in tears,  
 Through the long nights, before the shrine,  
 Knelt, pleading with the Mother benign  
 That bitter penance might atone  
 For the great sin which had been done.  
 And ever these words were murmured low—  
 "Forgive me for my broken vow,  
 And for that dear insulted name  
 Which I have put to open shame."

This was the queen, uncrowned before  
 The Majesty of Heaven. No more  
 Is told us, only that her death  
 Was here. Naught else the legend saith,  
 But closes with these words of peace:  
 "Lord Jesus, grant us strength and grace."



POPULAR FICTITIOUS LITERATURE  
AND THE CHURCH.

BY EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D.

THE number of readers which this class of books finds in the Church, is much greater than many are disposed to believe. But the pastors in the cities and the larger towns, of all denominations, who take pains to become acquainted with the reading of the younger members of the Church, and not a few of the older ones, are left in no doubt. The book-trade casts further light on the subject, as do also the reports from public libraries. Seventy-six per cent of the books taken from the Boston Public Library in 1872 were "fictions and juveniles"—the latter mostly in the line of stories. This is thought, by good judges, to be a fair index of the taste for reading in this country and in England.

That there are advantages in the way of general culture from this kind of intellectual and emotional stimulus, there can be no doubt. But there are perils also and disadvantages from so much of it, peculiarly to the young, and especially to such as have any aspirations after substantial character and a really religious life. Wise educators perceive the danger. Ralph Waldo Emerson said lately to the children of the public-schools in Boston: "I hope you read the right books. I am afraid you read too many stories; that the young people do not read quite as good books as their fathers did." Discreet superintendents and teachers of Sabbath-schools are looking with a growing concern as to the effect on the children and the younger members of the Church of the numerous "religious novels" and "Christian stories" that are issuing from a press stimulated by one hundred, five hundred, and a thousand dollar prizes.

We do not, by any means, discard all works of fiction. The art has its place, and a very important one it is, in Christian as well as secular literature. The imagination which it employs is one of the noblest attributes of the mind, a kind of pre-vision, sometimes almost a gift of prophecy. Milton's "Paradise Lost" has made the genius of its author immortal in the Christian Church. No one can peruse the *Pilgrim Dream of the Bedford tinker*, or his "Holy War," and be insensible to the charm of allegory, and its power to impart and impress religious truth. We wish there were more writers of such books; that more of the genius which is employed in popular literature was baptized into the spirit of the sublime "mystic of the Galilean hills"—genius which so portrays

truth in her own native beauty, and clothes error in such fascinating though dangerous guise. With Mrs. Browning, we wish "the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature, as it has touched other dead things."

A few choice books may be selected, which are of a pure, stimulating, and elevating tendency. Their authors see God in the outer world of nature and the inner one of spirit, because they are "pure in heart." They stand near the cross, the great central illuminator, while they write, and their pages make men and women stronger and better every way—intellectually, socially, Christianly. Of such a tendency are the writings of George MacDonald, Charles Kingsley, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Whitney.

There is another class of fiction in which the imagination works with a culturing and elevating, though not directly Christian, influence. Such, in general, is the character of Shakespeare's plays and the *Waverley Novels*, and, with some exceptions, the writings of Dickens and Thackeray. These authors were not professed teachers of Christianity, but they were skillful expounders of some points in natural theology, and elucidators of certain parts of Christian morals. By portrayals of historic characters, of the principles and passions of human nature, they sought the general, social, and moral improvement which Christianity seeks. Through satire and humor, and by holding up the mirror to nature, they labored to repress the prevalent polished shams and chronic wrongs and honorable villainies, and thus to abate the poverty and suffering and crime which it seeks to remove. In this way they were, to a certain extent, moral reformers and educators, not always wise, yet moving in the right direction. They never allow vice to go on into alluring success, or guilt long to conceal itself from the detectives, and never to go unwhipped of justice.

In this lower range of fiction a judicious work may as really, if not as directly, subserve the objects of the Church and the Christian life as a sermon or a psalm. It may be as strong a bar to vice, and as winning an incentive to virtue, as the sermon. It may thus lay foundations for Christianity to build on, and lend some help in rearing the structure.

But since the imagination and art of the novelist have such a province and power, which are likely to increase rather than lessen, it is of the utmost importance that the bearing of all popular fictions be most carefully scrutinized. Some works may be of use to the student in medicine, in philosophy and morals, which

might be detrimental to society at large. To the pure, it is said, all things are pure. Since, however, the majority prefer spiceries to granaries, and garbage to plain fare, the proverb is of little practical value; nay, it is not in any strict sense true. A little poison in bread is as really antagonistic to life in the healthy as in invalids. A bad book is no better in the hands of maidenly purity and susceptibility than when devoured by a sullied and habitual novel-reader, and in its influence may be worse. "One grain of putridity, mixed with five thousand of vital air, causes such a change," says a celebrated chemist, "as to make inhalation dangerous, and disinfection exceedingly important."

How necessary, then, that there be some wise sanitary regulations and detective processes to preserve the public health from the infection of evil in books! It is better to lose the meal in a loaf of poisoned bread than to incur the peril of eating it. So it is better to miss all the good there may be in a book than to risk contamination from alluring vices or errors artistically wrought into it. The object of art in literature is to give pleasure through ideas of beauty. The teacher of morals is often obliged to inflict pain in the presentation of truth. Christian critics and conservators of the public good are impelled to inquire whether the pleasure is pure or polluting, and whether the pain may not be medicinal, in order to a more vigorous Christian life, before they can determine whether to give or withhold the seal of their approval.

"In no productions of modern genius," writes Professor Frisbie, "is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of the author of 'Childe Harold.' His character produced the poems, but it can not be denied that his poems were adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false and pernicious, but that he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a Summer evening, where all is tender and beautiful and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of Heaven, and the pestilent vapors of night are breathed in with the fragrance and the balm; and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of exposure."

The genius of George Eliot can not be questioned, nor a certain kind of good accomplished by her. No one can read "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," or "Middlemarch," and not feel her extraordinary dramatic power. But to the discriminating, sensitive Christian, it is a grievous, mischievous power, working up beautiful ideal personages in the borrowed spirit and hues of practical Christianity, yet allowing in them nothing higher than the religion of nature, and nothing for them beyond death but mergence in nature. She knows no God but "an unutterable sigh in the depths of the heart," and no law but tyrannous conscience and custom, to which there is nothing better for us than unconditional submission. She makes no account of personal rights, but installs stern duty instead, and a happiness so full of pain that they are scarcely distinguishable. Psychology takes the place of theology, and for Divine revelation she holds up in her hand "brightening reason's lamp." A disciple of Comte and Feuerbach, what else could she have as the basis and background of her fascinating fictions? Confession of evil to a fellow-being, she thinks, is the amplest atonement, and the only self-restoration. Love, man-worship, with her—as with M. Comte, *woman-worship*—is the purest and noblest devotion. This is the only point on which she ventured at rebellion, and acted "not only without external law, but in the face of a law which is not unarmed with Divine lightning." Every-where either contumaciously silent concerning Christ, or covertly hostile, sometimes scornful toward him as "the Jew of Nazareth," on the corners of her canvas she sketches impish or ugly portraits of his disciples. Yet how many Christians pore over her pages, and, in the charms of her genius, may be only half-conscious of her hostility to their Master, while possibly some, especially of her younger readers, may, for the time, be almost persuaded that she is right.

But the fact to be deplored is, that so many professing Christians devote themselves, in their reading hours, almost entirely and indiscriminately to this kind of literature. There are young people of both sexes, of reputable standing in the Church, who are familiar with all the popular novels of the day, who may yet never have read those Christian classics, "Rise and Progress," "The Saints' Rest," "Imitation of Christ," and "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." The authors who exert most present influence over them, are of the world. Many of them make no pretension to religion, and never write in its interests. Often it is their object, hidden or avowed, to cavil at, if not

ridicule, the doctrines of Christianity in the real or imputed oddities or infirmities of some imaginary minister or deacon, and to stigmatize an earnest Christian life as superstition or cant, as hypocritical or fanatical. Must not the taint of such things corrupt the thoughts that are touched by them, though they may be the sweetest and purest?

In much that is called light reading the mind is entertained with mere trifles, and becomes trifling, or is agitated by excitements which tend to make it oversensitive and irritable. It is disturbed by one-sided, overdrawn, or artificial views of life, which disqualify for its real duties and joys, and prepare the way for disappointments and discomforts, if not settled melancholy and misanthropy. Vice is made attractive by the charms of diction and imagery in which it is dressed up, or it is palliated by the agreeable qualities or the overmastering passions of the offender; perhaps by his applauded emancipation from the traditional restraints of virtue and religion. Much of the heroism which the reader is called to admire in this lower but too popular range of literature, is only the audacity or the consummate skill with which the barriers divinely cast around domestic sanctity and social purity are torn away, and the most sacred inclosures ruthlessly invaded. "The fashionable poet, novelist, or critic of the time," says President Porter, "casts a spell over his reader which no other enchantment can dissipate."

That the taste, by such reading, should be turned to what is illusive and mischievous; that the pure soul, though just new born in Christ, should be sullied and tainted by contact with such pictured vices and villainies,—is simply the law that like produces like, that the mind grows by what it feeds on. A disrelish for the self-denying duties of the Christian religion is the natural consequence of such mental luxury and self-indulgence. The desire to be useful is checked by the frequency of excitement, chiefly solitary and selfish. The benevolent sentiments are weakened, if not entirely destroyed, by having the sympathies so often aroused, with no opportunity to express them in charitable action. Hence, appeals in behalf of real woe to habitual novel-readers are generally ineffectual, because to the jaded feelings they are insipid.

By such a constant, or even frequent, stimulation through falsities and fancies, the mind gradually comes to a craving for excitements and entertainments which it does not find in communion with God, in works of charity, or in any solid reading. At this stage, the opera and the theater are oftener frequented than the prayer-meeting or the religious lecture. A false ideal

is now formed after the models of the world, and not after Christ. The character that at first was only frivolous, flighty, and moodish, has become enervated, unnatural, almost repellant.

Sensitive natures are sometimes so trained in the sentimental schools to a love of the fanciful and beautiful, dis severed from the good, as to mistake sweetness and beauty for divinity, and the love of nature for Christian devotion, while yet they may be living in actual violation of the laws of charity and of purity. Rousseau, the most sensuous and one of the most fascinating of romance-writers, was an enthusiastic worshiper at the shrine of nature. But what was the real object of his adoration? "He filled up the measure of his delight," says his philosophic biographer, "by creating and invoking a Supreme Being to match with fine scenery and sunny gardens." "Look you yonder!" said he to the woman with whom he was living in shameless adultery, and all whose children, as soon as they were born, in spite of her tears and entreaties, he cast into the foundling hospital, never more to be known by her. "Look yonder! the rising sun scattering the winds that cover the earth, and laying bare the wondrous glittering scenes of nature, disperses at the same time all cloud from my soul. I find my faith again, my God; I admire and adore him, and I prostrate myself in his presence."

What! the light of the sun disperse the cloud from such an impure though brilliant soul! What! lose his faith and his God when the sun goes down in darkness, and find them again at the next dawn! Is this the religion of nature—cruelty and romance, adoration and lust?

What is the secret of this strange mixture, this moral clouding of such a sparkling genius? Perhaps another biographer partly explains it when he says, "Romances formed the chief part of his early reading." Between such influences and those emanating from the Bible, there is an inevitable conflict. To all earnest Christian labor they induce a fixed and fastidious repugnance. They form a taste for theatricals and operas, and other like worldly entertainments, and often blind the mind to the incongruity of these things with the Christian life and profession.

Men in close communion with their Maker and their Savior never write books of such a character; and such men seldom read them. In the earlier period of his religious history, Henry Martyn was accustomed to peruse certain select works of fiction; but perceiving that the effect was to diminish his love for the Bible and his interest in Christian work, he first limited himself, and then gave them up alto-



gether. Hannah More, who wrote a few of the best books of this class, says: "The constant familiarity, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind which needs strengthening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which needs quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active duties and spiritual exercises." "To those," says Matthew Arnold, "who have fed their minds on novels, or their stomachs on opium, the reality of things is flat and insipid, although in truth far grander than the phantasmagorical world of novels and opium." Wrote Bulwer: "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found." Not less in point is the testimony of an habitual reader of fiction: "I have ruined my health and I have ruined my mind by indulging in that miserable trash. I have no peace. Satan is continually tempting me to believe that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, and that I had better put an end to my life. And he holds up some of those heroines for my example, who first murdered their souls and then their bodies."

Many in the Church have suffered and are suffering from the same cause, without clearly discerning the source of the evil, or with a moral sense too enfeebled successfully to resist it. The highest style of Christian character compatible with such a yielding to worldly influences is a religious effeminacy which expends itself chiefly in sighing over imaginary woes, and in unavailing regrets. The tendency of it is to foster a disgust with the accompaniments of real suffering, and a distaste for the simplicity of spiritual worship. Such a yielding hardens the heart, dries up its sympathies, and leaves it the nursery of petulance and discontent. It teaches professedly Christian men and women to deny Christ by refusing to give themselves more fully to him and his work. Could the reading of the Church be regulated entirely by the rudiments of Christianity; could those books be most read which are most illumined by the sunlight of the Gospel and most vitalized by the inbreathing of the Holy Spirit, how much time and mental effort, now worse than wasted, would be saved for Christ and the Church!

ALL religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish him from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

## INGRABAN.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY H. EDWARD KREHBIEL.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A CHRISTIAN AMONG THE HEATHEN.

IN the valley, some distance from the village, stood a decaying house, surrounded by a wooden fence, upon which dusty burdocks spread their gray leaves. The fence was full of holes, and negligently patched, which left the chickens and swine easy passage at all times. A rude cross, erected back of the gate, was the only indication that this was the dwelling of Meginhard, whom the inhabitants called Memmo, a priest of the Christians. Years before, the villagers had reluctantly complied with the commands of the count, and permitted the priest to occupy the vacant hut. But comfort was not entirely lacking within the humble walls. Through the cracks of the closed shutter a joyous fire could be seen blazing on the hearth. Beside it sat Memmo, a small but portly man; a jug containing beer stood upon a rickety table before him; upon the hearth in an earthen vessel a chicken was stewing, over which hovered a sturdy female servant with a wooden ladle.

"The chicken sputters long, Godelind," said the little man, and looked wistfully at the vessel. "Stir up the pot, and put on more wood; it is the only thing plentiful in this country."

But Godelind cared little for the words of her master; she bustled indignantly about the hearth, and occasionally cast an angry glance upon the priest.

"My master could certainly have secured a better gift from our ill neighbor than that thing." She pointed with the ladle to a corner of the hut, where a Slavick maiden cowered upon a bundle of straw, and stared vacantly before her. "For many weeks you conjured the evil spirits in the diseased leg of the man; it is a small reward for a deal of trouble—a prisoner, a sickly, worthless, miserable thing! Why did he not give you a calf? We have hardly enough to feed two mouths, and now comes a third—a savage creature at that, with disheveled hair—who speaks not a word, and who causes me trouble in addition to the load I already carry."

Memmo slyly glanced toward the corner.

"And yet I took her for your sake, Godelind," said he, in a conciliatory tone. "I would gladly spare you the work of the pasture and the field."

"Have I ever complained of the work?" retorted the ruler of the hearth, but partially mollified. "Now I must guard this strange evil."



She tumbled the cooked chicken into another earthen dish, placed in it a wooden spoon, and set the hot mess before her master. An agreeable odor arose from the broth. Memmo sat waiting for it to cool, and beat impatiently against the side of the dish with his spoon. Suddenly a rattling noise was heard at the fence, and a moment afterward four short raps were given at the door with a staff. The spoon dropped from the hand of the priest; he sprang up in terror, stared at the door as though expecting the entrance of an apparition, and murmured, half unconsciously, at the third rap: "*In nomine Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*" The last rap resounded through the little room; and immediately thereafter the door flew open under the pressure of a strong hand, and a man entered clothed in sable garments, and a deep voice spoke upon the threshold:

"Greeting, in the name of the Lord!"

Memmo stood dumfounded; all the red had vanished from his face. Winfried viewed the occupants of the hut a moment, then he approached the window, opened the sash, lifted dish and chicken from the table, and threw them out with a violence which resulted in the crash of the crockery, and cried, commandingly:

"Out with the women!"

Godelind had crossed her arms, not at all intending to obey the imperious commands of the stranger; but she saw the motion of her master entreating her to quit the house, she felt the searching gaze of the stranger upon her, and her courage forsook her. She took the Sclavic captive, and hurried to the door.

"Seek other shelter for the night, woman," Winfried called after her; "for your foot will hardly again press the floor of this man's cell."

He closed the door, shot the bolt, and approached the speechless Memmo.

"You have fallen into misery, my comrade," said he, sadly; "and in evil company do I find you. I come to exorcise your soul. Down upon your knees, Meginhard, my poor brother, and confess your misdeeds; for the day of penance is come. See that you secure the pardon of the Supreme Judge."

Utterly confounded, the monk fell upon his knees before the bishop, and began to murmur a Latin prayer. The fire upon the hearth burned gayly, and cast long, dancing shadows across the floor; the steam of the kettle raised the lid, and spluttered and hissed unnoticed upon the hearth, until the flames sunk and the water ceased to boil. It grew darker in the room; the smoldering coals gave forth a faint twilight, while on the other side a timid beam of starlight fell through the open window; but

the priest still lay motionless upon the floor. Naught was heard save deep sighs and the murmuring of solemn prayers; then the sharp, cutting blows of the scourge, and low groans. This continued until far into the night, and when the starlight passed away in the gray dawn of the new day, Memmo still lay with his face upon the floor, his arms stretched out in the form of a cross; beside him kneeled the stranger, and the deep tones of his voice sounded solemnly over the sobs of the prostrate form. Winfried opened the door, and the first light of the morning entered the little room. At the gate young Gottfried stood and bowed silently before the teacher; for the hour had not yet arrived when a brother was permitted to speak.

"I thought you safe in the bed of our hospitable friend," said the stranger, and signed him permission to speak.

"Pardon, my father; solicitude for your welfare forced me here."

"Within the hut lies one who has fallen. Tarry with him, so that he may see your countenance when he raises his head; and do you support his tottering steps," and he added more softly: "I have retaken him, like a linnet escaped from the peasant's net, and his soul will flutter uneasily. Aid him, although he is older than you, so that he will again accustom himself to discipline; and yield to his wishes so far as you may. For it would be unwise to rob the fallen one of all consolation."

The stranger walked toward the village, whose inhabitants were beginning to stir. The young monk quietly seated himself beside the penitent. It was not long before the latter shuddered, and cautiously raised his head. Instead of the terrible bishop, he saw, to his great astonishment, a youth beside him, from whose bright countenance shone warm pity and compassion. "*Visio venit*, a messenger of peace appears," murmured he, affrighted, and again fell upon his face, only to raise it in a moment. "I feel warm breath upon my brow. If you are one of us, speak!"

"I am Gottfried, my father, your brother and servant."

"He is gone," groaned Memmo, looking timidly around, and writhing as if in pain. With great difficulty he raised himself to a sitting posture, and clasped his head with his hands. "I am bewildered. He threw the dish and chicken out of the window, and Godelind—" he hastily crossed himself—"Away, thou devil! Sores was I tempted, my son. I have sat among the heathen, between horse-flesh and horses' heads, and when they danced, in May,

they demanded that I should dance with—" He crossed himself again. "Surely, the bishop is a holy man, entirely exempted from human frailties. Although you are young, you, too, know the rules, my brother."

Gottfried nodded.

"Then, you know, my son, that the faithful one is permitted, after penitence, to moisten his lips, *agua cum aceto*, with water and vinegar. Vinegar can not be had in this country; but," he continued, persuasively, "there stands a little small beer; there is water enough in it. I pray you, reach me the jug."

Gottfried willingly handed him the drink. The exhausted man took a long draught, and, holding the jug between his hands, dolefully began his morning prayers. Gottfried joined with him in repeating the words. Then he shook up the straw which served as a couch, led the bruised man to the humble resting-place, and softly repeated prayers to the *pater* until he fell asleep.

Late in the forenoon, when Winfried returned, he found the monk, greatly improved in spirits, seated upon his chair. Gottfried had swept the floor of the little cell, erected a small altar, and decorated it with pine branches and sweet-smelling thyme. As the bishop entered, Memmo attempted to rise, but Winfried gently forced him back into his chair. "I come not as a physician who importunes his patient to use the proper remedies, but as an old companion; and if it does not cost you too great an exertion, brother, I beseech you, tell me what tribulations you have borne among this people; for, verily, the post assigned you was not an easy one, and I do not find you engaged in a joyful work."

"I can relate nothing favorable, reverend father," began Memmo, dejectedly, in an under-tone. "For five years I have lived among this race like Daniel in the den of lions. Hardened are their hearts, and perverse their spirits, and the best among them has hours in which his actions resemble those of the evil devil from hell. But few of them believe, and they only when one of their legs is sprained, or they are shaken by the evil spirit of the fever. Then they send for me to pray for them, and diligently make the sign of the cross; but, on the morrow, they send for the pagan woman who practices witchcraft, and again make the sign of the hammer over their bodies. They often ask whether our God can secure them victory over the Slaves and Saxons; if so, they are willing to test him. They ask that he pledge himself to them, but they will not vow him allegiance."

"Are you acquainted with the Christians of

the neighborhood?" asked Winfried, impatiently; "for it was for this purpose you were sent here, even as the swallows send out their messengers in advance."

"Truly, I know them all, from the Saale to the Werra," replied Memmo; "and, in obedience to your command, I sent you the names of several who stand high among the faithful. But of priests I am the only lamb among howling wolves. True, there are others who call themselves Christian priests, but they are rakehells. They sit with the heathen at the sacrificial feasts, and the horses' heads hang beside their crucifixes; nor care they aught for our holy father in Rome. They came into this country in olden times, and imprint signs upon their flesh in colors."

"Scottish wild-cats!" cried Winfried, angrily.

"I have suffered much here," continued Meginhard, "from blows and scornful words; but the worst happened last year, when the Wends invaded the country. The Thuringians met and opposed them, not far from the Saale; and they came to me with threats, and demanded of me, since I was their guest and enjoyed their hospitality, that I should march with them, and, as a man of peace, stand beside their troops upon a hill, and pray down victory upon them. They dragged me with them, and placed me upon a hillock; but the Wends overcame them, slew many, entered the villages, set them on fire, and led the wives and children into captivity. I, too, was captured, bound with willow withes, and we were driven, like a flock of sheep, toward the east, into slavery. It was a woeful journey among heathen women and weeping children. Those who sank exhausted to the earth, unable to journey farther, were killed by a blow upon the head, and left lying by the way-side. Our fare, too, was scanty. Like swine, we were offered gruel in troughs. Thus we wandered on the path of fear for two days and nights, until we saw the villages of the Wends, and the poles from which fluttered the banners of their chieftains. There we were distributed among the various villages; but I, with a number of companions, fell to the lot of the Sorb, Ratiz, the terrible man who has thrown up his fortifications on this side of the Saale. Our heathen captors then held a great feast, where it was determined that I should die a wretched death because of my shorn head, upon which they heaped many indignities. Thus, bound and hopeless, I lay in the stable, when Ratiz entered, and asked me, through a companion, to what race and tribe I belonged. I told him that I was a monk, and that you were the reverend father to whom I had pledged

myself to travel among the Thuringians. Then the good Lord softened his heart; he relented, and ordered my bonds removed. Through his companion, he now informed me, with the greatest secrecy, that he wished to send a message to the governor of the Franks in the West, and that he knew you were a powerful and peaceful man, and might probably become an interceder and advocate for his wishes. And the crafty wolf, who was satiated with the murders committed in our sheep-fold, asserted that he, too, loved peace, but the border counts were rapacious and blood-thirsty; and I was constrained to promise to deliver this message to you so soon as possible. I was then set free, fed, clothed, and led back in the vicinity of our villages, as I immediately notified you in my letter, which the Frank, Hunibald, took with him upon his Western journey."

"I read your letter," returned Winfried. "Meanwhile the wolf has again become hungry, and broken into the country of the Franks. Did you discover what he desires of Charles, who rules the Franks? for the Franks and Slaves will as little maintain peace as two marmots in a pit."

"I think he desires gifts, and perhaps the lands which he has already stolen."

"Will he confess, and renounce the works of the devil?" asked Winfried.

"Sooner would an entrapped fox bite off his own tail. There is no more piety in him than in a hollow nut."

"Many who make the sign of the cross are just as empty," replied Winfried. "If he is a cold heathen, his children may become warm Christians. But now tell me about another man. Do you know Ingram, whom the heathen call Ingraban?"

"I have never received much good at his hands; he is one of the enemies of the cross. He lives at a place called Ravencourt; for the black, heathenish birds build their nests in the trees thereabouts, and croak their evil songs. He is among the first in every turmoil, and holds the hearts of the youths in his hands. During the battle, I saw his comrades carry him from the midst of the contest, wounded; and they think that if he had been at the front until the end, the Slaves would not have triumphed."

Winfried arose, and looked scrutinizingly into the corners of the hut. "The rules command that brethren should dwell together under the same roof; it does not become me to lodge with strangers, where a brother has a house. Prepare me a couch here."

Memmo heard this resolution of his bishop

with terror. "The hut is small and humble, reverend father, and the roof is dilapidated; in many places the rain leaks through; the fare, too, is but poor and meagre. But I know," continued he, apologetically, "that you care nothing for this. And then, reverend father, pardon: the little birds which I have kept till now, sing very loud, and are sometimes very annoying. Do you command that I let the birds fly? They came to me during the cold Winter. Many flew away when Spring came, some built their nests among the rafters; they have reared their second brood, and, often when I am melancholy and disheartened, their chirping has gladdened my heart. *Peccavi*," continued he, almost weeping, "it is a sin to set one's heart upon a mere creature; but, father, they will return to me, unless I wring their necks; especially the goldfinch, the most beautiful bird in the country."

Winfried listened gloomily to the lamentations of the undisciplined monk.

"Be not less willing to give your brother lodging than your feathered playmates," said he, quietly.

"My work was fruitless upon the hearts of men," continued Memmo, sadly. "Sooner did the little birds retain the holy word. Every year I caught young magpies and ravens, taught them the *kyrie eleeson*, and again set them at liberty. Occasionally, you can hear their voices in the trees, singing the holy words. I sought, too, to revenge myself upon Ingram for the injuries done me, and I placed my young ravens upon his trees so that they should call the name of the Lord among the heathen birds; but the other ravens angrily attacked them and ruffled their feathers, because our songs were offensive to their ears; and they returned to me. But those which I had tamed did not leave off their knavish tricks; they ate my little companions; and, since the last severe Winter, the little ones have alone remained with me. Pardon me, reverend father."

"I do not chide you, my brother," said Winfried. "When I sent you out, I knew you were no sower for stony places. But I saw you were of a kind and friendly disposition, and I thought the heathen would tolerate you because of your good intentions. You were here as a spy in the promised land. Now I am come to subject this people to the government of my great Lord."

Through the open gate, Gottfried led a laden horse into the yard; he fastened the animal to a post, lifted off the leathern bag, and carried it into the hut. A bright ray of loving care fell upon the youth from the eyes of Winfried.

"What says the guide who left us so unceremoniously?"

"I could hardly reach him," replied the mellow tones of the monk. "The servants abruptly denied me admittance; but, finally, my requests touched the heart of one, who guided me to the barricade, near which the man was binding his horses as though he was about to take them away. I delivered your message, but he heard it with impatience. 'Never would I have guided your master if I had known his office. I desire no reward for my services, neither armlet nor Frankish silver; nor does his gratitude give me joy. He need not expect my good-will if he should ask it in the future.' Thus he spake, and stood before me like Turnus, the gloomy warrior of whom the Roman Virgil says that he arose against King Æneas."

"Your King Æneas, my son," laughingly returned Winfried, "has no other weapon to oppose the savages than an honest intention to do good to others. Pray, my son, that we may be successful." Winfried loosened the leathern strings of the bag, took from it a wooden case, and then reverently handed it to the priest. "Guard it as the light of your eye, Meginhard; it contains holy bones, vestments, and vessels for the church which we shall build here."

While Memmo gazed at the bishop and the sack containing the treasures, Winfried beckoned to the youth, and together they left the hut.

With powerful strides, the bishop hurried to the hill which arose before the forest, followed by Gottfried, leading the horse. Winfried stopped upon the summit.

"Sooner than I expected," he began, in tremulous tones, "has the hour come in which I must send you upon the rough paths to the heathen, child of my sister. I am about to abandon the dearest thing I have on earth, to the dangers of the wilderness. God forgive me that I tremble in fear for the safety of the messenger in his service!"

"Trust me, my father," pleaded Gottfried.

"You are to deliver my answer to the question of the Sorb, Ratiz. You know the question and answer?"

"I know them, father."

"You are to aid the heathen Ingram in freeing the captives; for to send you upon this mission I pledged my vow to the Lord of heaven, when I kneeled at the grave of the murdered Frank. But he who is to be your companion is a bad and choleric man." Winfried again strode rapidly forward, and again he stopped. "When a youth like yourself, I once came upon the ruins, in my native country, of a stone structure which the Romans had built centuries before;

for in the olden time, before the message of the Lord had reached my countrymen, the people were kept in subjection by the great Roman Empire, and these fortifications had been erected almost every-where. It was then that I saw how warriors of my race drove flocks of women and children, whom they had taken from the neighboring villages, within the decaying walls. I heard the blows of the whip and the low heart-rending moans, and I saw the strokes of the swords with which the defenseless ones were slain. But I spent a night of hell upon the Roman stones; for both murderers and murdered boasted of the name of Christians, and I saw with terror that the teachings of God were losing their salutary power upon earth. Every-where bishop quarreled with bishop—accused each other of heresy, struck each other in the face, and drew murderous knives. Hardly one acted in accordance with the laws of God; and, like the shepherds, so the flocks were entirely depraved. I saw every form of sin and carnality in rank bloom. The pagans were often more honest than the Christians. I feared that such sights would drive me to madness; and I prayed to the Lord of heaven, to whom I had consecrated myself, for the salvation of mankind from its miseries. It was then that I received the message of grace. Like a tongue of flame, it ran through all my limbs, and, in a mingled feeling of joy and fear, I leaped high into the air; for it had been revealed to me what would bring salvation to humanity—a new discipline for the rebellious and a new union of those who lived at enmity with each other. The dominion of the Romans is departed; but the holy successor of the apostles now lives in Rome. He shall become the supreme judge of all hearts and consciences, and shall rule on earth as the great chieftain of the Heavenly King. We should all serve him in faith, even as we serve the kings and chieftains in earthly works. Mine is the office to guide the people of this earth into his service—Frieses, Saxons, Hessians, Thuringians, and, if the Lord is merciful to me, even these savage hordes called Wends. I will bring the peace of my God to them all. In order that the people of the earth may feel the healing power of faith, I will teach them that an only God reigns over them, a great Host in the castle of heaven, and that his steward upon earth is the great Bishop in Rome, venerable and powerful above all on earth. There must be unity in doctrine and unity in obedience, so that unity in love may be secured. For this reason I have preached to the Frieses and Hessians; for this reason I traveled alone to Rome, and pledged



myself in the hands of the Pope; and for this reason I now wander through the rank weeds of these wild valleys, my son; for I wish to destroy the wretchedness of the world, and preach salvation to all who are now in misery. For thus God commanded me in that night of terror."

The youth stooped, and reverently kissed the hand of his superior. Winfried continued:

"You, my favorite, who have the years of a boy and the wisdom of a sage, have ever been faithful, and there are but few thoughts which I conceal from you. The heathen do not, alas! cause me the greatest care and solicitude. I have a greater labor where I might expect assistance. The Franks, who call themselves Christians; their bishops, the disorderly blasphemers,—they appear to me to be the worse wolves. A worthy man is the Bishop in Rome; but he, too, looked upon me as a madman when I appeared before him and owned that he must become the supreme governor of the faith of man's earth in order to save us all. There is much selfishness and desire for temporal power in Rome; but the Lord, to whom I have consecrated all my life, will aid me, that I may conquer the indiscretion of the great ones, as well as the obstinacy of these long-haired savages. Therefore, my son, follow me to the heathen; open your ears and learn, as we journey forward, what is necessary for you to know."

When they reached the heights upon which stood Ravencourt, they were met by a number of horses, upon one of which sat Ingram, while another bore his servant. Winfried placed himself before the horse of Ingram, which reared and fell back upon its haunches under the restraining hand of its rider, and stopped full before the bishop.

"Why do you come to detain me?" cried Ingram, angrily. "It was an evil hour in which I pledged you service."

"He does not well who sets out upon a mission like yours with an imprecation," quietly replied Winfried.

"I do not wish your blessing, Christian. I know how to secure better protection than that given by your signs."

"And yet many whose hands are bound with willows in the village of the Sorbs trust in the holy sign which you foolishly slight. If you rail at the God of heaven, to whom the Christians pray, take care that your journey is not fruitless."

The rider was about to urge his horse forward; suddenly he stopped and gazed gloomily upon the ground.

"Restrain your impatience," continued Win-

fried. "Discreet counsel is of better service than hasty action. Though my appearance is unwelcome, do not therefore condemn my words. Dismount, Ingram, if you in truth wish to free the woman."

So emphatic was the monition that the Thuringian, without a word, swung himself from his seat in the saddle, and tossed the bridle to his servant.

"Be brief with what you wish to say, stranger; for the ground burns under my feet."

Winfried led him aside a few steps.

"Answer me, if you will, one question, which is prompted by good intentions and anxiety concerning the captives. Do you take with you a ransom to offer Ratiz, or do you hope to steal the women and children from the Sorb village?"

Ingram's features quivered convulsively as he answered:

"He who nears the camp of the robbers seizes the stolen booty as best he can. If I succeed in entering the village without being recognized, I will seek to carry her away secretly."

"But you tell me that the Thuringians had pledged peace with the Sorbs."

"Not I. My bleeding body was stretched upon the couch."

"But the old men pledged it for you, as well as for the rest."

"The vow was broken by him when he slew my friend. Who will reproach me if I avenge my host?"

"Your people will ask you if you are of kin to the dead man—you from the land of the Thuringians, he a Frank."

Ingram remained silent.

"And what if you are espied by the sentinels of the Sorbs? Surely, they know the customs of the border, and are preparing for a visit of vengeance from the Franks. For this reason, I think that you, too, know that you can only secure the liberation of the prisoners by peaceful measures."

"Then know," returned Ingram, morosely, "what I unwillingly confess, that I hope to secure ransom money from the sale of these horses. Some of them are fit to bear the saddle of a king. I fear the camp of the thieves is filled with horses since the last sally; therefore I am now taking these to Erfsford, the great horse-market of my people, to attempt to exchange them for armlets or Frankish silver. But I am very much troubled for fear I shall find no sale."

"Is there no other price which will satisfy the Slave?"

"Red gold of the dwarfs, and silver which the crafty smith has artfully wrought," quickly responded Ingram. "These the base man can not withstand; but the Thuringian is not possessed of such kingly treasures."

Winfried took the wooden case from under his cloak, opened it, and took from it a massive silver goblet lined with bright yellow gold. It was a most wonderful piece of workmanship. A wreath of vine-leaves encircled the top, and tiny human forms stood out in relief from its sides.

"It is from the treasures of a king, and was given me by a royal hand. Do you think that it will liberate the children?"

"Never did I see such a piece of man's handiwork," cried the Thuringian, his eyes sparkling. "The children are of silver, and nude; they wander around the goblet as though alive." Then he answered more calmly, ashamed of the curiosity he had exhibited, "Such a treasure will ransom many."

"Then blessed be the day," cried Winfried, "when I received it."

But again a dark shadow crossed the features of the young warrior, and proudly giving back the cup, he said:

"Take away your goblet, crafty stranger," and turned toward the horses.

But Winfried gently grasped his arm, and detained him.

"Think not, Ingram, that I desire to purchase your good-will with silver or gold. You refused to accept remuneration for your services as guide. If you were one of the children of the great God, I might give you the bauble to be used for a Christian purpose; but you have betrayed your wild desires. You must not lead the Frankish woman to your home as a slave. The goblet I give to her and her race; and if you free her from captivity, she and the others return as free people. This is my meaning. But, for the sake of the captives, I beg of you that you ransom them all, and bring them to the protection they desire."

"Yours will be the honor, and not mine," cried Ingram, vehemently.

"Neither you nor I pay the ransom price. I possess less than the poorest of your countrymen. I am a humble messenger of the God of the Christians, and this silver is part of his riches."

The warrior glanced askance at the glittering metal. "Replace it within the wood, stranger; for I fear that such a gift hides an evil charm."

"I do not ask you to carry the ransom price," continued Winfried; "for I, too, have a messenger to send to Ratiz, on business of the Frankish King—my young brother Gottfried. I

pray you, permit the lad to ride with you, and promise me faithfully to care for him."

"It is an arduous and dangerous journey over the mountains to the village of the Sorbs. How can I protect the lad?"

"You have tried his strength, and not found it wanting."

The warrior glanced at the lithe form of Gottfried, who held the bridle of the bishop's horse, and his rigid features relaxed. Ingram pondered. Finally he said: "I perceive that you wish to guide my will like a master. I know not whether it is to my good that I do your wishes, and, for my own sake, I would not comply with your requests; but I see a woman sitting in slavery, wringing her hands." Then, starting up violently, he cried: "I promise to care for the lad as though he were of my kindred," and placed his hand in that of the bishop.

He hurried back to the drove of horses, and ordered them to be driven back to his home.

Meanwhile, Winfried spoke earnestly in an undertone to the lad, and a look of pain shot across his features as he placed his hands upon the head of his faithful attendant, and implored a blessing upon the journey.

"Come, boy," cried Ingram, brandishing his lance, "much time has been lost in the contest of words; let the clatter of horses' hoofs tell that we are journeying toward the country of the Slaves." Again he glanced at the horse at his side and his peaceful rider. The manner in which the stripling sat in his saddle pleased him, and he bowed a greeting to him. He gave his loud halloo, and horses and riders dashed down the path toward the forest road. Winfried gazed long after the retreating forms, then he clasped his hands and raised them toward Heaven.

In the hut, Memmo stood long before the leathern bag; then he crossed himself, and reverently carried it to the corner. Here he carefully covered it with straw, and sat down before it in deep thought. Occasionally he shook his head. "Who shall build the church?" he mused. "He and I. And who shall hew the baptistery from the hard rock? I, again. These arms, forsooth, will deal many blows, and my back will bend under the load of rafters. But who will enter the baptismal room? None but the swallows of the air, and the mice of the field, until, on some wild day, the heathen will come down upon us and cut crosses upon our poor skulls with their swords. Henceforth I am a stranger guest in my own domicile. But it is written, 'We have here no continuing city, and all flesh is grass.'"

The gate was violently thrown open, and a florid face looked in at the window. "By all good spirits, it is Mistress Godelind! Away, woman!" cried he, excitedly, without stirring from his place. "I know you not!"

"You are strangely changed," angrily shrieked the woman through the window. "What charm has bewildered your senses?"

"Away, Godelind," cried Memmo, loudly. "If the bishop sees you, you are lost. You stand under the cross, and he has power over you."

"I care no more than that for your bishop, nor for you either," retorted Godelind, tossing a straw toward the priest. "Is this the reward for my fidelity? Do you turn me out of doors because of a stranger?"

"It is useless to complain of the past," said Memmo, sorrowfully. "I renounce you for the future. Seek shelter with your aunt, and keep the captive Slave; but take care that you do not ill-treat her. Take the young pig, too, if you wish, from the stable—it must go with the rest; but keep your silence and depart, for I am in deep meditation, and your idle talk disturbs me. This night has worked a change in me, and I regret that your foot ever crossed my threshold."

"Cowardly man!" cried Godelind, angrily. "Often will you yet regret that you thus turned away your faithful servant; and I will laugh when I think of the fool who stands beside the cold hearth, and drinks water from the brook, and chews uncooked beans." Her face disappeared from the aperture, and immediately afterward shrill squeals issued from the stable. "There," sighed Memmo, "she carries off what was the treasure of my house;" and he hung his head in resignation, until the goldfinch perched upon it, and gayly twittered his song from the shorn crown. Memmo gently raised his hand, the bird fluttered down upon it, and the monk kissed his scarlet head.

#### EXPLORATIONS IN MOAB.\*

FEW know any thing of Moab, further than that it is a country on the east side of the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, and is often mentioned in the Old Testament as being inhabited by a people who were almost constantly at war with the Hebrews during their occupation

of Palestine. After notices of these wars, the Moabites are little heard of in history. They fell under the sway of successive conquerors—Romans, Persians, Syrians, and soon—until latterly they were mastered by the Turks, who, according to their usual practice, reduced a fertile country to a desert, and left the inhabitants to live by a blended system of pasturing sheep and cattle, and plundering all the strangers who unhappily fell in their way. The Dead Sea has, on the whole, been a good thing for them. Travelers from all parts of Christendom have visited it for centuries, as a natural as well as historical curiosity; and it has always been a pleasant thing for the wandering Moabites, under their sheiks, to exact contributions as heavy as they could possibly levy from those who ventured to cross the Jordan, or go round by the south end of the lake. For the most part, adventurous travelers have been thankful to save their lives by yielding to the demands of these wholly unscrupulous robbers.

Until recent times, the most successful explorer of Moab was the eminent Swiss traveler Burckhardt, who went through the country in 1810, and has left an account of his journey. For that difficult undertaking he had prepared himself by studying Arabic, and becoming acquainted with chemistry, astronomy, medicine, and surgery. Simulating the character of a Mussulman, and acting as a physician, he was fortunate in not only exploring Moab, but in traveling unharmed to Mecca, and participating in the ceremonies of the Mohammedan pilgrims. The revelations of Burckhardt whetted curiosity. Moab evidently possessed remarkable remains of art; such as old buildings, roads, inscriptions, and other tokens of an ancient civilization. Yet such was its state of insecurity, that few attempted deliberate researches. The first thing that stimulated investigation was the accidental discovery of the famous Moabite Stone, with an inscription which confirmed some interesting facts in Scripture history. Professor Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, made a hasty journey into the land of Moab in 1870, to search for Phœnician inscriptions, in which they were not very successful.

Thus matters stood, when the British Association, in 1871, granted a sum of money to carry out a geographical exploration of Moab. An expedition was accordingly organized for the purpose; it included gentlemen qualified to execute photographs of places of special interest, and to make proper topographical surveys. At the head of the expedition was the Rev. Dr. H. B. Tristram, Honorary Canon of Durham,

\* *The Land of Moab: Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.* By H. B. Tristram, M. A., LL.D., F. R. S. With a chapter on the Persian Palace of Mashita. By James Ferguson, F. R. S. With map and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 476.



who, like Burckhardt, was skilled in languages, and could, on occasion, perform the function of a physician. All were well armed with revolvers and guns—the guns being of importance, if only for the sake of shooting game to supplement the stores of groceries and provisions required in a journey of two months in the desert. Through the aid of the Rev. F. A. Klein, Church Missionary Society's representative at Jerusalem, a dragoman, horses, and mules were engaged. Disappointed in a promised escort by a sheik who claimed the right to conduct travelers round the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, Dr. Tristram and his friends set out from Jerusalem on the 29th January, 1872; the route being such as several members of the party, the leader included, were already acquainted with.

The cavalcade, as in all Eastern journeys, was attended by a number of followers to picket horses, set up tents for the night, and perform other needful offices. Proceeding by way of Bethlehem, with an intention to strike on the Dead Sea about the middle of its western side, the party spent the first night under canvas on a slope to the south of Hebron. There the evening meal was partaken of under a clear moonlight sky. During the night, the thermometer stood at 35° Fahrenheit, a degree of cold not unusual at the season. Next morning, a purchase of some excellent wine of Eshcol was made from a Jew merchant in Hebron. The rest of the day was spent in concluding a contract with a sheik, Abou da Houk, to conduct the party to Kerak in Moab. It was a tiresome piece of diplomacy; and to the contract, which was written by a native scribe, all set their seals. One of the chiefs in the escort, who happened to have no seal, wetted the point of his finger with ink, and pressed it on the document. The price to be paid was twenty-five hundred piasters. A Turkish piaster is worth about two-pence half-penny. Half the money was paid down in napoleons, which form the most convenient traveling-money in the East.

Departing from Hebron, the expedition turned its back on the outskirts of civilization, and shortly, on crossing the water-shed of the Mediterranean and Dead Seas, the true wilderness was reached. By a pass in the cliffs at Engedi, the descent was made to the shore of the lake. This pass has, since ancient times, been the principal channel of communication from Southern Moab to Palestine; for the border of the lake farther north is too precipitous to allow of transit. It was here that invaders of old entered the hill-country of Judea, and from Kerak to Jerusalem the pass, though only a zigzag pathway

on rugged mountain steeps, continues to be used by traders. The scene from the top of the pass was particularly grand. The Dead Sea, which came into view, is in all respects a wonder. It lies as in a pit, sunk an id mountains, at a depth of thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Receiving the Jordan at its northern extremity, and a great number of smaller streams on both sides, it has no outlet; in its length of forty miles, by an average breadth of nine miles, its waters escape only by exhalation. After encamping for a Sunday on the sultry shore of the lake, the party went on toward Jebel Usdum, a huge ridge of rock-salt at the south end of the lake, near the supposed site of Sodom. Rounding this critical point, the party crossed the desolate sand-swamp ordinarily called the Vale of Salt, and after several hours of toil and trouble, arrived at the boundary-line of ancient Edom. The expedition was now in Moab.

Hitherto, with the exception of squabbles about backshish, things had gone on with tolerable smoothness. Now, on entering Moab, every one had to be on the alert, for a crowd of savages hung on the skirts of the party, ready to steal any thing—horses included—which they could lay their hands on. There was a more serious danger in an attack from mounted Bedouins, of the tribe of Beni Atiyeh; but the party were saved by the good management of the sheik commanding the escort, and the first night in Moab was passed over peacefully. Proceeding onward, some ruins covering a large space were seen, but no proper conjecture could be formed regarding them, except that they might be the remains of Nimrim. The route pursued was close in upon the eastern shore of the lake, with bare fantastic cliffs of new red sandstone overhead, and wadies, or rugged valleys, which required to be crossed. At Dráa, a place overhanging the peninsula which here projects into the Dead Sea, the conclusion arrived at was, that it was the Zoar of mediæval history, distinguished as the seat of a bishopric in the fifth century.

Here, there was an adventure. A portion of the guard had departed for Jerusalem, carrying with them letters for England, and, thus weakened in its defenses, the expedition was in a great measure at the mercy of the Beni Atiyeh tribe, of which there now appeared an encampment prepared for mischief; yielding to threats, the party were saved from destruction by paying down twenty-five napoleons. Free to move on, the humbled cavalcade ascended the rising grounds to Kerak, a steady ride of more than five hours, over what might be called Alpine



scenery. Proceeding up a gorge, which was at one time an important pass, the party came upon a ruined fort, dating from the last crusade, when it was held by Raynald, a chieftain made captive in battle by Saladin, 1187, just before the rendering up of Jerusalem.

Towering over the rocks at the head of the gorge, stands Kerak—the Kir-Haraseth of Scripture—a fortress which, though partially in ruin, is of surprising strength and magnitude. There are indications of its Roman origin, but substantially it is a work of the crusaders, under whom it was a Christian bulwark long defiant of the Saracens. What with its lofty walls, its entrance by easily guarded tunnels, and its picturesque situation, Kerak is even now, in its shattered decay, a marvel of art. Getting access by means of the tunnels, the party encamped within the castle. Tents were set up, horses and mules were picketed, and other preparations made for a short stay, the proceedings being jealously watched by a crowd of eager on-lookers. Much to their gratification, Dr. Tristram and his friends were almost immediately visited by a young man, a native of the town, in ecclesiastical costume, who acted as teacher in a Greek missionary school, and volunteered to lionize them over the place. Under his guidance, they visited the remains of Roman baths, some vaults with Roman pavements, and the Greek Church, a building in an old Norman style, with a well sunk in the floor of the nave. Returning to camp, there ensued a scene of uproar and dismay. Mudjelli, a young chief, who assumed to be the principal local authority, was enraged that the party had gone over the castle without his consent and escort, for which he claimed a fee of six hundred pounds; and this sum, which he considered moderate, must now be paid. We have not space to describe the embroilment. For a time the party were placed under guard, and experienced other indignities. A letter explaining the difficulty was written to the British Consul in Jerusalem, and was secretly dispatched by a faithful messenger. Before an answer arrived, Mudjelli saw he had carried things too far. His demands had been mere bluster. The father of the youth interfered with apologies, and B'ni Sakk'r Zadam, the sheik, who now felt himself accountable for the party, having made his appearance, peace was established, and pipes smoked as a token of reconciliation.

The number of Christians in Kerak is estimated at sixteen hundred, in a population of eight thousand. The Christians live in a particular quarter of the town. In their school were noticed books, Psalters, and Testaments,

and two Arabic Bibles, with the Bible Society's stamp on the covers—a hopeful beginning in the process of civilizing the whole community, and to which we hope no check will be interposed. The very existence of a Christian community in one of the old cities of Moab is a gratifying indication of progress. Before departure from the place, Dr. Tristram, with one or two companions, devoted a day to an excursion southward, and there discovered numerous ruins of historical interest, all demonstrative of a large settled population in ancient times. In the course of the ride, he came upon the old Roman road, which still, with its bounding walls in good preservation, runs in a distinct line north and south through Moab, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles east of the Dead Sea. It was chiefly along or near this line of road that the party proceeded northward from Kerak to Rabba, or Rabbath-Moab, the Areopolis of the Greek and Roman writers.

In going along this northern plain, there were opportunities of seeing the means which the Romans had adopted for insuring fertility, by irrigation from artificial tanks. In Dr. Tristram's account of his journey, "The Land of Moab," his description of the ancient water-tanks and sluices is of the deepest interest, and for this alone the work is worthy of perusal. At Rabba, the tents of the party were pitched in the bottom of an immense tank, fifty to sixty yards in length and breadth, and which was perhaps fifty feet deep; its actual depth being uncertain from the quantity of *debris*. Rabba, a town of the Roman period, but with remains of an earlier date, is wholly in ruins. Buildings of an elegant style of architecture have fallen down, fragments of Corinthian pillars and broken sarcophagi lie scattered among a countless number of vaults, now used as a shelter for Arabs and their flocks of sheep and goats. The Roman road intersects the ruined city, and was followed by the travelers northward. Three of the Roman mile-stones were still entire, but prostrated on the ground. In the course of the day's journey, the ruins of temples and other imposing edifices were passed. Among the ruins of Kasr-Rabba, the party found their messenger to Jerusalem on his return, with a letter intimating that a body of soldiers were sent to their succor; such aid, fortunately, not being now required.

The river Arnon, which flows down a deep and picturesque ravine of limestone cliffs, being successfully crossed, the journey was continued northward along the upper country of Moab, interesting from having been inhabited by the Amorites, who were vanquished by Moses, and

whose lands fell to the share of Gad, Reuben, and Manasseh. It appears to be a district full of memorials of the past. Every day's march disclosed heaps of ruins, some of them covering several acres, along with the remains of well-built water-tanks of prodigious dimensions, and so many evidences of ancient fertility as to give the impression that, if social order were established, the country would, as of old, support a large population. Under protection of Beni Sakk'r, the party pursued their explorations in security. Dhiban was found to be a desolate heap of stones. It is the Dibon referred to by Jeremiah as doomed to submit to the spoiler; and no destruction could be more complete.

Amidst the ruins of Dhiban, the Moabite Stone was discovered by Mr. Klein in 1868. It was a heavy basaltic monolith, three and a half feet long by two feet broad. On one side was a lengthened inscription in the Shemitic character, purporting that the stone was set up at Dibon by Mesha, King of Moab, in honor of his god Kemosh, also in testimony of his conquests, and of the public works which he had executed. As nearly as scholars can determine, the stone was set up 896 B. C., or two thousand four hundred and sixty-nine years ago. A dispute having arisen among the natives regarding the proprietorship of the stone, a party of the rival claimants mischievously shattered it in pieces, but, fortunately, not before a copy of the inscription had been effected. Mesha is mentioned in Scripture (2 Kings iii) as King of Moab and a sheep-master, tributary to the King of Israel, against whom he rebelled; the rebellion leading to some momentous incidents. The destruction of the stone which he had set up at Dibon is matter for universal and lasting regret.

At Ziza, in a north-easterly direction, the travelers came upon extensive water-tanks of solid construction, and the ruins of buildings of Saracenic origin. What was here seen fell far short of the splendid remains of Mashita, a short way beyond the road used by pilgrims to Mecca. The ruins were not those of a town, but of a magnificent palace, of which no mention is made in history, and which is unnoticed in any map. Its site is at a distance of thirty miles, in a straight line east from the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. There it stands in solitary grandeur on the silent waste, its shattered walls covered by architectural decorations, reminding one of the peculiar and rich style of the Alhambra. The building is described as consisting of a large quadrangle, measuring one hundred and seventy yards on each side, with rounded bastions at the angles. The entrance-gate at the center of the front façade leads to a

hall, which opens on several inner courts. The lower part of the edifice is built as vaults. What strikes the observer with surprise is the good preservation of all parts of the palace still standing. The walls had not been injured by any willful violence, but rent and thrown down by one of those earthquakes to which much of the desolation of Moabitish cities is traceable. There is something extraordinary in the obscurity hanging over the history of this remarkable edifice. The name Mashita signifies, in Arabic, winter-quarters; but it is evidently so called from being used as a winter-shelter to the flocks of the wandering natives, its original name being lost. The style of the building is neither Greek nor Roman; nor is it Mohammedan, for among its carvings are human and animal figures, which are not allowable by Moslem doctrine. The palace, however, is evidently according to Eastern taste, and had been erected by a potentate of the Nebuchadnezzar type.

At a loss to clear up the mystery while on the spot, Dr. Tristram, on coming home, received what may be considered a satisfactory explanation from Mr. J. Fergusson, well known from his architectural and archæological knowledge. The opinion he gave was, that the palace is to be referred to Chosroes II, of the Sassanian dynasty of Persian Kings, who overran Northern Syria and Asia Minor, A. D. 611, and took Jerusalem by assault from the Romans, 614. Chosroes II was a kind of Eastern Napoleon, and eventually experienced similar deserved reverses. After a short reign of rapine and splendor, his conquests were wrenched from him by Heraclius, the Roman Emperor, 627, and he died miserably as a fugitive. It was an expiring effort of Roman power. In 632, the Saracens took possession of Arabia and country east of the Jordan, and five years later Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Caliph Omar. The most feasible conjecture is, that Chosroes II built the palace of Mashita during his transitory possession of Moab, according to the plans and style of a Persian architect; the date of the structure being perhaps 620, only a few years before the era of Mohammedan triumph.

Dr. Tristram made a number of other discoveries in this quarter, but none of such novelty or magnitude as that just mentioned. The expedition was now in what is called the Beni-Hamideh territory, which is occupied by a people only semi-nomadic in their habits. They partake more of the character of the shepherd than the robber, and living part of the year in huts, around which there is a little cultivation, they do not prove a serious terror to travelers.

We are told that, not possessing a wide sweep of power, they can not properly act the part of escorting sheiks, and that dependence on them by explorers has often lead to disappointment. Early in March, the weather being as fine as June in England, the party descended from the high pastoral region down the Wady Jiffar, a valley lined with picturesque masses of limestone and basalt, to the border of the Dead Sea. The wady is celebrated for its hot sulphurous springs, known as the Baths of Herod, in consequence of having been resorted to by that personage during his last illness. The fact is mentioned by Josephus. Few modern explorers have visited these once famed medicinal baths, and the description given of them by Dr. Tristram is therefore peculiarly valuable.

Overhung by palms and oleanders, the springs, seven or eight in number, bubble forth from recesses in the cliffs, and pour down from pool to pool, the waters sometimes finding their way by tunnels formed from sulphurous deposits. One of the springs has a heat of 143° F., the warmth, of course, diminishing as the water descends the ravine. The Romans, during their occupation, highly appreciated these springs for their healing effects; and they are not less esteemed by modern Arabs and Moabites, who visit them when opportunity offers. Their method of bathing is simple enough. It consists in sitting down, up to the neck, in one of the open pools, the steam which curls overhead blending with the perfume of wild-flowers, and the spectacle around gorgeous with swarms of beautiful butterflies—a bath equally enjoyable and beneficial, for which, according to an Arab proverb, the patient is “to thank Allah and be gone.” For any thing one can tell, in this age of progress, we may live to see the Baths of Herod numbered in the list of fashionable Brunns. All that is needed to bring back Moab into a condition of settled prosperity, is to give security to life and property. The establishment of a garrison of Turkish soldiers at Kerak, which, we learn, took place in the Spring of the previous year, is a step in the right direction.

Leaving the encampment at the baths, Dr. Tristram, with a guide and a muleteer to carry a photographic apparatus, started for a short tour southward, to inspect the ruins of Machærus, a Moabitish stronghold. Its history is intimately connected with the Jews under the Maccabees, in their last struggle against the Roman power, but is not less interesting from having been the place of imprisonment and death of John the Baptist. The excursion brought unexpectedly into view, on a high

ground, several circles of upright stones, dating from prehistoric times, and resembling those which are found in various parts of Europe. On finally quitting the valley of hot springs, and taking the route by Heshbon, the expedition met with several dolmens of an antiquity coeval with the stone circles, and which, unharmed, have survived the political and military disturbances of thousands of years.

Rounding to the eastward, and descending to the fertile plain of the Jordan, that river, in its breadth of sixty yards, was crossed by means of a public ferry-boat; and, landing in Palestine at a short distance from Jericho, the expedition was, happily without accident, brought to a close. The narrative we have been able to present is but an outline of details of the most absorbing interest. To the geographer, the naturalist, the Biblical scholar, and the antiquary, as well as the reader for mere amusement, we heartily recommend the perusal of Dr. Tristram's interesting production, “The Land of Moab.”

#### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

OHIO POETS.

HERE is a book of poems, by J. J. Piatt, in green and gold, from the press of R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, and dedicated to George D. Prentice, in these words:

“MY DEAR MR. PRENTICE,—I owe you many of those debts that one friend can only pay another (and never pay in full) out of his heart. Please to think my dedication of this book an acknowledgment of them. The poems in the present volume have, with a few exceptions, been under cover (and under fire, too, for that matter) before; but they are here massed, so to speak,—‘for a general review, doubtless,’ will you say?”

“Many of the pieces in this collection are suggestive to me of the time when I was associated with you in a companionship which must always seem very dear to me when I recall it. This is a merit which I may find in them without blame, I am sure.

“With many wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, very affectionately, your friend,

“J. J. P.”

Mr. Piatt has good reason for kindly recollections of his distinguished friend, for it was through his influence that he won his poet-wife.

Years ago, the *Louisville Journal* was weekly enriched by poems by “S. M. B.,” a young Kentucky girl, who, after a time, gathered a sufficient amount of courage to sign her full name, Sallie M. Bryan. About a year after Miss Bryan's first contributions, poems by J. J. P. began to appear, and, of course, the two



young poets soon became acquainted with each other, Mr. Prentice, doubtless, praising each to the other upon fitting occasions. This acquaintance resulted, naturally, in a happy marriage, and the young mother now sings sweet lullabies to her family of little ones. Many of these poems of Miss Bryan were of wonderful beauty. One of them, I think, was surely never surpassed by any young girl. And, when I say this, I do not except even Mrs. Hemans or Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It is a dying girl's soliloquy; and, as it is many years since it was published, and at a time when the East seldom copied any thing from a Western publication, I will copy it from my scrap-book. I am sure that all will acknowledge its power and beauty:

"THE LAST SOLILOQUY.

"Life's sun sinks down at last!  
The solemn splendor of its farewell rays  
Fades from the aims that lured me in the past,  
And their true worth glares on my startled gaze,  
Until a lip, half chill,  
And trembling with the weight of parting breath,  
Sneers at the gilded things that once could thrill.  
But, ah! it sneers too late. The shades of death  
Are stretching nearer, and, I'll muse awhile,  
On that which serves but now to wreath a fearful smile.

I've walked a crowded world  
In glittering isolation, high and proud;  
With a stern lip that quivered while it curled,  
I've heard the voice of glory, deep and loud,  
Breathe praise that echoed on,  
Until my name became a splendid sound,  
A cadence that will haunt when I am gone,  
And call men's reverence when 'tis breathed around,  
And shine most luridly on marble heaps  
When fame's cold starlight falls, and one who suffered sleeps.

A mystic night is nigh  
That brings no dreams to make the slumbers start,  
Or lift the heavy lid from the dimmed eye,  
Or thrill the sad strings of the weary heart,  
And I shall rest, nor hear  
The wail of winds, nor see the hue of flowers,  
Though Autumn's mournful voice may murmur near,  
And Spring's sweet incense rise from blooming bowers;  
Then long, long years will wander to the past,  
And men will sigh, and wish the lingering hours flew fast.

Ah, do I press my brow?  
Wears it not *laurels*? What have I to fear?  
Remorseless voice, why wilt thou mock me now?  
Why ask, did wreaths of glory save it here  
From burnings and from stings?  
Alas! I know that they can awe not there,  
In that still place of shadows and strange things.  
For those who have borne all fate bids them bear,  
Where I shall molder, like to common clay,  
Till this broad brow be dust—vain thought, away, away!

Let mind soar far and high,  
It should be glorious while 't is doomed to wait.  
Why has it bent to earthly musings?  
Why thought of the grave and not its own veiled fate?  
Alas! am I above  
The common crowd—except in misery?  
Perchance they feel as much deep, earnest love  
For lovely things, and worship *silently*,  
While I've sought to relieve my burning brain,  
And spoke wild, fiery words, but spoke in vain!

There *is* a Heaven! Some die  
And are content to go and ask no more.  
'T is all that we should seek to know, but I  
Must gaze above me wildly and implore—  
Crying, 'My God, where is the spirit's goal?'  
I've watched the sun—can our last home be there?  
I've seen a myriad stars—does the free soul  
Float in those bright barks through blue seas of air?  
I go, with some slight shuddering, through the gloom,  
And much deep joy, for now I'll learn our final doom!

"S. M. B."

This poem, though filled with strange doubts and questionings, for one so young to entertain, is almost Byronic in power and strength of language. The companionship of such a gifted woman has done much, doubtless, to foster and develop the poetic element in the soul of Mr. Piatt, while the years of happiness she herself has enjoyed since her marriage, have, let us hope, made her faith and trust in the goodness of our Father, calm, perfect, and serene.

Mr. and Mrs. Piatt moved to Washington soon after their marriage, and a small volume of their joint poems was published about a year subsequently. It was a dainty volume, entitled, "The Nests at Washington."

This book is larger, and contains the poems of Mr. Piatt only, while Mrs. Piatt has had her own poems published by Osgood & Co., with the title of "A Woman's Poems."

Mr. Piatt's first appearance before the public, however, was in connection with William D. Howells, the present editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in a small volume of "Poems by Two Friends," published some years since in Ohio. I remember, when the book made its appearance, that "The Robin Sits in the Elm," by Mr. Howells, and "The Morning Street," by Mr. Piatt, were generally copied in our papers and much admired.

There is a tenderness and quaintness in these poems, with plaintive appeals to nature, almost woman-like. Weird and enchanting, yet, at the same time, simple and child-like, they throw a glamour over our thoughts, bright, yet gentle and soothing, like the haze of an Indian Summer sunset. The purity of the poet is like crystal. We see the husband-love, the father-love, the patriot-love, and the love of nature in all the lines, tenderly and beautifully expressed. The toils and hearty kindnesses of pioneer life, the sacredness and glory of wifehood and motherhood, the tender beauty and trust of childhood, with the light of the sunset upon "Western Windows," the glow of the firelight at home, clouds, shadows, moonrise, frost-pictures, and visions of fairy-land, are all painted in delicate and enchanting colors, which charm us with their truthfulness, while they are toned down to an exquisite softness by the hand of



genius. In the "Western Windows" we are enshrouded by the most delicious mists of fancy, through which the realities of every-day life glow beautifully upon the vision. And all his descriptions of light, in "Fire Before Seed," "Fires in Illinois," "The First Fire," "The Last Fire," "Moonrise," "The Deserted Smithy," and others, are weird, charming, and beautiful as evening's tender glow. Several life-lessons are beautifully taught by the leaves of Spring and the Autumn leaves, Mr. Piatt being almost a Druid in his tree-worship. "The Blackberry Farm" is a homely and truthful picture, and the "Pioneer's Chimney," is a finely-told story of the old family homestead, long ago deserted and gone to ruin.

"Rose and Root, a Fable of Two Lives," is a beautiful little fancy, and, as it is short, I will quote it for my readers :

"The rose aloft, in sunny air,  
Beloved alike by bird and bee,  
Takes for the dark root little care,  
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower :  
'Pride of the Summer, garden-queen,  
Why livest thou thy little hour?'  
And the rose answered, 'I am seen.'

I put my question to the root :  
'I mine the earth content,' it said ;  
'A hidden miner under foot,  
I know a rose is overhead.' "

"Taking the Night-train" is a graphic picture, humanized and made spiritual by tender and sweet emotions. The "Unheard Bell" is a sad yet beautiful history of human life, told in quaint and tender words.

"Leaves at my Window" is another lovely tribute to the green, green earth and all its beauty. "Marian's First Half-year" and "The Birthday," give out the full tenderness of a loving poet-father's heart, which sees more in its home-treasures than common eyes are given to behold. "The Ballad of a Rose," "The Buried Organ," "Folded Down," "The Bluebird's Burial," "The Book of Gold," "Frost on the Windows," and many other of these poems, evince poetic genius, quaint, tender fancy, a warm, loving nature, and a true Christian spirit. We quote below one more short poem, not so well known as "The Morning Street," but equally beautiful :

#### "THE GOLDEN HAND.

"Lo ! from the city's heat and dust,  
A Golden Hand forever thrust,  
Uplifting, from a spire on high,  
A shining finger in the sky.

I see it when the morning brings  
Fresh tides of life to living things,  
And the great world awakes : behold  
That lifted Hand in morning gold !

I see it when the noon-tide beats  
Pulses of fire in busy streets ;  
The dust flies in the flaming air ;  
Above, that quiet Hand is there.

I see it when the twilight clings  
To the dark earth with hovering wings ;  
Flashing with the last fluttering ray,  
That Golden Hand remembers day.

The midnight comes—the holy hour,  
The city, like a giant flower,  
Sleeps, full of dew ; that Hand in light,  
Of moon and stars, how weirdly bright !

Below, in many a noisy street,  
Are toiling hands and striving feet ;  
The weakest rise, the strongest fall ;  
That equal Hand is over all.

Below, in courts, to guard the land,  
Gold buys the tongue and binds the hand ;  
Stealing in God's great scales the gold,  
That awful Hand above behold.

Below, the Sabbaths walk serene,  
With the great dust of days between ;  
Preachers within their pulpits stand ;  
See, over all, that Heavenly Hand !

But the hot dust, in crowded air  
Below, arises never there ;  
O, speech of one who can not speak,  
O, Sabbath, witness of the week ! "

From a couple of pages of quotations we select two :

#### "THE MICROSCOPE AND TELESCOPE.

"Look down into the microscope, and know  
The boundless wonder in the hidden small.  
Look up into the telescope, and, lo !  
The hidden greatness in the boundless all."

#### "THE HIPPOGRIFF.

"Spurn not life's calls, though seeking higher things ;  
Earth's loving fires for the celestial levin ;  
The Hippogriff has feet as well as wings,  
For highways of the world and paths of heaven."

"King's Tavern" is an interesting reminiscence of boyhood's days, well worth quoting ; but it would take too much time and space.

It would almost seem that the name of Piatt brings genius to the possessor ; or, at least, literary talent of no mean order. Abram Sanders Piatt, an uncle of J. J., is a writer of very pretty poems, as "Sing, Cricket, Sing," and other poems in Coggeshall's book—"Poetry of the West"—will prove. He is also a political writer and editor of a newspaper. Donn Piatt, the caustic, witty, and belligerent editor of the *Washington Capital*, whose pen is against every man's almost, is, in his happy moments, a fine poetical writer. Tender and loving, with a deep undertone of sadness welling up through every line, no one could guess that the poet and the sharp editor, sneering at all things, human and divine, was the same. And I do not think he is. "Our life is twofold," was said by one greater than he ; and Donn Piatt, doubtless, lives a double life as much as Byron

or George D. Prentice ever did. Would that the poetic side of his nature, showed itself a little more frequently! His former wife, though an invalid for years, was also a fine writer, being none other than the "Belle Smith," whose brilliant letters from Paris to the Louisville *Journal* were so much admired about twenty years ago.

## LEGENDS OF SHROVE-TUESDAY.

BY JOSIE KHEM.

MOST of you, dear readers, have doubtless heard of Shrove-Tuesday, the day before Lent, when good Catholics are expected to go to confession, to be shrived from their sins and prepared to keep a holy fast. All, however, may not be familiar with the peculiar customs that were anciently kept up in Scotland and in "Merrie England." To such we will give a few legends, drawn from musty lore.

It seems that, to the worldly wise, the day was not appropriated to confessions alone, but to extra feasting in anticipation of the long fast they were about to keep. Hence Shrove-Tuesday was also known as "Pancake-day."

"Let glad Shrove-Tuesday bring the pancakes thin,  
Or fritters with rich apples stored."

The curfew-bell rang out its melodious tones as early as at four o'clock in the morning, to awaken slumberers to regale themselves upon cakes, fritters, and various other dishes of the kind, also to engage in the peculiar sports of the day.

You must remember that these early risers had had a good night's rest; for, instead of sitting up until past midnight, as is often the custom with us, the curfew (cover-fire) bell was rung regularly at eight o'clock, and every one expected to safely cover their fires and betake themselves to bed.

In speaking of this custom, one has said: "Scarcely time enough was allowed to see the sun go down, and, as for the science of astronomy, it surely must have languished in those days."

It was one of the laws which William the Conqueror ordained in England, that every fire should be covered at the ringing of the curfew-bell. But, long before this, Alfred the Great obliged the citizens of Oxford to follow this safe custom; and it is there observed, I believe, up to this day.

The curfew-bell, we are also told, received the odd name of Pancake-bell from its merrily ringing in the morning of Shrove-Tuesday, when all those who were especially

fond of such edibles might partake of them in profusion. For, from each and every house flapjacks, slapjacks, fritters, etc., were browned upon the hot griddles, that all in anticipation of the great fast might eat until he

"Can hold no more,  
Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish.  
And every man and maide doe take their turne.  
And tosse their pancakes up for feare they burne;  
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,  
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground."

Pancake-day not only had its great feasting, but there were also numerous games, ridiculous sports, masking, and revelry. A dish called *crowdie* was as popular in Scotland, upon Shrove-Tuesday, as pancakes in England. A ring was put into the dish, and the one who received it with his share, accepted it as an omen, that he or she would be married ere the rest of the company.

With the *crowdie* is also eaten the bannock junit, or "sauty bannock," which are small cakes, made of eggs and meal, mixed with salt to make them "sauty," and then baked upon a gridiron. These bannocks are said to have a charm in them, by which the lads and lassies may discover the future partners of their joys and sorrows.

Then, too, in Scotland, there is the bannock broude or dreaming-cakes. They contain a little soot from the chimney, and the person baking them must be careful not to utter a word, lest the charm which is invoked should be dispelled. Each person takes one of these mysteriously baked cakes, and goes quietly off to bed, where it is placed beneath the pillow to provoke ecstatic visions of sweethearts or lovers. No doubt from this custom arose that of dreaming on wedding-cake.

We find one of the customs of Shrove-Tuesday, as far back as 1440, was for a certain personage to go about crowned as king of the year. He was mounted on horseback, his horse covered with "tinsel and flaunty." He was preceded by the twelve months of the year, all dressed appropriately to their season. After them came Lent, most singularly dressed in pure white, tricked out with herring-skins, while the horse he rode was decorated with oyster-shells, "in token that sadness shulde folowe, and an holy tyme."

A very sad and holy time, indeed, we should think, *fasting* upon herring, oysters, lobsters, and dainty fish of all kinds.

When this odd procession of the mounted months rode through the streets, it was followed by many other horsemen, dressed in fantastic costumes. There were monks and monarchs, philosophers and fools. Representations of

birds, with huge wings, and fearful-looking animals which took delight in frightening children.

These doings, recorded of Shrove-Tuesday, are similar to the Romish Carnival. At first it was a feast of three days before Ash-Wednesday; the earliest accounts of which are during the time of Pope Gregory the Great, in 600. It is, no doubt, the origin of the present carnival, or "Fasching," as it is called, in the South of Germany, and which continues in that country from Twelfth-day to Ash-Wednesday.

Previous to the commencement of their long abstinence, men devoted themselves to enjoyment, particularly during the last days of the carnival. The carnival is nothing but the Saturnalia of the Christian Romans, who could not forget their pagan festivals. At least, it is said "greatly to resemble the Saturnalia which were celebrated annually in December with all kinds of mirth, pleasure, and freedom, in honor of Saturn and the Golden Age, when he governed the world, and to preserve the remembrance of the liberty and equality of men in the youth of the world."

During the last days of the carnival, and particularly during the day which preceded the long fast, numerous plays, tricks, and freedom of every kind abounded. From Italy the modern Saturnalia passed to the other Christian countries of Europe. The carnival of modern times is celebrated with the greatest show and spirit at Venice and Rome, and in this country at New Orleans.

Now, to return to Shrove-Tuesday, which has also been called "foot-ball day," since, in many places, it was devoted to the playing of that game. What rendered the game most amusing is, that it was usually a contest between married and unmarried men. It would take up too much time and space to give a full description of this race. In Scotland, at Inverness, in the far-famed county of Mid-Lothian, it is said, "the women assert their rights by also playing a game of foot-ball."

In some of the English towns the shops are closed at Shrove-tide, and the people all join in the game of foot-ball. A writer says: "Early in the morning the work of protecting the windows is commenced by nailing pieces of lath across them, lest they be broken by the ball. The ball is carried from door to door until noon, and a small sum of money asked for. At twelve o'clock the ball is turned loose, and every one who can, gives it a kick. A scene of great liveliness then ensues, and when the sport is over, a repast is furnished with the money procured in the morning."

The Saturday preceding Lent is called "Egg

Feast," and woe to the unlucky hen who does not lay eggs, for it is condemned to die. An especially fat hen was usually thrashed in this way: It was slung on the back of the owner, who was dressed in a fantastic style. He also wore a number of horse-bells as a guide to his pursuers, who were all blindfolded. They were placed in an inclosure with boughs in their hands. As a given signal, the man with his fat hen danced around, while those with boughs, following the sound of the bells, chased after to thrash the hen; often, of course, hitting the man instead. Sometimes he would manage to get behind his pursuers, and the blindfolded would thrash each other. This nonsense was kept up until the hen was killed. It was afterward boiled with bacon, and served with a plentiful supply of fritters and pancakes. Thus originated the quaint lines:

"At Shrove-tide to Shroving, go thrashing the fat hen;  
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy man."

There were also numerous sports with the cock, many of them quite cruel. We will here give one: "The cock was placed in an earthen vessel, made for the purpose, in which only his head and tail were visible. This was suspended from a line, which was stretched across the street, about a dozen feet from the ground. There he swung for many hours as a target for those who wished to make a trial of their skill, in hitting a poor, defenseless bird, until he who broke the vessel and delivered the captive, received him as a trophy."

Among ancient legends of Shrove-Tuesday, we find the original of "Jack o' Lantern." It is from a puppet called "Jack o' Lent," which was thrown about by children of olden times. Another peculiar custom was pelting the doors of houses with all sorts of broken china, such as had been accumulated during the year. It is thus described by one of our writers: "Throwing crockery against doors was usually done by small boys, who went round in parties, with a leader. He went up alone to each door, rapped, and, upon being admitted, recited the following verse:

"I be come a throwing,  
For a little pankiak,  
A bit o' bread o' your own baking,  
Or a little truckle o' cheese o' your own miaking.  
If you gi' me little, I'll ax no more,  
If you do n't gi' me nothing, I'll rattle your door."

And woe to the housekeeper who refused this small request; for, no sooner did the door close upon the mischievous, unsuccessful little beggar, than a perfect storm of crockery flew angrily to pieces against it. Sometimes the asking for bread and cheese is omitted, and every door is pelted, as a matter of course."

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Our Foreign Department.

It has been a matter of some surprise to the world, that the barbarous and but partially civilized Russia should have so large a proportion of female students in some of the universities of the Continent, where they are permitted to receive an instruction which has hitherto been regarded as only adapted to the masculine mind. But the real truth in the case is, that Russian women exert a very large influence in the affairs of their country, and are not unfrequently controlling factors in public as well as private matters. They have at times appeared on the stage as rulers of the realm, with great credit. The Empress Catherine was one of the most noted rulers of Russian history; and several of her female successors have been scarcely less distinguished for their power in shaping the events of their time. And the secret of their power is largely owing to their interest in founding higher institutions of learning for their sex; for scarcely one of the prominent women of the Russian dynasties has neglected to leave behind her some monument of this kind. Catherine the Great founded a high-school for daughters of the nobles, that they might become more fitting companions to their lords. She procured an ancient cloister for this purpose, and naturally retained much of the convent character in her retreat. Young girls, to the number of five hundred, were received at the age of six years, and not released till they arrived at eighteen; and during all this time they had but little intercourse with their parents. They were not only educated and cared for gratuitously, but, on leaving the institute, received a dowry, if their record had been satisfactory, of some two thousand dollars for the daughters of nobles, and one hundred for those of the citizen class. This distinction extended also to dress, food, and acquirements. The aristocrats received fine, and the others coarse, garments; the former were instructed in the languages and accomplishments of society, while the latter were taught to sew, wash, and cook. Now, this was all very sensible in Catherine's day; for, to her, class distinction was a necessary ingredient of society, and she desired each class to be educated for its sphere. A successor of Catherine continued and extended her idea of female education. Maria Feodorowna, widow of Paul the First, who devoted herself entirely to benevolent labors, left all her immense fortune for the support of institutions for the instruction of girls; and the

administration of this fund has now a special department in the Government finances. These institutions, however, are nearly all devoted to the education of the higher and noble classes. The present empress takes a great interest in all these establishments, and, with the court, is almost always present at the distribution of prizes on special occasions. But she has taken a long step in advance of her predecessors, by doing for the middle, or citizen, classes what those ladies did for the nobles. She is a German princess by birth, and brought with her from home a high estimate of a sound education. She appointed a special agent to organize these schools, and by her influence succeeded in diverting into this channel some of the funds belonging to the other schools. But the difficulty of supplying these with means led her to appeal to the Ministry of Instruction for special grants, which are now given, for higher schools for the girls of the middle classes. She began this labor some twenty years ago, and now there are in Russia about fifty high-schools and one hundred intermediate schools for girls, besides two of still more advanced grade, in St. Petersburg, which might be justly termed female colleges. From these come forth about one thousand young ladies annually, with certificates of completed studies. The expense is paid partly by the General Government, and in part by grants from the cities and provinces; and the system is so popular that all these institutions are on the increase. There are now in St. Petersburg six schools of the higher grade, one preparatory school, and a normal institute. In Moscow there are four of the first class, containing over twelve hundred pupils. And these are not sufficient—the call is still for more. These institutions all make it their special aim to arouse and develop the intellectual powers, and especially to enable young girls to prepare themselves for some independent career. The result is a race of very rare women, somewhat masculine and commanding in tone and bearing, it is true, but women who understand themselves, and who are quite as ready to sustain their lords as to lean on them.

In contradistinction to this, one is pained to consider the character of popular literature at present in France, especially that which is disseminated among the poor and ignorant, with the view of fostering political agitation under the garb of piety. All



sorts of superstitious tracts, in the interests of the Ultramontane party, are distributed with a boldness that defies reason and common sense. At a late religious festival there was found, at the foot of a crucifix within the altar, a "Letter from God." In this epistle, God announces to his readers that he will give them signs of his just anger and terrible wrath in case they do not improve, and believe the truths taught them by their priests; and these signs will consist of war, famine, frequent deaths, loss of cattle by plagues, etc. And the letter closes thus: "Those who do not believe that this letter is written by my hand, I will smite with disease and other infirmities. And all who buy and keep in their houses a copy of this letter can never be injured by evil spirits, fire, lightning, fever, thunder, or other mishap;" and then come passages that one can not with modesty print. And so the letter continues to detail the veriest ribaldry and nonsense with sacred things, to an ignorant and frivolous people, who are as clay in the hands of the potter. And, finally, only two cents will buy a copy of this famous letter, for continual preservation in the house. And the people who are ready and willing to be swindled by this rascality are incredibly numerous in France. At the bookstands along the Seine, in Paris, and even in the bookstores, are to be found the "Annals of Lourdes and La Salette"—the famous shrines and sacred fountains. And one is also offered "The Messenger from the Sacred Heart of Jesus," the "Art of Treating with God," the "Sacred Virginity; or, the Great Advantage of the Hidden Treasures." The same bookstores offer rosaries, and bands with pious knots, charms direct from Rome, flasks of clear water as antidotes for all present and future diseases. During the past season the trade in miraculous waters has been very extensive, and the priests seem to be largely interested in it; for they take every means of advertising it in religious journals and circulars. In a late number of a monthly report, issued for some nine years by the priest of La Salette, with the permission of his bishop, may be found the following: "Although God can make human remedies superfluous, they may be used in connection with these waters in order that one may not be censured for being careless; but the cure comes from 'our lady,' the Virgin." It is strange and sad that such miserable humbug can be carried on with the sanction of the Church and the connivance of the political authorities; but it is, alas! too true.

THAT famous authoress and personally excellent woman, Louisa Mühlbach, is no more. She was the faithful wife of no ordinary man—Professor Theodore Mundt—and for the last twelve years, as his widow, has, by her fertile and busy pen, respectably and handsomely supported herself and family. One can not but respect the loyal wife and devoted mother, and admire the domestic virtues and social qualities of the authoress; but beyond this, honest criticism can scarcely proceed. Louisa Mühlbach has written some pretty good stories, and a few things that one might desire to see outlive her; but to take the total

result of her immense literary activity, it were better for German literature and the progress of true and valuable culture that they were never written. The good lady was rarely gifted in her way, and her activity was so extraordinary and tireless that she seemed to issue her historical romances as if by machinery. But these unfortunately gained a popularity among a class who thereby lost all taste for solid history, or the power to acquire it. It is certain that this misuse of talent for the mere purposes of amusement has been the means of turning man from a course of useful study, in the false impression that this was history enough, at least for the feminine minds, which were the most eager to devour her endless romances, some of them in sixteen volumes. Madame Mühlbach could not, in this way, find the time to do justice to the merest outlines of truth, or indulge in any thing but romancing, in the literal sense of the word. Her histories were attractive to a certain class who were too indolent to think for themselves, or to follow an earnest, honest train of thought, and were pleased to flatter themselves that they learned something of history in the productions of the authoress. But her writings were frothy and valueless, though at times chatty and genial; their success has done more real harm than they themselves, for they have given incitement to a class of cheap novels from base imitators that are little better than our detestable "Dime Novels." There is no royal road to this species of knowledge, as there is none to any; and this sugar-plum sort of study demoralizes the intellect that feeds upon it. The sooner the translations of her works, so widely scattered in this country, are consigned to the back shelves, the better.

Of all the German painters who exhibited their works at the Vienna Exposition, the artist Knaus bore off the palm. The mothers all voted for him, because of his inimitable way of depicting the little ones in all their sports. He proved to be on canvas what Oscar Pletch is with the crayon and the engraving. The sweet, pretty babies, with plump cheeks and fat arms, seem verily to be chuckling under his brush, and the children's groups are unapproachable. One of the larger of these represents a funeral on a cold Winter morning, when the school children of a little hamlet are gathered as the simple choristers of the modest obsequies. It is a masterpiece of physiological perfection in the various attitudes of the figures and solemn expression of the childish faces. Knaus deals entirely in what are called *genre* pictures, and his latest in this line was at the Exposition. It was a group of peasants in consultation, which, in color and treatment, had no rival in all the German collection. And without waiting for the decision of the jury as to its value, a rich fellow-countryman gave him the highest price that has been perhaps ever paid for a simple easel picture—thirty-six thousand dollars! A man who can delineate the children with such a golden pencil, certainly deserves our regard and mention. Let us, therefore, not forget the homely cognomen of Knaus.

AMONG the highlands of Bavaria there is a beautiful island in the Lake Chiem See, which has, from days immemorial, been the retreat, in the high Summer-time, of the artists of Munich, for the purpose of sketching its beautiful scenery. The hostess of their favorite inn was an excellent honest woman, who, in connection with these knights of the brush, led a most remarkable career. Widow Thurmser had really become a power in the artistic world, and closely connected with the remarkable art-development of Munich, from the fact that for many years all that was most respected in art in the Bavarian Athens gathered at her board, and became intimately connected with her family. A few weeks ago the

old lady was borne to her grave by a crowd of the Munich artists, who all have the kindest memories of their former friend, and several of whom found their wives in the little island of which she was the domestic queen. The proud and refined ladies, who are now the consorts of Haushofer, the famous landscapist, and Christopher Ruben, Director of the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, were once simple peasant girls of the Island of Chiem See. That these all often think of the Artists' Retreat and its faithful hostess, is quite natural; and the fame which they have given to it with their pencil, seems also to belong to the old lady so closely identified with them.

### Art Notes.

—THE *Industrial Monthly* is giving its subscribers a series of articles on wood-carving, in which instructions are given to amateurs. The articles are well worthy the attention of those who are making a pastime of this beautiful art.

—Mr. F. H. Kimball, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been employed by the trustees of Trinity College to go to England and draw the working plans for the new college-buildings. He will probably remain until next May. These new buildings will probably be among the most pretentious collegiate buildings in the United States.

—We notice a new art, that seems likely to supplant the ordinary chromo-lithograph in the copying of art-works. This is called the "stone color-printing." It is a species of lithograph; yet there seems to be a much more delicate and harmonious blending of the colors, together with luminous qualities, especially in sky tints, which are far more brilliant and satisfactory than work done by the old process. We rejoice in every new improvement by which more and more exact copies of great paintings can be furnished the mass of the people at cheap rates.

—The *Inland Magazine*, of St. Louis, in speaking of the portrait-painter Hinchey, of St. Louis, in high terms of praise, says: "This element of animation, this soul which is perceived breathing through the canvas, revealing the disposition of the mind of the person painted, true to its intrinsic spiritual impulse, harmonious with the peculiar social culture indulged and displayed, expressed through the features of a certain individuality which characterizes only the person represented,—this portraiture of the real being is an honor to the artist who conceives and executes the work; and to the fortunate friend, possessor, a precious treasure."

—The recent exhibition of drawings of scholars of the public-schools of Boston has been very largely attended. The proofs of advancement, under the directorship of Mr. Walter Smith, are so decided

that the public are greatly rejoiced. The training of eye and hand and mind, shown in this exhibition, is most marked. Moreover, the large increase in the numbers of Mr. Smith's normal-class testifies to the value placed on his personal instructions, as well as the growing interest in a most important branch of education. Great credit is due the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in trying an experiment on so grand and generous a scale.

—Professor Kullak, the head of the leading Conservatory of Music in Berlin, highly commends the superior musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, which the United States is sending to Germany. Some of his finest scholars are from America; among whom are W. H. Sherwood, of Rochester, New York; Mr. Ort, of Boston, who has had the unusual advantage of two Summers with Liszt; and Mr. Eddy, from Massachusetts, who, says Professor Haupt, has more real genius than any scholar he has ever had. Mr. Eddy has given organ concerts in most of the large cities of Germany; and in Vienna particularly, a city more critical than Berlin, he was received with the most unbounded applause, and the severest critics could not but own his wonderful talent.

—The *Atlantic*, in a recent number, speaks most favorably of M. Frédéric Boskowitz, a young Hungarian pianist, who has lately come to Boston: "Judging from the little that we have heard of his playing, and that, too, in a most unfavorable hall, we should hail him as a most valuable and solid addition to our already brilliant array of resident pianists. In a pupil of Liszt, great executive ability and dashing *verve* in playing is never surprising; and in this respect M. Boskowitz more than satisfies all expectations we may have been led to form of him. His playing also shows that exquisite delicacy that can only come from great strength. In the light and graceful as well as the strong and fiery phases of piano-forte playing, he is alike excellent."

— Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," has written to the Paris *Figaro*, offering to abandon for a year all the profits accruing from his "author's rights" to that opera, the sum thus gained by the management to go toward aiding the workmen thrown out of employment by the burning of the building.

— In the late necrological record we note the recent decease of John Evan Thomas, the English sculptor, a pupil of Sir Francis Chantrey; and also of the celebrated Italian sculptor, Constantino Corti, whose colossal statue of "Lucifer" attracted so much attention at the London Exposition.

— Madame Nilsson is endearing herself not only to her countrymen, but to the American public, by her generous aid afforded, from time to time, to charitable societies. Her last act of generosity was in appearing in a concert, in December, in behalf of the "Scandinavian Emigrant Protective Society." This Society is doing a noble work, and the receipts from this concert were worthy of the object of the artist.

— Among other announcements of art interest we notice the "Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer," by F. S. Stephens, illustrated by twenty-four reproductions of some of Landseer's most important paintings. Also, a work on Mendelssohn, entitled, "Recollections and Letters," by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne. Dr. Hiller was an intimate friend of the great musician, and hence will produce a work of exceptional interest.

— A matter of musical interest is the partnership entered into by M. Strakosch and M. Merelli. These managers now have the charge of the opera-houses of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the Paris Italiens. The San Carlo of Naples is soon to be added, and others will be secured. The great object of this combination is to break down the high scale of prices now demanded by "stars" for their services. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but we wish that high opera might be afforded at lower rates than the public are now compelled to pay. Yet we have little expectation that it is to be reached by this combination.

— We have before made mention of the erection of a worthy monument to Count Cavour, at Turin. Recently the ceremony of the unveiling of this monument took place. Among the guests were King Victor Emmanuel, Prince Humbert, Prince Amadeus, and Count Sclopis. The Mayor of Turin eloquently summed up the eminent services done by the great statesman to the cause of the country, and thanked the great dignitaries of the State who, on this occasion, had honored the old Piedmontese capital with their presence. The king followed the mayor in a few words of tribute to the great statesman, after which the monument was inspected by the vast assemblage. Cavour is represented standing on a lofty pedestal, robed in Roman garb, with a half-naked woman, signifying Italy, kneeling at his feet, clinging to him in a loving attitude, and holding up to his breast a wreath intended for his brow. On the pedestal, and around the main figures, are well-grouped allegorical statues, in a variety of attitudes, repre-

senting Right, Duty, Progress, and other ideas. The emblems and cognizances of the principal Italian cities are carved on the four sides of the pedestal.

— The *Overland Monthly* gives a good account of the artists who have been studying on the Pacific slope. Bierstadt, Hill, Keith, and others have enriched their folios with some remarkable studies of the wonderful scenery of the Pacific Coast and among the Sierras. "Hill's studies of high mountain scenery, of lakes and snow-peaks and canons, are remarkably fresh, vigorous, and honest." It speaks of one of Keith's pictures as follows: "From one of his numerous sketches of the Russian River, he has painted a large scene near the mouth of the river, where it breaks through purple and hazy ridges and low golden foot-hills into the ocean, whose mists are rolling up in the distance. This is a strikingly faithful transcript of one of the most lovely bits of coast-range scenery, rich in color, harmonious in composition, and poetical in sentiment. . . . The organization of the Graphic Club, whose members meet weekly to sketch on impromptu themes and exchange art-ideas, has done much to stimulate a wholesome competition among our painters."

— We noticed, some months since, the bequest to the British Museum of a collection of Oriental calligraphs, by Mr. Frederick Ayrton. It now seems that the Museum has declined the bequest under the conditions attached by Mr. Ayrton; namely, that a separate room should be provided, and that the collector's secretary—a young Oriental of great promise—should be employed for three or four years, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year, to draw up a catalogue of the contents. To estimate the value of this collection, it must be remembered that, owing to the traditional prejudice among the Moslems against delineative personification, calligraphy stands in the East much in the same relation as painting and sculpture in the West. Thus these seven hundred rare works of calligraphy would be representative largely of Oriental art for five hundred years.

— A project has been set on foot to commemorate the Tichborne trial by a grand historical picture. The capital is set down at £20,000, to be raised by 400,000 shares, of one shilling each.

— An important discovery is announced as having been recently made in Pompeii. Near the Sabine Gate has been excavated a tanner's shop, with all the instruments of the trade within. These are similar to those used in the trade at the present day.

— Says a writer in the *Portfolio*: "But a change is coming over the landscape of Germany; for just as in figure-painting, the high historic has given place to the low domestic, so in landscape-art, a high horizon is surrendered to lowlands. Formerly, a painter of Munich or Düsseldorf invaded nine-tenths of his sky with snow-mountains, the remaining one-tenth being reserved for a tempest; but now, Herr Lier leads the way to green pastures and tranquil streams. The coloring, too, is as much transmuted as the composition. Instead of purple and black, quiet



harmony is educed out of tender grays. Thus it will be understood that German and French landscape, long discovered, are at last assimilating."

—Gustave Doré has begun his illustration of Shakespeare. The "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "Macbeth" are to be first attempted.

—The British National Gallery has acquired a picture of Andrea Mantegna at a very great cost. It seems that Andrea Mantegna originally painted this work for a member of the Cornari family at Venice. It has just been purchased by the Government from Captain Ralph Vivian, whose father brought the treasure to England.

—The collection of antiquities made by Mr. George Smith during his late expedition to Assyria has been presented to the British nation by the proprietors of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. T. W.

Jones, writing to these gentlemen on behalf of the trustees of the British Museum, says: "The trustees have directed me to request that you will accept their best thanks for this munificent donation of a class of antiquities which could not have been acquired by purchase, and which could only have been secured by a special mission and excavations such as have been carried on under your auspices." Why will not Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, take the hint and acquire an enviable reputation, as well as advertise his wares, by fitting out an expedition to excavate some site of a former civilization?

—It is said that members of the Royal Academy are agitating the question of placing in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, a proper memorial of Sir Edwin Landseer and other great artists who are buried there.

## Current History.

SUMMARY OF SPANISH HISTORY FOR NOVEMBER.—4th, General Loma, Republican commander, was defeated by the Carlists.—8th, A severe engagement took place at Miranda de Arga, Province of Navarre. General Moriones commanded the Government troops. The victory was at first claimed by the Carlists, but at last proved very uncertain.—12th, A battle took place near the battle-ground of the 8th between the Carlists and Republicans, again resulting in a great victory for the former. The Republicans are said to have lost thirteen hundred men and the Carlists two hundred.—13th, The insurgent forts at Cartagena opened a heavy fire upon the land and naval forces of the Government.—14th, Cannonading continued all day, notwithstanding a violent storm. The city received fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition. The British Consul was the only representative of a foreign government who remained in the place. Don Carlos struck a medal in commemoration of the victory claimed by the Carlists in the recent battle at Miranda.—16th, The Carlist chieftain Dorregaray occupied Los Arcos. General Moriones retired to Logrono to await the result of the ministerial crisis in Madrid.—21st, Don Alphonzo, brother of Don Carlos, was appointed generalissimo of the Carlist forces. Intelligence has been received that all of four hundred Republicans in the Province of Almeria were either killed or captured by the Carlists.—22d, A plot to surrender Cartagena to the National forces was discovered in that city, and all the military leaders except Contreras were arrested. Contreras and Galvez became sole rulers. A terrible cannonade and fusillade followed, and it was believed the military element had made efforts to liberate their commanders, and were shelled by the forts, which were manned by convicts. The National forces besieging Cartagena remained passive during

the firing. Contreras was afterward arrested on suspicion.—25th, The North German squadron formed in line of battle before Cartagena to enforce a demand upon the insurgents for the restoration of twenty-five thousand pesetas which had been extorted from the German subjects in the city. Upon notice that a refusal would be followed by a bombardment, the insurgents paid the money.—26th, Cartagena was bombarded eight hours by the land-batteries. The commandant and several other officers were killed. The arsenal and barracks were the chief marks for the besiegers' artillery, but the cathedral and hospital were also struck. The theater, the Protestant church, and two entire streets were destroyed, and two hundred persons killed and wounded within the city.—29th, Firing was renewed fiercely at Cartagena by both sides, after the termination of a four-hours' armistice obtained by the officers of the foreign squadron.—December 1st, The insurgents at Cartagena ceased firing at 2 P. M.—2d, The insurgents again opened a feeble fire on the Government works. An order was promulgated that in view of the definitive establishment of the Republic of Spain, the royal insignia be removed from the flags and standards of the army.

—The postmaster-general presented his Annual Report to the Cabinet. The following is a synopsis: The ordinary revenues of this department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1873, were \$22,996,741, and the expenditures of all kinds, \$29,084,945. For the year ended June 30, 1872, the ordinary revenues were \$21,915,426, and the expenditures, \$26,658,192. In 1873, there was an increase of revenue over 1872 of \$1,081,315, or 4.93 per cent, and an increase of expenditures of \$2,426,753, or 9.10 per cent. A comparison of 1873 with 1871 shows an increase in rev-



enues of \$2,959,696, or 14.42 per cent, and an increase of expenditures of \$4,694,841, or 19.24 per cent. The increase of stamps, stamped envelopes, etc., issued over last fiscal year, are \$1,329,000. There has been a gain during the year on through-time mails between New York and San Francisco of two days going westward, and of one day going eastward. The gains on other great through-lines have been proportionate. The number of railway post-office lines in operation is 59, extending over 15,000 miles of road.

— M. Batbie, Minister of Public Worship, has just addressed a letter to the Bishops of France, requesting them to give orders that, in all the churches under their charge, public prayers shall be offered up the first Sunday after the meeting of the Chamber, to ask the blessing of Heaven on the labors of that body.

— November 7th, Sir John Duke Coleridge was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, *vice* Sir W. Bovill, deceased.

— November 5th, the Canadian Ministry resigned, and a new Cabinet was formed, composed as follows: Alex. M'Kenzie and Mr. M'Donald, of Glengarry; Mr. Cartwright and Senator Christie, from Ontario; Hons. Dorian and Halton and Mr. Fournier, from Quebec; Mr. Smith, of Westmoreland, and Mr. Burple, of St. John, from New Brunswick; Mr. Killam and Mr. Coffin, from Nova Scotia; and Mr. Laerd, from Prince Edward's Island.

— The following is a complete list of the new French Ministry, announced November 26th: Minister of the Interior, Duke de Broglie; Foreign Affairs, Duke de Cazes; War, General Du Barail; Finances, M. Pierre Magne; Justice, M. De Heyre; Public Instruction and Worship, M. Fourton; Agriculture and Commerce, M. Deseilligny; Public Works, M. De Larcy; Marine, Admiral D'Hornoy. M. M. Beule Ernoul and Aul Batbie are the members of the previous Ministry who have retired.

— The important Credit Mobilier suit, which was tried in Hartford last March, has just been decided by United States Judges Hunt and Shipman. The motion to dissolve the injunction is granted on the ground that the frauds on the Government were too remote to be reached by the present process, or any other. The point of jurisdiction was decided in favor of the Government.

— The American steamer *Virginus* was captured, with all on board, by the Spanish gunboat *Tornado*, near Jamaica, on the 31st of October. She had one hundred and seventy passengers and a crew, who, with the vessel and cargo, were brought to Santiago de Cuba. On the 7th of November the captain and thirty-six of the crew were executed at Santiago de Cuba, and on the next day, the 8th, twelve more of the Cuban volunteers on the vessel were shot. Among the latter was Franchi Alfaro. Our Government at once asked reparation of Spain; and it was agreed between the two Governments that Spain should surrender the *Virginus* and all of her surviving passengers and crew; that at a given time

(December 25th), she would salute the American flag, unless before that time, she was able to show that the *Virginus* was not deserving of our protection. In case it should be proved that the *Virginus* was an American vessel, and entitled to our protection, Spain agreed to commence prosecution against the capturing and executing parties.

— There are now nearly one million Protestants in France.

— The Rothschilds announce a Russian five per cent loan of \$75,000,000.

— Locomotives are now heated in Russia with the raw petroleum of the Volga.

— A Polyglot journal, printed in Italian, French, German, and Russian, will shortly be brought out at Florence.

— Switzerland exports \$43,000,000 worth of manufactured silks annually, and the manufacture there is rapidly increasing.

— Sir Henry Thompson, the celebrated English surgeon, has become convinced that alcohol works harm to its consumers, and has become a teetotaler.

— The enormous number of three thousand pupils assembled at Tokei, Japan, recently, to begin their studies at the Polytechnic School, which was then opened by the emperor.

— The expense of running railroads in Italy is enormous. Every ton of coal is bought in England, costing ten dollars (gold) per ton, and transported at an enormous cost to Italy.

— The clock of St. Pierre, at Zurich, has a dial-plate twenty-eight feet in diameter, the largest in the world. Electricity will be used as the motive power of the clock.

— The German Minister of Finance has decided to sell 20,000,000 thalers of disused silver to the United States Government, which is the highest bidder.

— There are twenty-five ships for the British Navy now in course of construction in England, consisting chiefly of sloops and frigates, with two torpedo vessels and two turret-ships of 10,886 tons, and seven thousand horse-power.

— The Hoosac Tunnel was opened from end to end on November 27th. This is no doubt one of the greatest achievements of engineering skill on record in this or any preceding century. The work was begun over thirty years ago.

— Nine hundred and forty thousand operatives are employed in the production of iron in the United States; 42,000 of these are employed in preparing ore and fuel; 25,000 in preparing fuel for rolling-mills; 42,000 in the rolling-mills; 12,500 in blast-furnaces; and 3,500 in bloomeries; 800,000 are engaged in manufacturing articles of iron. Thus we have a total of 940,000 men employed in the iron interest. The value of pig-iron manufactured last year was \$75,000,000. The product of the rolling-mills and forges was \$63,000,000, and the value of other manufactures was \$762,000,000; and the entire value of manufactured iron for the year was \$900,000,000.

— Nearly two thousand different forms are printed for the British War-office, and the cost of stationery and printing for the whole of the Government office is about £300,000 per annum.

— M. Magne, the French Minister of Finance, estimates the expense of the Franco-Prussian War, for France, at about \$1,727,800,000.

— Intelligence has been received here that a famine prevails in Greenland, caused by the failure of the fisheries. In one village alone, one hundred and fifty persons have starved to death.

— Senator Vigliana, the new Italian Minister of Grace and Justice, has, it is said, completed his labors for the formation of a penal code by which other punishments are substituted for that of death.

— At two o'clock on the morning of the 23d, the *Ville du Havre* came in collision with the British ship *Loch Erne*, from London for New York, and sunk shortly after. Two hundred and twenty-six of the persons on the *Ville du Havre* were lost. The *Trimountain* saved eighty-seven passengers, and brought them to Cardiff.

— Denmark has now, the German papers announce, fulfilled its part of the Treaty of Prague, by delivering up to Germany the archives of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. These archives are so bulky as to fill eighty-seven packing-cases, and they constitute the entire cargo of a ship which has just arrived at Schleswig.

— A fire at Stamboul, says the *Levant Herald*, has destroyed the library of Ahmed Paris Effendi, the Arabic scholar, editor of the Arabic paper (the *Juvali*), and author of an Arabic dictionary. Most of his manuscripts were saved, except the notes, which the sheik has been for many years collecting, on the principles of Arabic and English rhetoric.

— In Egypt, mummies have been found with teeth filled with gold; and in Quito a skeleton has been discovered with false teeth, secured in the cheek-bone by gold wires. In the museum at Naples, among some of the surgical instruments discovered at Pompeii, there is a *fac-simile* of Sim's speculum. In the ruins of Nineveh, Layard found several magnifying-glasses.

— Mr. Charles Nordhoff states that attendance upon schools is more general in the Sandwich Islands than anywhere else in the world. Out of a school population of 8,931 (six to fifteen years of age), 8,287 are in actual attendance at the 2,455 schools. Attendance is enforced by law, and, as a result, scarcely a Hawaiian can be found who is unable to read and write.

— A discovery has just been made, in the excavations at Pompeii, of another skeleton, apparently that of a man about fifty years of age. The cast formed in the ashes was admirable, and is in fact much more exact than those hitherto found. The supposition is, that the deceased was ill, and that, his strength failing him in his flight, he lay down resting his cheek on his left-hand, such being the position in which he was found.

— The director of the Imperial Russian Telegraph has given his consent to the free transmission, within the boundaries of the Russian Empire, of messages announcing astronomical discoveries. The free exchange of such messages was previously confined to the United States and France, *via* the Atlantic cable and the local telegraph-lines.

— The museum at Leyden, Holland, contains a pulley, with fragments of rope attached, that was dug up some years ago in Egypt, and which is held by antiquaries to indicate that the ancient Egyptians were acquainted with the use of the implement. The sides of the pulley are of tamarisk-wood, and the roller, or sheave, of firs. The rope appears to have been made from fiber of the date-tree.

— The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist Cloister of Hanle (Thibet), where twenty priests live, at the enormous height of 16,500 feet. There are other cloisters at a nearly equal height which are inhabited all the year round, in the Province of Guari Khorsum, upon the banks of Lakes Monsaraour and Bakous.

— The Etruscan Museum of Florence has lately been enriched by the acquisition of a beautiful marble sarcophagus, found in a tomb at Tarquini, in the Mareme, the sides of which are frescoed in the highest style of Grecian art, with a battle of Amazons and kindred subjects. Some of the heads are wonderfully fine in expression, and the horses and general action most vividly spirited. The Museum paid 23,000 francs for it.

— Don Joaquin de Costa, a gentleman of Bogota, New Grenada, is reported to have found on one of his estates a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians from Sidonia in the year IX or X of the reign of Hiram, contemporary of Solomon, about ten centuries before the Christian era. The block has an inscription of eight lines, written in fine characters, but without separation of words, or punctuation.

— Considerable progress is now being made with the rebuilding of the library of the Louvre, for which a sum of 700,000 francs was voted by the National Assembly. The works were being carried on under the superintendence of M. Lefuel, the architect of the Tuileries. A great scaffolding has been erected, along each stage of which is laid a railway, along which the materials are conveyed in wagons. As nearly all the books have been burned, the new building is not to be used as a library, but will form a portion of the offices of the Ministry of Finance.

— The London *Hour* says it has trustworthy information that, by the privately expressed wish of Pius IX, the cardinals have been in consultation, and have selected Cardinal Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia, for next Pope. He was born in 1810, and became cardinal in 1853; is a hard-working bishop; is called an Ultramontane, but he would, no doubt, live on terms of amity with the Italian Government. Even the freethinkers of Italy greatly respect Cardinal Pecci.

## Note, Query, Anecdote, and Incident.

**SCHOLASTIC TRIFLERS.**—A slavish adherence to the ideas and style of Greek and Roman writers was characteristic of scholars in Western Europe even so late as the seventeenth century. It required a bold thinker to emancipate himself from such a following. A worshiper of Aristotle, in those times, could refuse to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he might irreverently perceive stars that had not been seen by the Greek sage. Claude Belurger learned Homer by heart, and carried his verses always on his person, repeating them instead of prayers at church. He carried his infatuation so far as to visit the plains of Troy, where he lost his life. A Jesuit, Kaspar Knitelius, taught that the seven words in the first of the four spurious lines prefixed to the *Æneid*, *Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena*, were so many arguments in proof of the necessity of practicing the virtue of humility. Lawyers pushed cases home with classical comparisons, clinching them frequently with Horace's *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*. But when a fable could be got that required no mutation of name; when Tibullus, for example, could be quoted literally against some poor girl who really had been called by her parents *Nææra*, the argument was held to be complete. One advocate, terrible by his skill in finding homonyms of this kind, could not be faced on his own ground until he had stumbled once, and made himself ridiculous. This he did at the close of a powerful and ingenious speech against one M. Meauder, whose name he had read in his instructions as Meander, and upon whose tortuous ways, as well as upon all points that belonged to his geography and history, the lawyer had dilated with superb effect, until the terrified object of his denunciation suddenly cleared his character by shouting, "Sir, my name is Meauder, not Meander." The whole argument before the court fell into ruin, nor had the lawyer ingenuity or presence of mind enough to reconstruct it.

**HOW THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS WAS "SOLD."**—During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with Prince Volkousky, high steward, the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto that the emperor laughed immoderately; and then, to the horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off." "T is physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. "Nonsense," said Nicholas; "I insist on its being done." Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and with a promptitude and presence of mind that prob-

ably saved him, he buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and assuming the imperial part to the best of his power, strode across the room and back, then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried in the exact tone and manner of the czar: "Volkousky, pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver rubles." The emperor was, for a moment, disconcerted; but recovering himself, with a faint smile, he ordered the money to be paid.

**CHOPPING LOGIC.**—Every college boy knows the old sophism called "The Liar," over which it is said that Philæus puzzled himself to death: If you say of yourself "I lie," and in so doing you tell the truth, you lie. But if you say "I lie," and in so doing tell a lie, you tell the truth. But none could beat the mediæval monks in their ability to chop logic. Over the remains of one of those old monkish masters of logic the following epitaph was inscribed:

"Hic jacet magister noster  
Qui disputavit bis aut ter,  
In *Barbara* et *Celarent*  
Ita ut omnes admirarent,  
In *Fapesmo* et *Frisesimorum*:  
Orate pro animas eorum."

Which, in a horribly bad translation, might stand thus:

"Here our master is laid low  
Who in logic made great show;  
He could in *Barbara* dispute,  
Nor in *Celarent* was mute,  
In *Frisesimorum* or *Fapesmo*:  
Pray for the souls all below."

**WHERE DO THE DAYS OF THE WEEK COMMENCE?**—The sun shines on one-half of the earth all the time. And were it not for the earth's revolution on its axis, there would be but one day and one night each year, unless the earth should revolve around the sun in the same way the moon revolves around the earth; namely, by presenting the same side to the sun all the time, when there would be one continual day on one side of the earth, and an endless night on the other. But in his wisdom and benevolence, the Almighty has caused the earth to revolve on its axis, by which arrangement a different side is continually presenting itself to the sun and receiving its light, while the shade of the earth is continually thrown around in the wake of the day—causing night. So there is, really, but one endless day and night, which chase each other round and round the world; while, to beings who remain stationary on the earth, day and night appear to come and go; giving us the idea of a plurality of different days and nights, which, for convenience, are called by different names. But as there is, really, only one day ("And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night"), it is evident it is called by one name,



as Sunday, from the time it reaches some certain meridian, or part of the earth, until it goes entirely around the earth to the same place again, when it is called Monday, until another revolution is performed; then Tuesday, etc. Now, what I desire to know is, where this starting-point or line is.

It surely can not be at any meridian passing through any inhabited country; for then the same day would be Sunday on one side of the meridian and Monday on the other, even though the meridian passed through a great city. And as America was discovered and settled by adventurers from Europe, who came over and returned often before the earth was circumnavigated, I suppose the names of the days in America agree with the apparent time observed by those who cross over the Atlantic from Europe. If so, the beginning point, or line, must be between Asia and America. And if such is the case, the distance between the two continents being only about forty miles, or some four hours' sail (if my theory is correct), a person could leave the coast of Asia at sunrise Monday morning, and in four hours cross over to America, when it would be ten o'clock Sunday morning, or apparently twenty hours earlier than when he left Asia. Or, leaving America at six o'clock Monday, and crossing the strait in four hours, it would be ten o'clock Tuesday when he would arrive at the Asiatic coast.

Again: the Aleutian Islands stretch across the ocean from coast to coast, like a chain, so that if the beginning is between America and Asia, as above supposed, it must pass between islands not exceeding an hour's sail apart. Now, if a person sails *westwardly*, across the line, from one island to another, in an hour, starting at half-past eleven o'clock Saturday night, it will be half-past twelve, or early Monday morning, when he lands on the neighboring island an hour afterward. Then if he should return at the same time the next night, it will be one-half hour before one o'clock Monday morning, when he reaches home, just the day and hour, apparently, that he landed on the other island twenty-four hours before. By crossing the starting-point, or line, as I term it, *westwardly*, at midnight every Saturday night, a person could pass a life-time and never find one Sabbath day; and by crossing it *eastwardly* every Sunday night, at midnight, he would have two Sabbaths every week. But whether, by so doing, he would dodge the obligations enjoined in the Fourth Commandment in the one case, or be bound to keep both Sabbaths in the other, are questions which I leave for the curious to answer for themselves; but will be thankful for information respecting the first.

**SNEEZING.**—One of the old French histories, in alluding to the tremendous influenza of the beginning of the seventh century, says that there has been referred to it the familiar usage of offering good wishes to those who sneeze. It is said, he says, that in the days of Gregory VII, those who had the misfortune to sneeze, immediately died. This gave occasion to the religious Pontiff to order for the faithful certain prayers, accompanied by good wishes, to

turn away these dangerous effects from the corruption of the air.

This is a fable, adds the author; for we are assured that the custom is older in all parts of the known world. It is well known to mythological students that the first sign of life, which the man made by Prometheus gave, was a sneeze. Prometheus had stolen a part of the rays of the sun, and filled with them a vessel made expressly for the purpose, which he sealed hermetically. He then returned at once to his favorite statue, and presented to it his bottle opened. It may be imagined that the odor of bottled sunbeams proved somewhat pungent; the rays had lost some of their activity; they insinuated themselves into the pores of the statue, and made it sneeze.

Prometheus, charmed with his success, made a prayer, and offered vows for the preservation of this singular being. His pupil heard him; he remembered him, and took great care, on similar occasions, to make the application of those vows to his descendants, who, from father to son, have preserved the memory of them from generation to generation. And at this day the custom holds in all countries in the world.

The rabbins, speaking of this usage, do not give to it the same antiquity. They say that, after the creation, God made a general law that every living man should only sneeze once, and that in the same instant he should surrender his soul to God, without any previous sickness. Jacob, who was dissatisfied with this brusque way of going out of the world, and wished an opportunity to set his affairs in order before he died, bowed himself before the Lord, wrestled with him again, and begged that he might be excepted from this rule. His prayer was granted. He sneezed, and he did not die. All the princes of the world, being informed of this fact, ordered that, for the future, sneezing should be accompanied with prayer and vows for the preservation and prolongation of life.

The tradition was very ancient in the time of Aristotle, who did not know the origin of it, and sought to explain it in his Problems. He pretends that the first men conceived very elevated ideas about the head, which is the principal seat of the mind; and that they carried their reverence even to respect for the sneeze, which is one of the most manifest and sensible operations of the head. The formulas of blessing used by the Romans and Greeks, on occasions of sneezes, were: "May Júpiter preserve you;" or simply, "Health;" or, "May you be well."

**VERBAL CORRECTIONS.**—I write to offer three criticisms on as many French words on page 360 of the REPOSITORY for November. One of the sentences contains this clause: "The Reseveur Principal of the Departement de Bas Rhin."

1. The *s* in Reseveur should be a *c*. 2. If Departement is meant as a French word, it should be spelt *departement*—a word of four syllables. 3. The *de* should be *du*. Thus it would read: "Receveur Principal of the Departement du Bas Rhin." H.



## Scientific.

**THE BRAIN.**—For some years past, physiologists have known that certain parts of the brain have certain special functions; that they govern or affect certain parts of the body and no other. This knowledge was arrived at by investigations, chemical or electrical, of the living brain, or by observations of the brain in a state of disease. There was some truth in phrenology, after all; only, modern research has shown that phrenologists were wrong in their mapping out of the brain. Foremost among the newly discovered facts is, that the left side of the body is governed by the right side of the brain, and *vice versa*; and this discovery was made by observing that palsy of either side of the body is accompanied by disease of the opposite side of the brain. One part of the brain governs motion, another sensation, another the operations of the intellect. The function of the cerebellum has long been an obscure question in physiology; that part of the brain is now found to be the great center for the movements of the muscles of the eyeball. In the disease described as aphasia, the person affected loses the power of expressing his thoughts in words, either spoken or written. He remains intelligent, can comprehend what is going on, has no paralysis of the organs of speech, but is utterly at a loss to find words, and in some cases to tell his name. In such cases, as now ascertained, there is always palsy of the front part of the left side of the brain. An exposition of these remarkable facts was given at the meeting by Professor Rutherford, who stated that many of the discoveries had been made by Professor Ferrier, of King's College. He, having examined the experiments of foreign physiologists, has confirmed and extended them by an improved mode of investigation; and now his researches open a field of inquiry so important that therefrom we may expect a new impulse for the science of physiology.

**DEVELOPMENT OF HEREDITARY MALADIES.**—The evolution of these hereditary maladies is extremely interesting and dramatic. Planted in the children's system as germs, or as mere predispositions, they are sometimes destroyed beyond the possibility of returning, by a multitude of favorable conditions and precautions; in other instances, they begin at once their fatal work of destruction; or, again, they lie hidden for years, reappearing at length, remorseless and terrible, under the influence of sundry exciting causes. Thus age, sex, temperament, practices, habits, hygiene, surrounding conditions, act a part in the development of hereditary morbid activities. Insanity is rare in childhood, and epilepsy most commonly makes its appearance in youth. Hysteria, scrofula, rickets, and tubercle appear in childhood and in youth, while gout, gravel, calculus, alopecia, and cancer are hered-

itary states of the adult. Women are more liable to insanity, epilepsy, and hysteria than men; but men, on the other hand, are far oftener than women attacked by gout, gravel, and calculus. The nervous temperament favors neurosis; the lymphatico-sanguine, arthritis and tetters; and the lymphatic, scrofula. The changes occurring in the physiological equilibrium of an individual have a very definite action on the movements and aspects of constitutional affections. Thus, insanity oftentimes appears following menstruation, pregnancy, or childbirth; and, in like manner, epilepsy and hysteria manifest themselves at the first appearance of the signs of puberty. Education and habits exercise a similar influence. Harsh usage and excessive severity, as also complete lack of discipline and watchfulness, have often deplorable effects on the brain of children. Alcoholic excesses and high living are extremely injurious to those whose parents had the gout or the gravel, just as squalor and bad air decimate those who have in themselves the germs of consumption.

**HOW WE ARE OFF FOR COAL.**—The anthracite coal trade of the United States has reached immense proportions. The total number of gross tons shipped to market in 1872 is stated to be 19,026,125; but this does not include the consumption in the coal region, which is estimated at 3,110,000 tons, making a total of 22,136,125 tons produced in 1872. The quantity sent to market in 1872 was exactly double that sent in 1863, nine years before. The shipments of Cumberland coal, during the past few years, have increased in a still greater ratio, having doubled since 1867. It is estimated that the production of anthracite coal in 1873 can not exceed the production of 1872 more than 2,000,000 tons; and it is the opinion of the Pottsville *Miners' Journal* and other authorities that 25,000,000 tons a year are destined to be the maximum of production for shipment outside of the counties composing the anthracite district.

**OXYGEN.**—This gas, on the plentifulness of which in the air we breathe, the bounding blood of health is supposed to depend, is as fatal as a dose of strychnine, if inhaled in a condensed condition. Paul Bert, a French scientist, has demonstrated this by some recent experiments with birds and animals. Placing sparrows under a pressure of three and a half atmospheres, the birds were seized with violent convulsions. The same results followed when sparrows were confined in common air, under a pressure of seventeen atmospheres. In oxygen at a pressure of three and a half atmospheres, the convulsions were extremely violent, and soon fatal.

In the latter case the symptoms were as follows: Convulsions commence after four or five minutes. The bird hobbles in moving about as though walking

on hot coals. It then flutters its wings, falls on its back, and spins about with its claws doubled up. Death supervenes after a few such spasms. In order to produce convulsions in a dog, oxygen was found to require a pressure of three and a half atmospheres, and a pressure of five atmospheres is fatal. The amount of oxygen in the arterial blood of a dog in convulsions, was found to be considerably less than twice the normal quantity. From these facts, M. Bert draws the startling conclusion that oxygen is the most fearful poison known.

**ABOUT BRAN.**—Wheat-bran is very much richer in phosphoric acid than corn-bran. Wheat contains in the whole grain 8.2 per cent of phosphoric acid, and corn only 5.5 per cent; but nearly the whole of the phosphoric acid of the grain exists in the husk, or bran. Thus, wheat-bran contains nearly 29 per cent of this valuable substance. What percentage is in the bran of corn we have no means of ascertaining; but it is certainly less rich in phosphoric acid than wheat-bran.

Rye-bran is richer still than wheat-bran, containing over 34 per cent of phosphoric acid, which is a larger proportion than is contained in any other article of food for stock. Wheat-bran is also far richer in lime than corn, and is therefore a better food for poultry than the latter. If wheat-bran is preserved free from damp or mold, it will not deteriorate in quality by keeping a moderate length of time; a year, for instance.

**UTILIZATION OF WEEDS.**—To the list of waste vegetable products that are now becoming utilized, is to be added the common "cat-tail," a plant that abounds in many marshy districts to a very great extent. M. Dupont prepares the fiber by boiling the cut and dried leaves for several hours in an alkaline solution, and then pressing between rollers, and washing. Thus prepared, it is valued at from seven to eight dollars per hundred-weight; and it is estimated that France is capable of producing at least one hundred thousand tons yearly. The fiber is yellowish, but takes dyes readily. It is quite tenacious, and can be worked up into cordage, or converted into paper.

**WORK OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.**—The work of the mound-builders in the vicinity of Vincennes, Indiana, has recently been investigated. The exploration of the largest one was begun by making an entrance from the top, which is to be carried down probably about sixty feet. A local paper says:

"At ten feet below the surface, a bed of charcoal was found, and below this there were remains of bones, which were almost completely decomposed, indicating their great antiquity. As soon as touched they fell into dust. Perhaps, at a greater depth, bones may be exhumed which are better preserved. The earth in the mound is found to be exceedingly compact and dry, well calculated to preserve the bones, but they are in a state of almost complete decay. This is proof of great age, as human skeletons have been taken from burial-places in England which were much less favorable for preserving them, and yet they were sound and well-preserved, though they were known to be nearly two thousand years

old. The crumbling and decayed bones that were exhumed from the mound yesterday, no doubt belonged to the old Toltec race, which inhabited this locality about three thousand years ago; and it is hoped that some well-preserved bones and other remains representing that ancient race may be exhumed from this mound."

**ANCIENT LINEN.**—The long linen bandages in which the ancient Egyptians swathed their mummies, after the lapse of three thousand years, are frequently found in an excellent state of preservation, though much discolored with age. A recent writer on this subject says:

"The beauty of the texture and the peculiarity in the structure of a mummy-cloth was very striking. It was free from gum or resin, or impregnation of any kind, and had evidently originally been white. It was close and firm, yet very elastic. The yarn of both warp and woof was double, consisting of two fine threads twisted together. The woof was single. The warp contained ninety threads to the inch, the woof or weft only forty-four. The fineness of these materials, after the manner of cotton yarn, was about thirty hanks in the pound. The subsequent examination of a great variety of mummy-cloths showed that the disparity between the warp and woof belonged to the system of manufacture, and that the warp had generally twice or thrice, and not seldom four times, the number of threads in one inch that the woof had."

**GLASS-LINED WATER-PIPE.**—The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says:

"Glass-lined iron water-pipes ought to drive the poisonous lead and galvanized iron pipes out of use entirely for conveying drinking-water. The wonder is, that pipes lined with glass or porcelain have never been introduced before. Cases of poisoning from the use of water that has passed through lead pipe are so numerous, and the sad condition in which it leaves its paralyzed victims so pitiful, that every lover of the human race who would save his fellows from early death, or an enfeebled existence worse than death, should take up arms against lead. Lead bullets kill fewer people than insidious lead-poisons, derived from the liquids we drink and the hair-dyes we use. Every inventor of a pipe which will not be acted upon by the water is a public benefactor, whether he lines lead pipe with tin, or iron with glass."

**ARTESIAN WELLS.**—Two new artesian wells have been in course of construction for some years in Paris, one at the Batte-des-Cailles, the other on the Place Hébert. The former has been sunk to a depth of seventeen hundred and twenty-five feet, and it is expected that water will be obtained at eighteen hundred and ninety; its cost will be about \$125,000. The other well, like that completed after so many years labor at Passy, presents great difficulties; and although the work is pushed on with activity, the progress is not more than sixteen feet per month; and it is believed that eighteen months' time will be required to finish the work.

## Sideboard for the Young.

### THE TWO CATERPILLARS.

"ODDAR! forever darning and patching!" exclaimed George, as he saw his mother sit down one evening to the mending of his clothes. "Mother," he continued, suddenly, "why did God make us so poor? Am I not as good as Charles Cary, whose father is so rich? He never needs to wear patched clothes. How many good things he always has! And he is so greedy and selfish with them, too."

"Poor soul!" said the mother, in a tone which perplexed George.

"Why, mother, what do you mean by that?"

"I was thinking about two caterpillars," she answered.

"Are you making sport of me, mother?" asked George. "What in the world have two caterpillars to do with Charles Cary, who is so mean and stingy?"

"I will tell you the story, my son," said the mother, "and you may then answer your question yourself: Two caterpillars lived in a great garden. They looked very much alike, only one had brown hair and black rings about the body, and the other was all covered with black hair without any rings. The brown caterpillar lived on a great cabbage. He wandered about on the wide-spreading leaves with as much self-complacency as any rich lord walks through his extended park. He had beautiful rooms among the openings of the leaves, in which he could roll himself up and take a nap, splendidly protected from the rain and dew. Quite upon the top of the cabbage-head was his dining-room, filled with the most delicate bits of the tender young leaves which caterpillars like so well to nibble. O, he was really very rich, and possessed every thing which a caterpillar could ever wish for. The little ants which clambered up there to his palace and the insignificant insects which looked for their food along the streets and foot-paths of the great cabbage-leaves, all looked reverently up to him, and saluted him very humbly as they crept through his wide possessions.

"The black caterpillar had his home upon a low burdock, which stood in a corner of the garden not far from the cabbage. The burdock did not grow tall and large; for, if it had, the gardener would have discovered it, and soon destroyed it, root and branch. This poor caterpillar had to work hard for his food, and was often obliged to suffer hunger; for upon the burdock were but very few tender sprouts, and he had to wander about a good deal in order, here and there, to pick up a palatable bit."

"But why didn't the caterpillar go upon the great cabbage?" asked George, who had followed the story with close attention.

"He would have done it long ago," answered the mother; "but the gardener had placed a bright piece of tin around the stump of the cabbage so that the

caterpillars might be kept away, though he did not know that one had already taken up his head-quarters there. The tin was so smooth that, although the poor caterpillar crept round and round, he could never climb more than half-way up without falling back again into the dust.

"One day while he was looking up, full of longing, toward the splendid leaves, his rich neighbor by chance peeped forth over the edge of a leaf, and the poor caterpillar cried out, joyfully:

"Brother!"

"Brother, really!" cried the other, proudly writhing as if to make a show of his rings. 'Thou art mistaken, I think!'

"I think so too," answered the poor caterpillar, hopelessly.

"He wanted to ask his neighbor merely to bite off a bit of the leaf and throw it down to him. But he saw that the asking would be of no use, and so crept sorrowfully back into his old quarters upon the burdock, and went on vexing himself, as before, about his scanty supply of food.

"The Summer went on. The rich brown caterpillar ate himself very full at his table—full to excess, so that he became as fat as a stuffed chicken fed for the market. But the heart of the cabbage-head was destroyed by his sharp teeth. On the contrary, the poor, unassuming black caterpillar nibbled so unweariedly at the burdock, that it grew but little; and the garden in consequence of this was freed from its seeds which otherwise would have ripened and fallen, and spread further this troublesome weed. And now the Summer passed gradually on toward its end, and the caterpillars saw that they must make themselves secure against the Winter frosts. They therefore let their food alone, and sought out for themselves a resting-place free from danger. The rich brown caterpillar climbed upon a tree at some distance from the garden, and spun himself a splendid house, which he hung to a strong branch. He had become so fat that he had rich material to make the walls of his resting-place of threefold thickness. His poor neighbor, on the contrary, sought shelter on a small currant-bush standing near, and from his scanty store wove himself a simple nest, which his emaciated body just filled. And so they both slept the long Winter through.

"When the time had come, the Lord sent forth his angel of life to awaken the slumbering earth, and so many sparkling sunbeams were poured out, and such music of glad voices, that every thing stirred, even in the heart of the deepest forests; and the flowers lifted their heads, and the air was filled with the humming of happy insects. The poor occupant of the lowly currant-bush heard the blessed call, and struggled out of his hiding-place. But how changed!



He was clothed in purple and gold and white; he sat there wondering over his transformation; he was invited by a whole host of winged creatures to lift himself into the air and try his new-made wings; and he soared lightly away to rejoice himself in the clear midday sunshine.

"But what had become of the poor, rich caterpillar? Alas! his silken garments held him fast. He could not break through the strong fetters which he had woven for himself, and was obliged to remain forever a prisoner."

"And now, my son," asked the mother, after a short pause, "do you wish so very much to be rich?"

"Yes," answered George, softly, "when God's Spring-time comes."

#### NOT IN VAIN.

O, LITTLE bird in the far forest,  
Singing from morning till night;  
O, lily in lonely green valley,  
Blooming so fresh and bright;

O, moss on the high, hoar mountain;  
O, diamond, deep hidden below;  
O, wild, sweet rose of the woodland,—  
What courage, what faith you show!

Sing on, little bird, your sweet matin;  
Sing on, for He heareth you still,  
Who so counteth and careth for sparrows,  
That none falleth against His will.

Bloom on, O lonely field-lily!  
For he watches and guards you from dearth,  
Who hath fashioned your garments fairer  
Than the robes of the kings of the earth.

Grow green, O moss of the mountain,  
So near to the lovely sky!  
Clothe the dark gray rock with your beauty,  
For beauty can never die.

Shine on in the darkness, O diamond!  
Bloom sweet, O rose of the glen!  
Not in vain is the light of your luster,  
Though hid from the gaze of men.

Not in vain is the faith that is silent,  
Or the good deed in secret done;  
For of Him who beholdeth all things  
Is the meed of well-doing won.

#### WISHES.

It seems as if we were made to wish for things, since we all begin wishing as soon as we are old enough to think, and keep on doing it to the end of our lives. The little child wishes for playthings, and for more and newer and prettier ones continually. The little girl wants dolls, and play-houses with furniture like big, real houses. The boy wants a hobby-horse, a kite, pretty soon a pony, a hundred other things. He wants to grow big, to be a sailor, a soldier, a president, or king; to see the world, to do great things. Every thing looks easy to him; all places look open to him; and he really believes if he could only grow big, he should have every thing he wishes for. Mary and Blanche think that all the things their mamma has are so easy to get—and more besides—O, so many more! Is there *any thing* good or lovely which will not be their own when they are "big women?"

And children are not the only wishers; for every hour we hear "big" men and women wishing too—very foolishly often. The poor man wishes he had a million of money, so that he need not work any more. One wants to buy books, another pictures, another horses, another fine furniture; one wants to travel, as the boy did, to see the whole world, and the beautiful things it contains, and to bring home as many of them as possible for his own possession. The woman who wears linsey-wolsey wishes for cashmere; she who wears cashmere wishes silks, velvet, and furs. She who lives in a cottage wishes for a palace; but the one who does live in a palace thinks of as many things to wish for as her poorer neighbor, you may be sure of that; for every body, big and little, is wishing, wishing, wishing.

Well, what about it? This only, so far as I have any thing to say to you, boys and girls: Learn, as soon as you can, that nothing comes simply by wishing for it. Somebody's effort has brought it, if it comes at all. Every thing good costs something, and what you wish for you must work for; you must pay its price, that's the way to get it. One thing more: Don't wish too much; don't wish at all, if you can help it, for things you know you can't have. There's no use in it, you see, and you only vex yourselves for nothing. By wishing for things quite out of your reach, you are forming a habit which you will be far better and happier without in later life; for it is not only unprofitable, but often very silly, for earnest men and women to be wishing for that which they know is quite impossible to them. Wish only for the best things, then work with a will to get them, and, after that, "Be content with such things as ye have."

#### LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

MEN are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study by all methods to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of feeling such enjoyments. It is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent that most people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason, one ought every day, at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe*.

AVOID those things in thyself which in others do most displease thee; and remember, as thine eye observes others, so art thou observed by God, by angels, and by men.—*Taylor*.

DESPISE not any one, and do not spurn any thing; for there is no one who has not his hour and his work, nor is there any thing that has not its place.—*Rabbi Ben Azai*.

To know how to wait, is the secret of success.—*De Maistre*.



## Contemporary Literature.

WOMAN'S condition in the Mohammedan world is probably a few shades better than it is in pure heathendom. How they live, and how they are regarded, and how treated, throughout Asia, have, in late years, been frequently and fully shown by missionary pens, which have done so much to enlighten the civilized world as to the condition of the dark side of the globe. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., seventeen years a missionary in Syria, dedicates to the Christian women of America *The Women of the Arabs*, a volume abounding with information on the condition of the native women in their state of neglect and ignorance, and also what the Gospel and the Bible and schools have accomplished for them through modern missionary effort. The persistent efforts of a bright succession of lady missionaries from America have resulted in a wonderful change in the intelligence of the Arab women, as well as in their social status. Originally regarded as a species of animal, which a man might buy and sell and whip and kill at his pleasure, woman is at length regarded as a companion and an equal—an heir to culture in this world and immortality in the next. "The Children's Chapter," as the author calls it, with which he closes, is one of the most interesting in the book. (Dodd & Mead publishers. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

ALICE and Phæbe Cary, Western born, amid flowers and birds and cattle, and every thing peculiar to farm-life, wrought their early experiences into wonderfully taking *Ballads for Little Folks*, which all the little folks in the land ought to read. For a birthday or holiday present to a half-grown boy or girl there is nothing in the market prettier or more appropriate than this little volume from these deceased poetesses. Published by Hurd & Houghton, and sold by George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.

MESSRS. NELSON & PHILLIPS have commenced the publication of a *Commentary on the Old Testament* in volumes uniform with those of Dr. Whedon's *Commentary on the New*. Volume Third contains Judges, Joshua, Ruth, and First and Second Samuel. Dr. Steele comments on the book of Joshua, Rev. M. S. Terry on Judges and the two books of Samuel. The series is to be "strictly and concisely exegetical, treating the true text of the Scripture as Divinely inspired and authoritative, and embodying the latest results of sound Biblical criticism and research." These manuals are vastly more convenient for use and reference than the ponderous tomes formerly in use for exegetical purposes. Clarke is already antiquated, and will soon need to be superseded. The best of his matter should be transferred to more portable volumes, and the learned lumber left behind and substituted by fresher criticism. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

A COMPANION volume to Colonel Benton's and Colonel Forney's *Anecdotes of Public Men*, is Maunsell B. Field's *Memories of Many Men and of Some Women*. These recollections range over thirty years of acquaintance with distinguished characters in both hemispheres—kings and queens, artists, lords, and statesmen—and record characteristic anecdotes and striking incidents, of which the author was personally cognizant. It is a very entertaining book, and sheds light upon men and events which have puzzled the public, rectifying reporters' statements and popular misjudgments; drawing aside the curtain, and letting us peep behind the scenes. The volume is furnished with full table of contents and a copious Index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

IF any of the lady readers of our magazine are preachers, or design to preach, they will find excellent assistance in *Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology*, by William S. Plumer, D. D., LL. D. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) If any itinerant should want the volume, he can get it through Hitchcock & Walden, or Nelson and Phillips. It discusses a great variety of subjects touching the Christian ministry, the personal character and bearing of the minister, minister's difficulties, matter of preaching, manner of preaching, popular preaching, pastoral visiting, visiting the sick, Sunday-schools, and missionary matters, and ends with a chapter of "Sayings for Ministers." It abounds in valuable hints, suggestions, and instructions.

DE PRESSENSE is a worthy successor of Merle D'Aubigné as a historian of the Church, learned, full, and trustworthy. The translating pen of Miss Annie Harwood, and the indefatigable press of Messrs. Nelson & Phillips, always on the alert to secure the best and most useful, give the public *The Early Years of Christianity*, embracing heresy and Christian doctrine, the third volume of a consecutive series, "intended to present a complete picture, from the author's point of view, of the spiritual life and history of the Church during the first three centuries of the Christian era." The three volumes, "Early Years of Christianity," "Martyrs and Apologists," and "Heresy and Christian Dogma," form a valuable accession to the library of the scholar, general reader, and Christian minister.

THE tendency of the scientific mind of the age is to substitute "nature" for a personal God, and materialistic worship for faith in the Bible and spiritual religion. Especially have geology and the Bible been dissociated and held to be antagonistic to each other. *The Story of the Earth and Man*, by J. W. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., F. G. S., Principal and

Vice-Chancellor of M'Gill University, Montreal, author of several geological works, gives the latest results of geological research, and is thoroughly orthodox and anti-Darwinian-evolution. It is an instructive book for clergymen, and a safe book for schools. Its illustrations restore, after the French fashion, the animals of the different geological epochs, and thus instruct through the eye as well as by the printed page. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

A REAL poet is a *rara avis* in America. Critics, foreign and domestic, concede poetic genius of the highest character to Mr. Joaquin Miller, author of *Songs of the Sun-lands* and "Songs of the Sierras." Gigantic America, with its giant rivers and lakes and mountains and plains, has given birth to gigantic conceptions in art—Church's "Niagara" and "Heart of the Andes," Mark Twain's gigantic burlesque in "Roughing It," and Joaquin Miller's wonderful poetic conceptions on the heights of the Sierras and in the valley of the mighty Amazon. All these are genuine American paintings—fresh, free, true to nature in her wildest and mightiest moods, and marred by none of the conventionalities of style and topic inseparable from the art of the Old World. "Isles of the Amazons" is as original as the "Lady of the Lake" or "Childe Harold;" as original as the minstrelsy of Burns, and as much indebted to nature and as little indebted to man as were the works of the Scottish bard. Mr. Miller belongs to no school. He will form a school of his own. He is not without faults of rhyme, rhythm, metaphor, and mannerisms, the use of pet phrases, and the effort to make grand expressions body forth grand ideas; but he touches the heart and paints humanity. His word-pictures of the Amazon region make one feel that he has been there and seen the river

"Dark and dreadful! Wide like an ocean,  
Much like a river, but more like a sea."

Every page of "Songs of the Sun-lands" flashes with the genius of its author.

THE Coleridges were a wonderful family. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, son of an English priest and author, was a genius, a poet and a metaphysician, a critic, and one of the most brilliant conversationists that England ever produced. His eldest son, Hartley, was a reader, thinker, talker, and writer of exquisite verse; his brothers were also men of genius and mark. A volume of singular interest to ladies is a *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter. (Published by the Messrs. Harpers, and sold by Robert Clarke & Co.) Sara Coleridge was editor, author, poet, and gifted as her gifted father and brothers. As a letter-writer she is superior, and her correspondence, carried on for nearly twenty years, abounds in personal reminiscence, criticism, religious experience, history of the times, and delineations of character, and full exhibits of events and men.

HENRY HOYT, Cornhill, Boston, issues a good many republications, and now and then a domestic story. *The Mask Lifted*, is an American temperance

tale, which clusters a number of the terrible horrors of persistent use of the wine-cup, the growth of appetite till it becomes unmanageable, loss of reputation, and the fatal consequences of drunkenness. Judging from his Introduction, the author thinks more of his production than any body else is likely to, as he pronounces them "the most thrilling pages he ever met." It is a lively story nevertheless, and will deeply interest youth, for whom it was chiefly intended.

*The Two Friends of Forley*, is another pretty Sunday-school tale, by the same house.

ONE of the most interesting essays presented at the late Evangelical Alliance was that of Dr. Theodor Christlieb, on the best methods of counteracting *Modern Infidelity*. Published by Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

THE youths and Sunday-school books on our table for notice, are: *Giles's Minority*, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. (Roberts & Brother, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *The Healing Waters of Israel; or, the Story of Naaman the Syrian*, by J. R. Macduff, D. D. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) *John Richard; or, a Sister's Love*, by T. Taylor; *Home-story Series*, three beautiful books in green and gold, by Augusta Larned; *Holiday Stories, Stories for Leisure Hours, Country Stories*; also, *Gipsy in New York*, by Josephine Pollard. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY, of Rockford, Illinois, has wrought into attractive story-form interesting Bible-truths: 1. *The Voice of Many Waters*; 2. *The Stones of the Crown*—the waters of the Bible and the precious stones of the Bible—the whole entitled, *After the Truth*, and beautifully gotten up by Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, who also publish *The Story of a Wonderful Life*, or the most interesting incidents in the life of John Wesley, gathered from all sources and woven into a beautiful narrative for children by that inimitable writer of children's stories, Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D. This is a style of literature of which our Sunday-schools can not have too much, and which ought to supplant much of the mawkish fiction with which these libraries are now often cursed.

OF the works of Wilkie Collins, the Messrs. Harper have issued in uniform edition, *Poor Miss Finch*, *The Woman in White*, *Basil*, and *The Dead Secret*. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*The Burgomaster's Family*, by Christine Müller, a romance exhibiting Holland life, is published in New York, by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Translated from the Dutch by Sir John Shaw Lefevre.

PAMPHLETS.—*Brainard's Musical World*. (S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.) *Cottage Hill Seminary for Young Ladies*. (Poughkeepsie, New York.) *Report of Conference Committee for the Relief of Methodist Institutions and Churches of Chicago*. *Alumni Journal of Illinois Wesleyan University*. *Sunday-school Magazine of the Methodist Episcopal Church South*. (Nashville, Tennessee.)

## Our Letter-Bag.

### SHAVINGS FROM THE CAPITAL.

"MONEY, thou bane of life and source of woe,  
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?"

If the visitor to the National Capital were to stroll directly westward from the General Post-office, with his nose at a proper elevation, he would doubtless mark, at a distance more or less remote according to his strength of vision, a stately Corinthian colonnade rising above the surrounding buildings, apparently shutting in the street, and facing him down with its dingy solemnity. Possibly declining a street-car, so near does it appear, he will experience some surprise that a sharp half-mile walk leaves it still too distant for minute observation. Yet it is not so far but that the clear-cut granite of the southern wing already lies exposed in contrast with the discolored and crumbling sandstone of the old facade. Then, as he rounds the corner into Fifteenth Street, and recovers self-possession at finding himself unexpectedly among—(we were about to say thieves)—the little crowd of genteel brokers, speculators, loafers, and other gentlemen who live by their wits, who infest this quarter, it is to absorb at a single glance the entire eastern front of the National Treasury. And a more gloomy and unattractive sight than these two squares of dirty, fluted sandstone columns has rarely been numbered among architectural failures. Rising from base to cornice with that charming regularity which distinguishes a fine-toothed comb, they serve only to make it still more gloomy and prison-like within. The most satisfactory part of your guide's information is the incidental allusion to their contemplated removal.

Crossing the great thoroughfare at no small risk of a broken neck, let us ascend the granite stair which leads to the portico. It is only a few minutes after nine, and the tide of belated clerks sweeps resistlessly in, carrying us upward in a current too strong for any meditated retreat. From the rail we may look down upon them skillfully dodging among the passing carts and carriages. Now it is a nice young man, easy and self-confident, with the shiniest boots and most scrupulous attire, his rich fob indicative of debt, his slender cane balanced threateningly in view of the reckless proximity of horse-flesh. Behind him hastily trips a fair bevy of lady clerks, modest in dress, and of gentle manners, starting nervously at each dangerous four-wheeled apparition, and then dashing before it desperately, as if it were bad luck to await its passage. Then each successive car, more crowded than the last, disgorges its mixed freight, and leaves them in the middle of the street, to gain a safer footing as they may. And there is such puffing and laughing and petty shrieks, and interchange of boisterous salutation, and smiling recognition by courted ladies answered by such intoxicating bows from courtly gentlemen, and consul-

tation of watches with well-protected surprise at the lateness of the hour, and such a general show of bustling cheerfulness as they hurry away among the cells and corridors, as can be seen nowhere else for twice the money. A thousand may be noted in less than as many seconds—old age tottering in upon its crutches, vigorous manhood, and strutting youth; the politician, sage, *litterateur*, artist, fop; the best and vilest blood in all the land. Shall we go in with them? Not yet. There are the watchers at the door; sooner shall a four-in-hand be driven through the eye of a needle than a stranger enter there during forbidden hours. And your door-keeper asks no superfluous questions; he is purely a man of action. You approach him in his official capacity, and he simply looks into you abstractly, as if to note whether a particular under-garment is secured by a buckle or the regulation string, and calmly opens or shuts as justified by the facts. Nor does the trifling circumstance of occasionally shutting an *employé* out of his office—thereby compelling a circuitous tramp to some more familiar entrance, and subjecting him to disagreeable explanation for absence without leave—in the least interfere with his claims for decision of character. Though he be not partial to the inquisitive stranger, he is by no means scrupulous in the use of his information. We do not insinuate that he would deliberately lie; but he is so pestered and bedeviled by the National visitor that his answers are not always distinguished for that regard for facts that might be expected of a "door-keeper in the house of the Lord." Yet even these little idiosyncrasies may be overlooked in admiration for his official capacity. For, fortified with a free-lunch, he can dispatch business with the equal dexterity and wisdom of a Congress on its last legs. There is one life possibly more monotonous than his—that of the old white horse that lends his extra aid in pulling the street-car up the hill, then, slowly jogging back again, repeats his strain upon the next. Sometimes he has answered the run of inquiry until his replies come with a sort of dreamy, mechanical modulation. Their relevancy ceases to be a matter of concern. You ask him to send for a friend or an official, and he glides smoothly off into,—

"Well, yes; a great many people think the cash-room of considerable interest; but the vaults, the currency division, or perhaps the printing department, where a great many ladies are employed, are worth seeing."

A moment's hesitation, and you conclude that the official screw has touched the clock-work of the brain and left it running on probation without control, and turn sadly away.

From the semi-darkness and dampness of the old east front into the airy lightness of the new north



wing is a change of an agreeable nature. It presents a new order of architecture and workmanship; a superiority of ventilation and richness of finish that belong to another age—the age of brains and money. To the left, and opposite the northern entrance, is the chief object of public attraction—the cash-room. The description of its dimensions, its exquisite marbles, costly paneling, and gilded balconies, must be the part of other pens. It would fill a volume. To us belongs the greater pleasure of watching the ebb and flow of the nation's creditors, dropping into line to receive their dues, then dropping quickly out again as if the commercial world stood still until they relieved it by their countenance. On regular field-days, once or twice a month, when the financial tide is at its flood, there is all the incidental excitement of a panic without its sober side. The teller, only, though pressed by the long row of drafts and change, remains cool, rapid, and imperturbable. He manipulates the currency with miraculous skill, and the fresh, crisp, or greasy notes slip through his nimble fingers with mechanical certainty and swiftness. It is now a Government pensioner, hobbling to place upon an artificial leg, and eagerly clutching the pittance already spent in keeping life in his demoralized body; now a bank messenger presenting a roll of large denomination, and receiving change, which he chuckles carelessly away, as we handle other people's money; then a red-faced, jolly old contractor, with gooseberry eyes and "fair round belly with good capon lined," as Will Shakespeare hath it; or the pinched, cadaverous face of some croning woman, sadly out of keeping with such a gorgeous chamber, turning incredulously aside to count her little packets of fractional currency; while, following, the well-kept naval officer, glistening in blue and gold, presents his check with the stiff courtesy of rank, and, cramming the uncounted proceeds into his deepest pocket, stalks out with the solemn stride of the quarter-deck. Behind the plate-glass the fresh, new greenbacks are piled up high, and few are the eyes that glance not wistfully over as they pass; many, doubtless, sighing for one back-pay grab, or going home to dream of some forgotten relatives' dying and leaving them a legacy of untold sums. And the sweet chink of coin is again heard, and the little sacks of gold lie temptingly near to haunt the dreamer, to cheer the National eye, and gladden the waiting heart.

"I thought you paid silver to-day, sir," says a lady, in timid disappointment.

"And so we do, ma'am," replies the polite teller, "if you desire it."

Acknowledging that she "would rather, if it was all the same to him," the exchange is made. But she finds, to her confusion, that her pocket-book is not built for such material, and is further disconcerted by the discovery that her pockets are in her other dress, and that, on the whole, she is quite unprepared for the return to specie payments. As she marches out with her pocket-book in one hand and coin in the other, it is with the moral certainty of being the central subject of various winks, humorous shrugs, and other evidences of suppressed merriment. While we

look, another lady is placed in line, and presents a large bill for change. The amount is counted and out against her apron-string before the bill has fairly settled upon the marble—so quickly, indeed, as to have wholly escaped her observation.

"Will that do?" says the teller, as he passes to the next.

"*It won't do!*" exclaims the excited woman, with the loud pedal on. "I tell you, sir, I got that bill here this very morning!"

"Certainly, madam," says the polite teller; "but you have your money there under your arm."

And so she has, and turns away reddening, with every feather ruffled, quite unable to appreciate the smile that follows her exit.

But let us pass into the corridor and down a flight of semicircular granite, thence south a square or two by gas-light. Then, if your faith is still unshaken, we will descend a crooked and dimly-lighted stair into the burning-room. Here, deep in the bowels of the earth, scenes fill up the dull routine of business life that were novelty, we fancy, to the outside world. A single gas-jet struggles against the feeble flicker of outward day that penetrates a high loop-hole, and casts a sickly light upon the moldy walls and cob-webbed corners. When accustomed to the doubtful illumination, our eyes discover a plain table, and, directly opposite this only article of furniture, a furnace-door secured by three padlocks. This little furnace has swallowed up more money than innumerable prodigals. Within it yet smolder the remains of yesterday's burning, and the locks hold even the ashes sacred. While we are still speculating on the probable rapidity of circulation of a red-hot ten-thousand-dollar note, in comes a smart-looking clerk, his blonde hair accurately divided in the center of a very round head, a book under each arm, a pen behind each ear, and a pencil in his mouth. Following this illustrious vagrant comes a padlocked box, in shape not dissimilar to a large bread-tray, borne by two very strong darkies. Then a red-headed bummer in a base-ball cap comes in, kicks the furnace-door viciously, lights a cigar, and, in his insane pursuit of muscular training, looks as if it would give him infinite pleasure to kick us all round. In lieu of this enjoyment, he recklessly casts a hoof at the box, and says, "Lot five!" somewhat as an umpire would cry, "Foul!" At the sound, the dreamy blue-eyed vagrant drops both pens, and in the spasmodic act of recovery, the books fall to the floor alternately, and it is not without considerable risk of swallowing a chew of tobacco and his pencil, that they are finally deposited on the table. The base-ball man then looks at a very small watch critically, and in the same professional tone as before, says, "Time!" A bony fellow, in tight pants and a soiled shirt, takes from his pocket three keys and proceeds to unlock the furnace, then the box. The blonde beggar then signs his name several times in the books, and requests the assembled lazzaroni to do the same, which they do, more or less illegibly. After this preliminary, the long man swings open the furnace-door, punches up the smoldering stamps with a poker, and takes



the position of "short-stop." The red-headed man then opens the box, and slowly selecting a bundle of dessicated twenties, pitches it suddenly at the man with the dirty shirt, who "muffs" it. Recovering, however, he takes the next ten thousand-dollar bunch on the "fly," and holes it beautifully at the bottom of the glowing furnace. This exciting game continues until the contents of three boxes are disposed of, and the now roaring furnace is gorged with burning notes. Finally, the blonde youth struggles to his feet, and, with his own hands, commits to the flames a package of gold-notes. The greedy element licks up the engraved features of Fessenden, Chase & Co., gradually enveloping more than three millions of dollars; and the soul sickens at the apparent sacrifice. The poor, worn bills that have gladdened the hearts of thousands; fed and clothed poverty, and purchased the luxuries of wealth; that have been pinched by miserly hands and wasted in profligacy and crime; been wet with tears and beer and blood; those talismanic shreds of fame and power and human happiness, have at last come back to perish on the spot that gave them birth! Could we but trace their secret, unwritten history, what wonderful revelations would unfold themselves! Yet, after all, they die as humanity dies, that those of a fresher creation may fill their places; and their absence is no longer remembered or regretted, save for the deeds done in the body.

MURRAY.

"MIRAGES" CORRECTED.—The article in the August REPOSITORY on "Mirages," contains some strange sentences, very much at fault. The "well-known writers" referred to, from whom quotations are made, must have been laboring under an illusion worse than optical, when they wrote such a sentence as this (quoted in the article): "Rays of light passing from a denser to a rarer medium, if bent at the surface of division of the two, FORM a perpendicular to such surface, and TO THE REVERSE." That is all nonsense. Perhaps the fault is with the printer; for it can be made to express the truth pretty clearly by a few alterations. "Rays of light passing from a denser to a rarer medium, are bent at the surface of division of the two; from a perpendicular to such surface, and toward it when passing in the inverse order." Again, in the next sentence, "a ray proceeding from the rarer," etc., should read, "a ray proceeding from the denser," etc. Farther on, it is stated that the looming of ships "is seen best by the eye quite close to the level of the water, . . . rarely at heights of twenty-four feet." On the contrary, the very finest case of mirage that I have seen, on Lake Michigan, was when I was on a bluff at least seventy-five feet above the level of the water. It far surpassed any that I have seen from a less elevated position. A high wall of water appeared to lie along the horizon; a vessel in the distance seemed lifted on the summit of this stationary wave, and an inverted image was visible underneath. In this case, the strata of air near the water must have been cooler, and therefore more dense than those higher up.

H. S. C.

GOD IN MINUTIÆ.—I was much pleased with a remark in one of the later numbers of your magazine. "We see God more frequently through the microscope than through the telescope." It is but seldom that we see God through the telescope in our daily lives, whereas there is a world of infinity around us, which is unobserved by reason of its very minuteness. Not only is this true of the outer world, but it is also true of what I might call the minutiæ of providence, of event, opportunity, instruction, and discipline. We are very apt to magnify the great events of life, and to belittle the trifling. Could we learn to use the microscope more frequently, we should understand the Creator much better than we do now. God is relatively farther from us in the great events of life than in the small. He seeks to teach us fear and reverence by his magnitudes, but gives instruction and reproof by minutiæ. I find in my own experience that, by closely observing and seizing upon little things, I discover a subtle inner sense, which enables me to magnify and appreciate minute things. If we can, by being thus observant, magnify the providences that are about us, we shall find that God is as readily seen in the microscopic as in the telescopic world.

L. H. S.

A REAL ANGEL.—The idea that pure, invisible beings are constantly hovering about us, guarding us in times of danger, and inclining us to the right, is a very pleasant one, very popular, and highly poetical. But far more pleasing and satisfactorily true to me is the ever visible, often vocal, plump, rosy, laughing baby—our own darling little baby. He is the light of our home, the joy of our hearts. He is our bird, our blossom, our toy, our treasure, our care, our comfort—in fact, our household angel. How sweetly he slumbers! What a perfect picture of purity and innocence! Now he smiles, and methinks a cherub band are gathering around him, delighting his baby ear with their sweet music, and his eye with the glow and glitter of their beautiful wings. Ah! he starts in his gladness! He would break away from my fond embrace, and soar, with that bright little band, to shining heights, far, far above, where sits One who yet loves and blesses little children. But he must stay. They beckon him back, and bid him wait till his mission on earth is accomplished. Now the vision is past. Those blue eyes gently open, and cast their mild beams full into the mother's face. How dares she cherish an evil thought? She can not, with that pure gaze riveted upon her. The good, the true, the lovely, and the beautiful, like so many seraphim, encircle her soul; and, for a time, she feels that earth is heaven. If the mother is the guardian of her child, it is no less true that the child is the guardian angel of the mother. She is made better, wiser, and holier, from her intimate association with infancy. O, it is a blessed privilege to the mother! Great shall be the reward of her who sustains that sacred relation in the fear of the Lord, with a patient, loving, prayerful heart, training her child for the noblest purposes of earth and the highest happiness of heaven.

E. P. G.

## Editor's Table.

**THE VICAR'S DAUGHTERS.**—Who has not read that dear, delightful, garrulous, but pathetic story, the "Vicar of Wakefield?" Full of improbabilities, it is yet full of charms. The characters are in many particulars overdrawn,—the simplicity of the father, the managing shrewdness and vanity of the mother, the designing meanness and cruelty of the squire, the good sense and benevolence of Sir William Thornhill, and the sharpness and roguery of Mr. Jenkinson. But, in spite of its faults, it possesses the highest excellence as a representation of domestic life, and leaves an abiding sense of beauty upon the mind. It is a phase of humanity which lies within the experience, and carries with it the sympathy, of nearly all the world, and is not the less relished, that the family, with more than an ordinary amount of the amiability, have their full share of the petty weaknesses, of their class. We pity the credulity of the good Doctor Primrose, laugh at the stratagems of his wife, abhor the vices of the squire, but admire the amiability and beauty of Olivia and Sophia. When the girls are first introduced to our acquaintance, the elder is about eighteen, the younger sixteen. Olivia "had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence from her fear to offend. The one entertained me," goes on the vicar, "with her vivacity when I was gay; the other with sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either; and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity." Our artist, in the picture of "The Vicar's Daughters," has endeavored to paint these characteristics, and we think he has well succeeded.

Goldsmith, who had little insight into human hearts, could depict only what lay upon the surface. Much as he mingled in society, he had no great power of seizing character. He was never able to travel far beyond the circle of his early home. The vicar was his father, and from his own life and history he drew the two not dissimilar characters, the vagabond scholar and the kindly disposed landlord. If the male characters are family portraits, we can hardly question that his mother and sisters, whom he left in Ireland, were the originals of "Mrs. Primrose and her Daughters;" for, since he left home, he had never sat at a domestic hearth, and had had no later

experience of the female life which he describes. Perhaps it is to this circumstance that we owe all the charms of the story. It is a quiet, subdued picture of English life, as finished as a painting of the Dutch school, and as tame.

The poet Goethe, in his Autobiography, writes a glowing eulogy upon the "Vicar of Wakefield." "A Protestant clergyman," says he "is perhaps the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl. He appears, like Melchisedec, as priest and king in his own person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation as well as by equality in family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful, earthly foundation rests his higher calling. To him it is given to guide men through life; to take care of their spiritual education; to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence; to instruct, to strengthen, to console them; and, if consolation is not sufficient for the present, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the multitude, of whom one can not expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good,—and you will have him well endowed. But, at the same time, add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also perchance pass over to a smaller; grant him good-nature, placability, resolution, and every thing else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and, over all this, a cheerful compliance and a smiling toleration of his own failings and those of others,—then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The delineation of this character in his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written. Besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral—nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elevation of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. . . . I may suppose that my readers know this work and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here,

as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me."

"L. W." wants us to say that "Young Life," published by Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, was written by Mrs. Sarah A. Mather, wife of Rev. James Mather, of the Providence Conference.

"ALICE" objects to the slang language of "Betsy Triggs." It is difficult to depict low characters without occasionally introducing their vulgarisms. Mr. Hathaway is an Orthodox Quaker preacher in good standing, and has been for years engaged in various benevolent enterprises for the reform of the lowest classes of society. His story was but a faint picture of the realities among which his benevolent labors and his beneficent life have been spent. The grandeur of his mission might well atone for many minor blemishes.

**INTERNATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.**—The great Methodist family throughout the world are invited to a camp-meeting at Round Lake, to commence July 8th, 1874, and continue two weeks. If all come, the woods will be full. If one per cent come, it will be a grand gathering—bigger than any Alliance meeting ever held in either hemisphere. It will be a great meeting any way. If you don't believe it, reader, and want to see for yourself the fulfillment of our prediction, go.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG.**—Bishop Janes, at the Anniversary of the Methodist Sunday-school Union, held in Providence, Rhode Island, last December, said: "The song literature of the modern Sunday-school contains—in ten parts—one grain of music, one of sense, one of religion, and seven of nonsense." This declaration of the acting senior bishop of the Church is severer than any thing the editor of this magazine ever said on the subject; yet his utterances, like those of the bishop, are based upon fifty years' acquaintance with the Sunday-school and its development from nothing to the gigantic proportions it has now attained. In the song department of the Sunday-school abuses have crept in which need correcting with a strong hand. We will endeavor to substantiate the bishop's proposition by actual criticism of existing Sunday-school song literature in a future number.

**DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY** advertises a fine course of lectures, by learned lecturers, for the current Winter, part of which have been already delivered. There remain of the course the following: February 11th, Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D.; subject, *The People's Pastor*. March 14th, Rev. R. L. Dashiell, D. D.; subject, *Our Theological Schools as Related to Christian Missions*. March 25th and 26th, Rev. I. D. McCabe, D. D.; subject, *Relations of Obedience to Final Reward*. April 8th, Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D.; subject, *Philosophy of the Sunday-school*. April 30th, Rev. John Hall, D. D.; subject, *Preaching—Its Manner and Matter*. With ample buildings and facilities, a splendid Faculty, and a rich endowment, the Drew commands popularity and deserves abundant success.

"PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE," is the title of a handsome steel engraving, sent as a premium to the subscribers to *Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine*, published 809 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, by T. S. Arthur & Son.

**FOUNDERS AND PIONEERS OF METHODISM.**—Some two hundred and fifty of these, male and female, are grouped in a large picture, by Rev. C. C. Goss, and published by Mrs. Goss, 97 Varick Street, New York. It is a picture of general interest and great historical value.

**REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—As we have "Old Catholics" in Europe, so we are to have New Episcopalians in America, under the lead of Bishop Cummins and Bishop Cheney. High-Church Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians may all find a congenial home in this low form of Episcopalianism.

**Haus und Herd** for January is full of good things, prefaced with a beautiful moonlight, and appended with a spirited melody that is music, and not notes merely. Many of our fair readers are studying German, and for an interesting book of exercises, combined with living information, we know nothing better than Dr. Liebhart's magazine. \$2 a year. Hitchcock & Walden, Publishers.

**AGASSIZ.**—The death of this accomplished scientist, in December last, filled the world with sadness. He was born in Switzerland in 1807, and educated in Germany, but came to this country over a quarter of a century ago, and was connected with Harvard College as professor and lecturer for many years. He was a quiet, modest, genial man; an enthusiast in science, and yet a conservative; never committing himself to the theories of Darwin, Huxley, and others of the anti-Biblical school.

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—In the January number we gave an exquisite engraving, by Mr. Hinshelwood, of one of the most beautiful ideas ever put on canvas by the painter, William Hart. In the "Last Gleam," the sunlight yet lingers lovingly upon hill-side and plain, bringing into bold relief the village and village church, whose spire is pointing, like a finger, toward the sky. The expressive stillness of the hour may well recall our thoughts to that fair land "where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

The vignette on the title-page was selected as a type of the purity and beauty of character which it is our endeavor to illustrate in these pages. What can be more expressive of both than a girl in the bloom of youth stepping forth into a garden of roses?

In the present number we have already referred to the "Vicar's Daughters." The other engraving is from a painting by W. Magrath, and kindly loaned by its owner, R. E. Moore, Esq., of New York, to Mr. Hinshelwood to engrave for the REPOSITORY. It is suggestive of human life, which, with its lights and shades, is a necessary preparation for our immortal destiny. Providence wisely sends enough of each that we may be neither too elated and forgetful of him on the one hand, nor too depressed and impious on the other. Just as a perfect picture is made by the proper mingling of the two, so is a perfect life.



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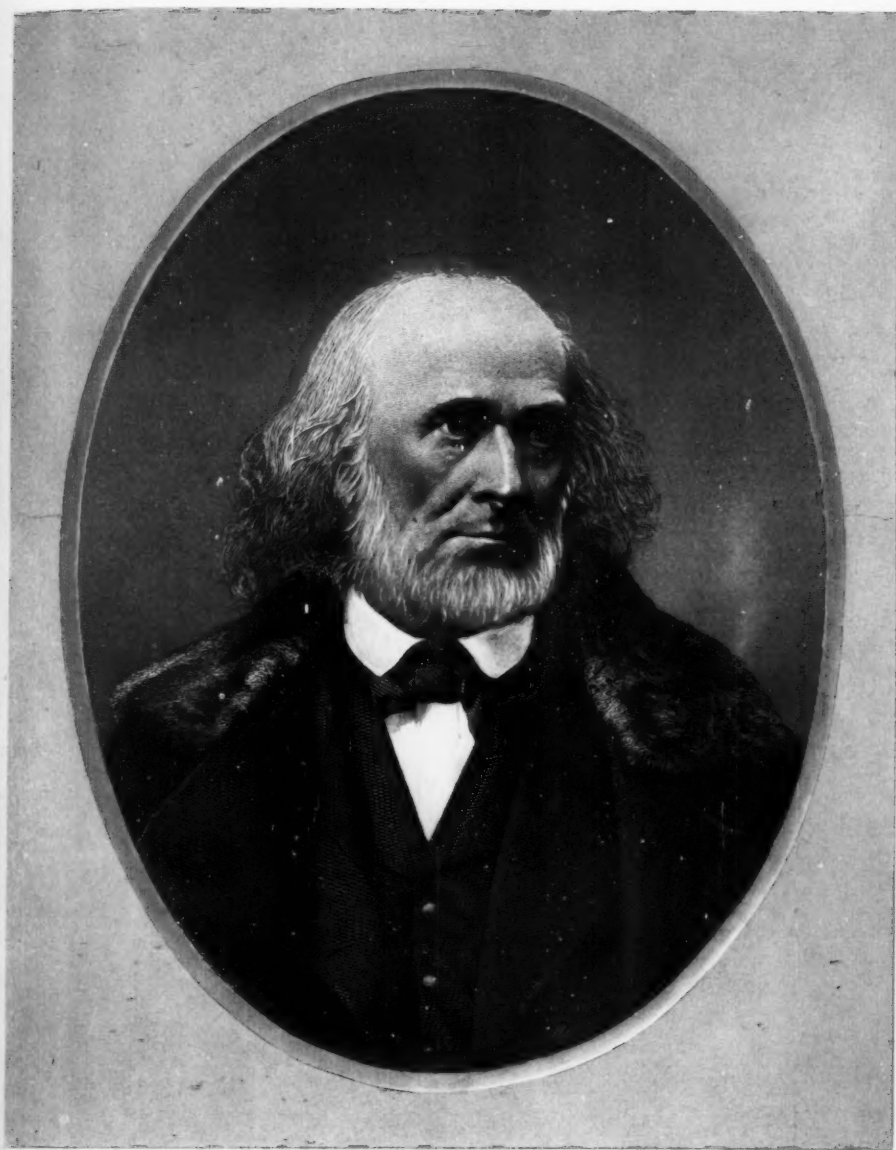


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